

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 118

NEW IN  
DRUMMER

## COLOR

FETISH FEATURE

## RUBBER

JACK FRITSCHER

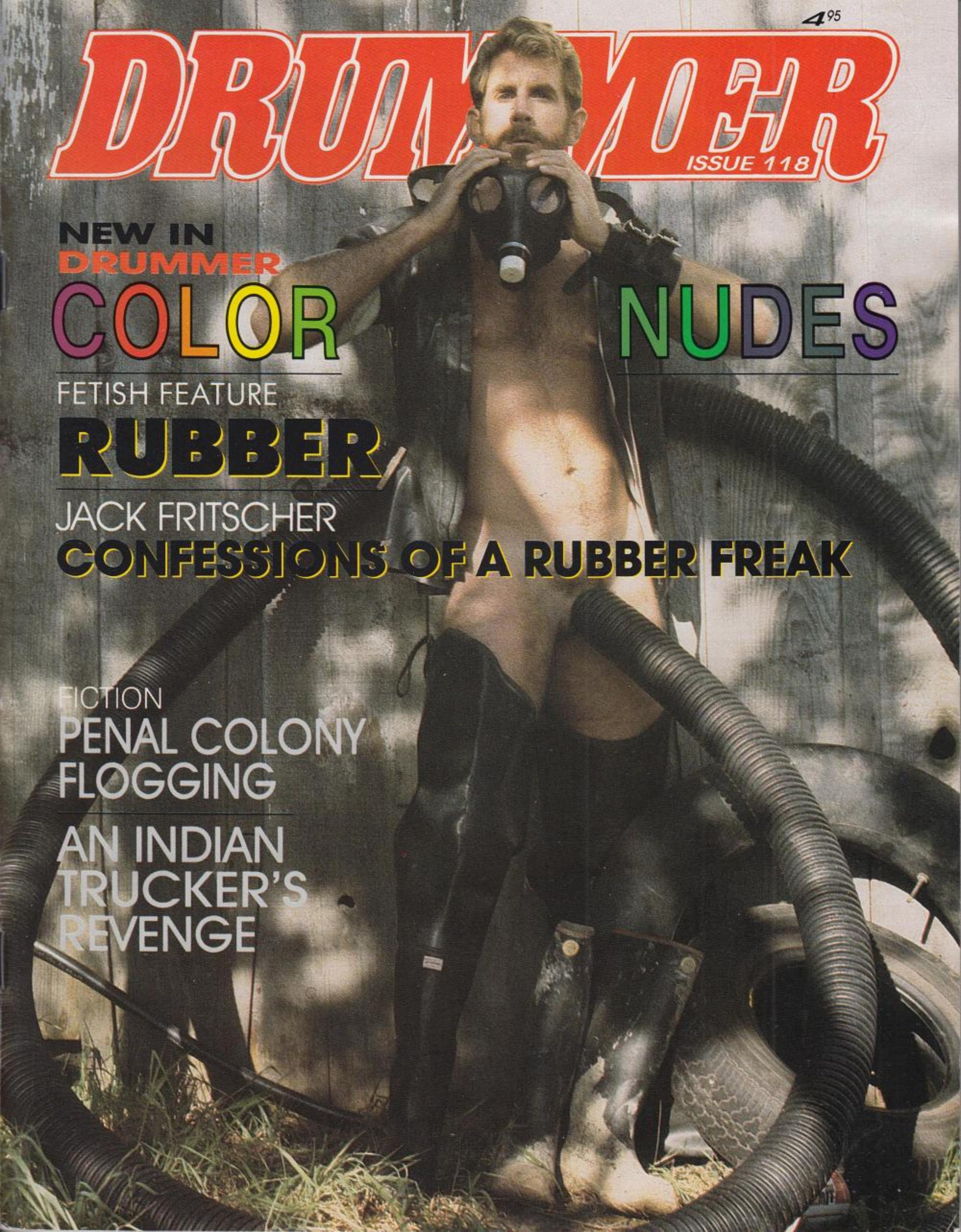
## CONFessions OF A RUBBER FREAK

FICTION

## PENAL COLONY FLOGGING

## AN INDIAN TRUCKER'S REVENGE

## NUDES



# DRUMMER



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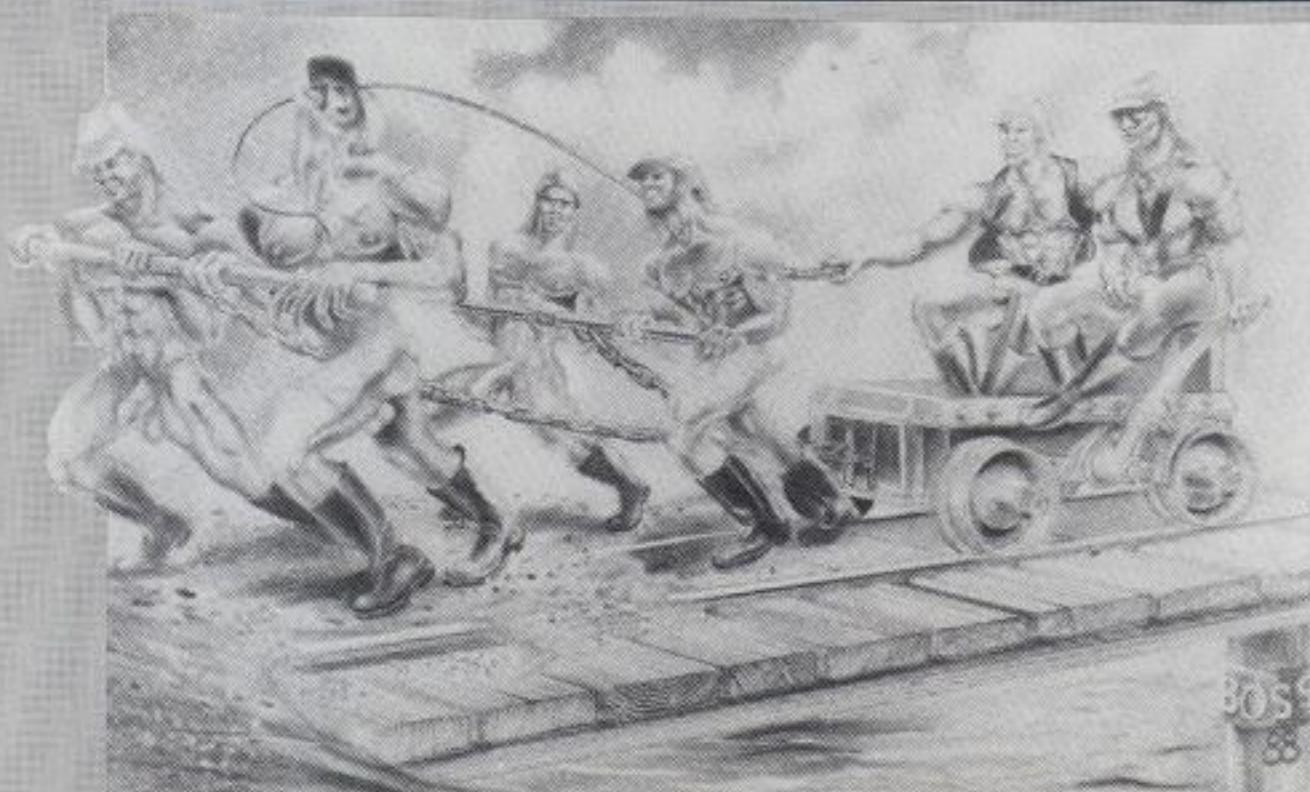
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photo by Palm Drive Video  
9" Pec Stud in Black Rubber

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International Mr. Leather 1988  
photo by Jack Sitar



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." **Henry David Thoreau**

### DRUMMER

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# COLOR COL OFF THE COI TOP *Fledermaus* COLOR COLOR

We hope that this issue will both surprise and delight you.

When we took over *Drummer* nearly two years ago, the first thing I did was drop the colored paper. After many fights with the printer who was then doing our "slicks" (the glossy paper pages), because of the lousy reproduction we were getting on the photos, we stopped using him and made some major changes in the magazine. Since the photos on the expensive slick pages were no better than those on the considerably less expensive newsprint, we dropped the slicks entirely and upgraded the newsprint to a much higher quality grade of non-slick paper. This is the paper used in most of our recent issues, and the page you are now reading.

After some initial problems we soon were getting superb quality reproduction. Check #106 for an example of excellent reproduction of art and photography. But then the printer started getting sloppy again. Unless our Art Director went down and supervised the press run at 3 AM, checking every sheet as it came off the press, the results were mud! *Drummer* 113 was the low point, and the issue that broke the camel's back. We screamed "enough is enough" and planned the switch to a completely new printer.

*Drummer* 116 was the first issue from the new printer and the improvement is evident. But we wanted it to be even better, so we kept working. The current issue is the newest improvement. *Drummer* now contains 16 pages of slick paper, 8 of them printed in full color. This is the first color nude photography *Drummer* has offered in years (no frontal nudes are allowed on the covers) and more full color than the magazine has ever had before. We hope that we will be able to increase the number of pages of slick, and of color, in the not too distant future.

The "front slicks" in this issue are devoted to some wonderful photos by Jack Fritch's Palm Drive Video of Keith Ardent in and out of rubber. The "back slicks" are a selection of photos from recent issues. We picked these to give you an idea of what those features could have been like if we had only had the slicks—and the color. For example, the "Playing with Light and Leather" photos worked in black & white, but now you can see what they look like in that eerie blue light. The Cadillac Kid looked great in B&W, but so much better in color. (I've been holding that spread for over a year hoping to get color pages to use it on and as soon as I gave up and we used it in B&W in #117, things fell into place and color comes with #118!) And we have also included some compensation for the atrocious reproduction on the boot photos of #113.

You will also be seeing improvements in the quantity and variety of fiction. I have always tried to get three pieces of fiction into an issue, and tried to vary them enough that there will be at least one that is of strong appeal to any *Drummer* reader. As news, information, clublists, fetishes, etc. filled pages, fiction started getting crowded, often dropping to only two pieces per issue. But starting now we are committing to at least three cock-hardening stories per magazine. We want you to keep those pages sticky!

DRUMMERMEN was a feature I started back with our first issue, #99. This was an attempt to show the personalities behind the photos, to show at least three dimensions. Men like Patrick Toner, Scott Tucker, and Henry Romanowski were featured as gorgeous hunks who also have made significant contributions to leather communities and lifestyles. There have been no DRUMMERMEN features recently, because there have been too many things going on. But with Tim's help we are again gaining control of this runaway horse and we definitely want to start featuring other DRUMMERMEN, both individuals and couples.

Plans are already under way for a couple of men we think are deserving of this honor. But we'd like nominations from you too! Who do you think deserves to be featured as a DRUMMERMAN with photos and profile? They don't have to be gorgeous hunks (though, that certainly doesn't hurt). But they do have to be leathermen who have put themselves at risk in some way to help their fellow leathermen. I'm certain there are hundreds of deserving men. Tell us about them. Send us your nominations, we'll worry about getting the interviews and the photos, but we need your input in deciding who to go after with camera and tape recorder. □



**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

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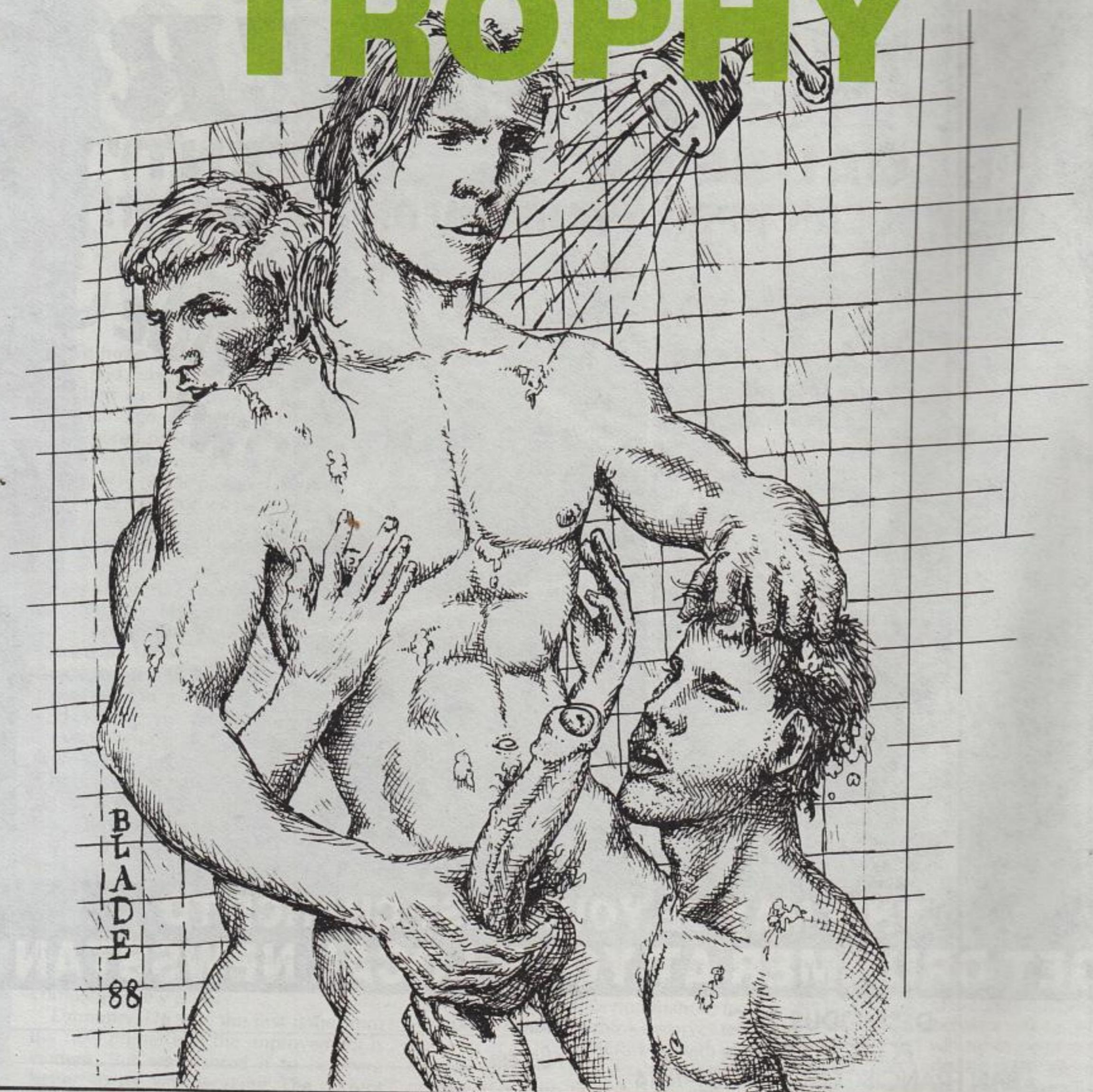
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# TRUCKER'S TROPHY



by  
**Steve Evans**

**T**he shadows cast long as the young brave walked across the scorched earth toward the tribe's burial ground. His naked body blurred to the eye of the lone screaming hawk circling overhead, as the heat waves rose skyward. The youth didn't falter in his step as he neared the freshly charred resting place of his now departed friend.

They had been together since birth, entering this world only minutes apart. The old squaw who was midwife to the tribe said the spirits had meant them to be twins; but they were too special to be entrusted to only one woman.

Red Hawk dropped to his knees on the blackened earth. "Why did you leave me?" Tears filled his eyes and his body shook as he looked skyward.

"Why, Crow? Why did you go?" His vision blurred as he took handfuls of earth and rubbed them over his hard body, leaving streaks where his hands passed. "I miss your body beside me at night. The blanket is cold without you. My life is nothing if I can't share it with you."

Red Hawk's hands continued their trails of ash across his chest, stomach and legs. "Who will I hunt with? Who will I swim with?" He slid his hand between his legs and took his cock in his hand. "Who will I love with?" He continued stroking himself with one hand as he rubbed the ashes across his chest with the other. His chant-like conversation with his cremated friend continued along with the two motions. "The crow and the hawk will fly together no more. The buck will no longer flee in fear from our arrows. The threat is gone." He tightened his grip on his cock and his stroke quickened.

"The turkey will no longer run from our spears and the fish from our barbs. I am an empty shell and have nothing left to offer you . . . except this." The muscles in Red Hawk's back firmed as did the cheeks of his ass. His balls drew up toward his body acting as a catapult for the scream that came from his lips. His cum disappeared into the charred wood as a lone hawk circled overhead.

**H**awk downshifted his rig and eased it off the highway onto the gravel. He worked down through the gears automatically as his eyes scanned the horizon. It had been twenty years since he had been back near the reservation. He had refused this run for many reasons in the past, but as the memories of his youth resurfaced, he knew what the real reason had been.

In the past Hawk had told himself he just didn't want to face the deterioration of his people's way of life. The courageous young braves no longer searched for their next kill, but killed time searching for their next job. A beer with the boys had replaced the hunt, and tourist souvenirs the prized feather for bravery.

Hawk folded his arms on the steering wheel and then brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "Damn, why did I wait so long to come back here?" He reached down beside the seat and eased the shift lever forward as the truck rolled back onto the road. "I am what I am, and they are still my people." As the KW picked up speed, he worked his way through the gears. Hawk wiped his eyes with his sleeve again as he sounded his airhorns with one long blast after another. "After all these

years, I still miss you, Crow, and still haven't accepted the will of the Gods. I loved you, Crow! Damn how I loved you."

It was dusk as Hawk pulled into the truck stop and maneuvered his rig into a space with all the other trucks that had stopped for the night. He smiled as he looked out at the mercury glow surrounding the gas islands and restaurant. It was the modern-day cowboy's version of putting the wagons in a circle, and he was the Indian. He groped himself before opening the door and climbing down. If what he had heard was true, the head here had a glory hole matched by none other in this part of the country. They would line up along the walls waiting for their turn. Hawk groped himself again as he crossed the parking lot walking toward the showers.

The steaming hot water relaxed the tight muscles in Hawk's back, stiffened by long hours of driving. The discomfort seemed to wash away as the hard spray worked its magic. The only tightness left was in his nuts and he knew that too would be gone shortly. Hawk watched the other guys in the showers as he lathered himself. At forty years old, he was still hot and, comparing himself with the other men, he felt good. His uncut cock hung impressively between two muscular legs, causing his low hanging balls to push forward. Both in jeans and stripped, as now, he looked hot.

Hawk turned into the spray of water to soak down his hair and rinse off his body. His shoulder-length hair, sharp features, and almost hairless body left no doubt as to his heritage.

The two men left in the shower with Hawk had not tried to hide their interest in him and stroked their cocks openly as they watched him rinse off. Hawk stood in the water spray rubbing his body with his hands to get rid of the soap. He cupped his balls with his hand for a final rinse, and then did the same thing to his dick, before slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head. "Either of you guys want to check and see if I got all the soap off my balls?" Within seconds, one of them was kneeling between his legs and the other was chewing on his nipples.

Hawk put his arm around the man beside him, running his fingers along the muscled shoulders of a man that knew the meaning of hard work. His fingers slid up the neck and into the damp hair before tightening his grip, pulling the hungry mouth harder against his chest. "Chew on them like a man.



**Slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head of his cock, Hawk asked, "Either of you guys want to check and see if I got all the soap off my balls?"**



**They made the cowboy  
kneel before them  
and beg to be allowed to  
stick his tongue up  
their hot sweaty  
assholes, as they  
pierced his tits  
with splinters of wood.**

Let me know how much you want them." With his other hand, he pulled the other man even closer, hearing him gag as the cock he had been working on lodged deep in his throat. "Suck it deep, cowboy. Let me feel your throat muscles tighten around me."

Hawk released his grip only for a second and heard the man gulp in some air. He tightened his grip on both the men, driving their faces tight against his body. One of them was playing with his hot puckered asshole and Hawk knew that he was going to shoot his load. As the wet fingers slid deep inside him, he arched his back, unloading his nuts into the waiting throat. He was holding the two men so tight he could feel their bodies shake along with his as each climactic wave washed over him.

As the spasms calmed, Hawk released his grip and felt the men slip away back into their own steam-shrouded shower sprays. When Hawk turned around him from his final rinse, the shower room was empty, and he stood there drying off alone. He smiled as he dressed, thinking of what other interesting encounters waited for him. He looked in the mirror as he folded the red bandana and tied it on as a headband. The smile continued as he thought to himself, *Too bad I don't have a feather.* But the blue work shirt, jeans and boots were the loincloth of today's Indians. That too had changed.

Hawk was halfway through his meal when he saw a young man walking toward his table. He looked like many of the new drivers he had seen in the last couple years. Green around the edges with a cowboy hat that was too fancy and a shirt that was too new. The jeans, although not quite faded enough, did show some promise with what they held inside. Hawk was so lost in his own thoughts that the young man had to speak twice before Hawk realized that he had stopped and was standing beside his table.

"I said, do you mind if I sit down with you?"

Hawk looked up, and then around at the empty tables, before answering. "Whatever makes you happy."

The guy slid into the seat across from Hawk and set his tray on the table. "You look different now."

Hawk looked at him. "From when? Do I know you?"

The boy smiled. "From the shower room."

"Oh."

"I was the one on the floor." He blushed. "If it makes a difference."

Hawk was taken by the combination of openness and shyness mixed together. He could see this kid going through life saying what first came into his mind, and then being embarrassed by it.

"You want me to move somewhere else?"

"Do what you want. As I said, whatever makes you happy."

"OK, I'll stay." He started to eat. "By the way, my name is Carl." He reached across the table to shake hands.

Hawk looked at him before taking his hand. "I'm Hawk."

Carl's face lit up. "No shit? Is Hawk really your name?"

Hawk's face hardened. "Why? Something wrong with it?"

"No, it's great. Are you really an Indian?"

Hawk put down his knife and fork. "What the fuck is this, twenty questions?"

Carl blushed again. "I'm sorry. I did it again."

"Did what again?"

"Talked without thinking. Now I've pissed you off. I'll move somewhere else." Carl started to slide out of his seat.

"Sit where you are."

"What?"

"I said sit. You didn't piss me off."

They both ate in silence for a while with each stealing a look at the other. Carl caught Hawk's eye during one of these exchanges and smiled. "So, are you?"

Hawk tried to scowl but there was no way with that boyish grin across the table from him. "Am I what?"

"An Indian. You look like one."

"You look like a cowboy, are you one?"

"Come on. Quit jerking me around."

"Why's it so important to you if I'm an Indian?"

"That scene in the shower was hot, man. I never wanted a dick as much as I wanted yours."

"And you've had it."

"That's not the point."

"Then what is?"

"Look at me." Carl picked his hat up off the seat beside him and set it on the back of his head. "You said I look like a cowboy. Don't you get it?"

"No."

He took off his hat. "I've made it with guys from all types of work from construction to office. Now tell me: does cowboy and construction worker sound right? How about cowboy and fireman? Now do you see what I'm getting at? It's

cowboys and Indians I want."

Hawk smiled. "You got a real fantasy going there, don't you? I'm not sure I can live up to it."

Carl smiled. "If the shower was any sample, I know you can."

Hawk shook his head. "I'm not sure you know what you're getting into."

"What?"

"Well, you know what the Indians did to white men?"

"What? What?"

Hawk smiled. "They scalped them."

Carl matched Hawk's grin. "And tied them up and fucked them."

"Tied them to stakes and burned them."

"And tortured them."

"Made them into sex slaves." Hawk looked around to be sure no one else was listening, before continuing. "They made the cowboy do all sorts of unnatural things. They made him run his tongue under their uncut cocks and lick the sweat off their red-skinned balls. They made the cowboy kneel before them and beg to be allowed to stick his tongue up their hot sweaty assholes, as they pierced his tits with splinters of wood. They tied rawhide to his nuts and hung heavy rocks from them, stretching and pulling the skin until he thought it would tear from his body. They would tie him over a fallen tree and beat his ass until it was so sensitive that the slightest breeze blowing across it caused pain. Then when they were finished he was tied to his horse, with the saddle horn up his ass, and run out of the camp."

"Shit!"

"What's the matter, your fantasy crumbling?"

"No." Carl blushed again. "I just shot my load in my jeans."

Hawk smiled. "Good. Then maybe we can finish our dinner."

Carl was still shaking when he spoke. "What's dessert going to be?"

Hawk never raised his eyes from his plate. "You."

**T**he two men sat in the sleeper of the blue and white KW. There had not been much conversation between them since they left the restaurant. The glow of two cigarettes was all that could be seen. "You. Cowboy. Take off my boots." The glow of one cigarette disappeared and then there was the sound of boots being pulled off. "The socks too, you dumb shit." Hawk ground his bare foot into the boy's crotch as he finished smoking. "Get undressed and kneel beside me."

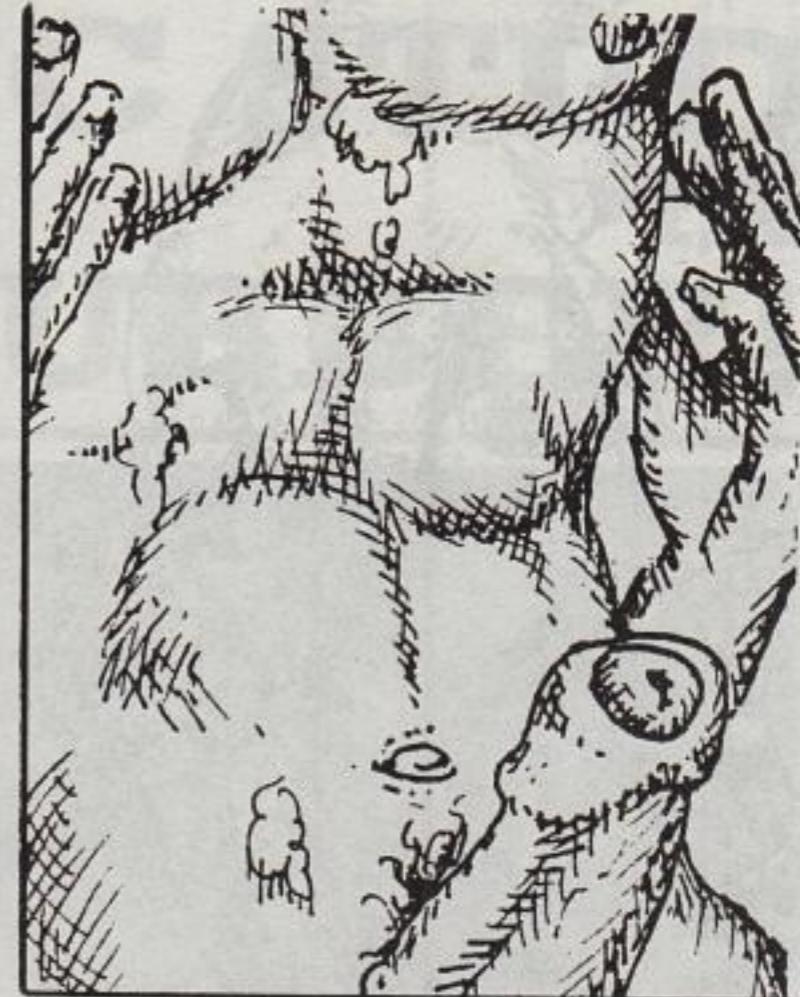
When Hawk felt the warmth of the man beside him, he still didn't speak. In the darkness he reached out and rubbed his hand over the hard young body beside him and remembered times past, when it was another Indian boy kneeling there. It wasn't a game then, but something real being shared. Hawk was glad there was no light because he would not have wanted this stranger to see the expression on his face.

Hawk's fingers kneaded and pinched across the now-hard tits beside him. He enjoyed the soft whimper that could be heard in the dark and then disappearing again. His fingers trailed through the soft hair on the chest and followed the path it created down the firm young body until he brushed against the head of the boy's cock standing tall. The whimper could be heard again as his grip tightened around the furry sack between the kid's legs. Small sounds could be heard in the darkness and then there was a quick intake of breath as Hawk lowered his mouth over the hard cock. The intensity of his grip was countered only by the movement of his mouth and tongue. The sounds in the darkness were now moans and heavy breathing. Hawk had not sucked another man's cock since he had serviced his beloved Crow. But now in the darkness, he could imagine he was back there between his friend's legs. It was Crow's cock he had buried in his throat, not some pretend cowboy.

He felt hands on the back of his head, pressing him down further on that shaft. He could no longer breathe from either his nose or mouth, but wouldn't pull away for fear of breaking the fantasy. Then he felt the slight swelling of the shaft and was lost in the completion of the climax.

Air quickly slid by the softening cock and Hawk gasped it in like a drowning man coming to the surface. He lay back down still not releasing his grip on the boy's nuts. Their breathing returned to normal, and the only sound that could be heard in the truck was an occasional whimper as Hawk tightened his grip on the jewels he held in his hand.

Hawk sat up, and then got to knees. "Lay down, cowboy, on your back, and spread your arms and legs." Hawk unsnapped and closed the curtain between the cab of the truck and the sleeper before he turned on a light. They both squinted for a second before their eyes adjusted to the intrusion. Hawk quickly tied Carl, spread-eagled with raw hide, to the sleeper bed before



**"You are to be my sacrifice to the Great Spirits to take away some of the shame." Hawk slid the tip of the knife down Carl's chest and stomach until the point rested on the head of Carl's cock.**



**Hawk drove his dry cock into the freshly shaved asshole, burying it all the way up to his balls. Hawk's cock drove again and again into Carl's ass. Cutting loose the gag and restraints, he attacked Carl's mouth with his tongue.**

he got undressed himself. The last thing Hawk took off was his headband, letting his hair fall forward, as he leaned over and tied the cloth around Carl's mouth as a gag. Hawk again explored the cowboy's body, but this time looking at it in the light. His fingers worked their magic, and Carl was soon hard again. Hawk reached down and stroked the hard smooth skin.

"I see my little cowboy is ready to play again." Hawk continued to stroke and explore as he talked. "I'm sorry I don't have my feathers anymore, so I could be more convincing for your fantasy. But I really am an Indian. A Cherokee, to be exact. I was born a hundred or so miles back up that road on the reservation." Hawk was thoughtful for a minute. "Or should I say, what the white man has left of the reservation. They took away my feathers and buckskin pants along with my dignity and my land. All I have left is this." Hawk reached into a compartment on the wall and brought out a hunting knife. The light flashed on the blade, and he could see fear in Carl's eyes. "I tried to warn you, but you only heard what you wanted to hear."

Hawk lowered the knife to Carl's chest and slid the blade across the skin, leaving a nude path where the hair had been removed. "As you can see, the blade is quite sharp. Indians take very good care of their knives. You want to see just how sharp it is?" Hawk grabbed a handful of hair on Carl's head and raised the knife. Carl pulled back as much as his restraints would allow and tried to call for help. The sounds were like those of a small animal caught in a trap. With all his fear, Carl never lost his erection. Hawk released his grip and let Carl's head fall back onto the bed.

"You see, you're a pretend cowboy but I'm a real Indian. For you it's a game, but for me it's real."

As he spoke, Hawk continued removing the chest hair with the knife. "You represent everything the white man has done to my people. You are to be my sacrifice to the Great Spirits to take away some of the shame."

Hawk slid the tip of the knife down Carl's chest and stomach until the point rested on the head of Carl's cock. "I'm going to take away your manhood just like you did to us." The animal sounds could be heard again and tears were in Carl's eyes. Hawk lifted the knife blade and started cutting away the pubic hair around the still-firm cock. "I want you to be smooth when I send you off with my message to the spirits. And I wouldn't

advise your moving around too much. I would hate to slip with the knife and have to send a less than complete messenger."

Carl could feel the dry blade sliding across his skin and the pull of the hair as it left his body. Everywhere the knife had been, his skin burned as the sweat came to the surface. His whole body felt like it was on fire. He had never been so scared, or so turned on, in his whole life. He could feel the knife on his balls as Hawk spoke again.

"If I slipped now, not only would the messenger be less than complete but he would talk in a much higher voice. I would advise you not to move, because I wouldn't need much of an excuse to cut off your balls and hang them from my mirror. Indians like to keep trophies of their conquests. But I'm sure you know that already."

Hawk moved to the foot of the bed and cut the rawhide strips, and then retied them again up beside Carl's arms, giving him full access to Carl's ass. Hawk quickly shaved away all the soft hair around the tight puckered area.

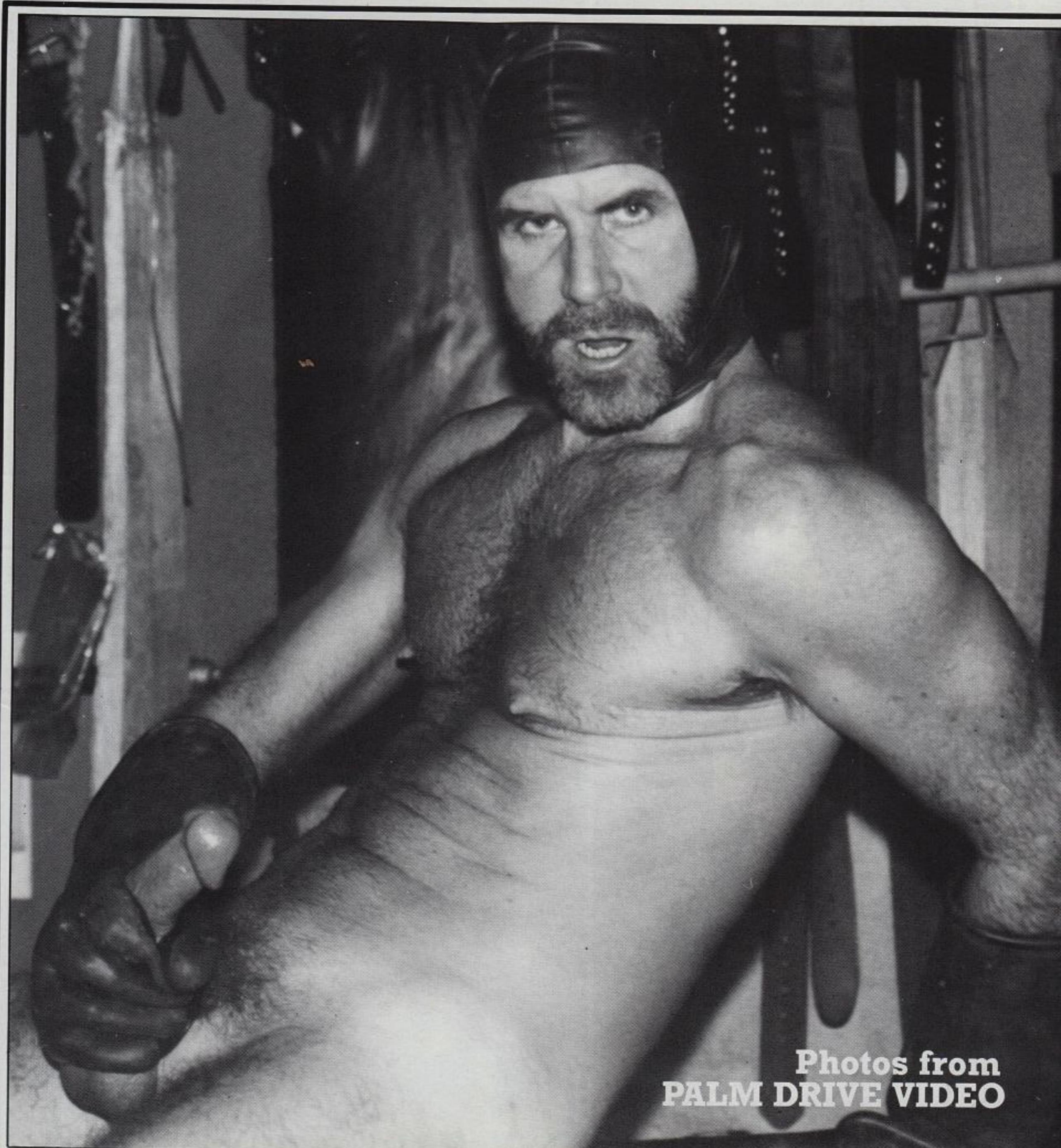
"There, my little cowboy, you're ready to deliver my message to the white man." Picking up his belt from the jeans he had dropped some time ago, Hawk whipped it back and forth across Carl's ass as he spoke, leaving thin red welts. "This is a reminder of all the hurt you have given. The red welts are for the beatings we have endured, and this is for the overall fucking you've given us."

Hawk drove his dry cock into the freshly shaved asshole, burying it all the way up to his balls. "This is the message for you to deliver, my little pretend cowboy. Fuck you, and all the rest of the sidewalk cowboys out there." Hawk's cock drove again and again into Carl's ass. Cutting loose the gag and restraints, he attacked Carl's mouth with his tongue. Whatever air was in their lungs was all they had to share, passing it back and forth between them.

They both reached their climax at the same time and rode it through to the end in each other's arms.

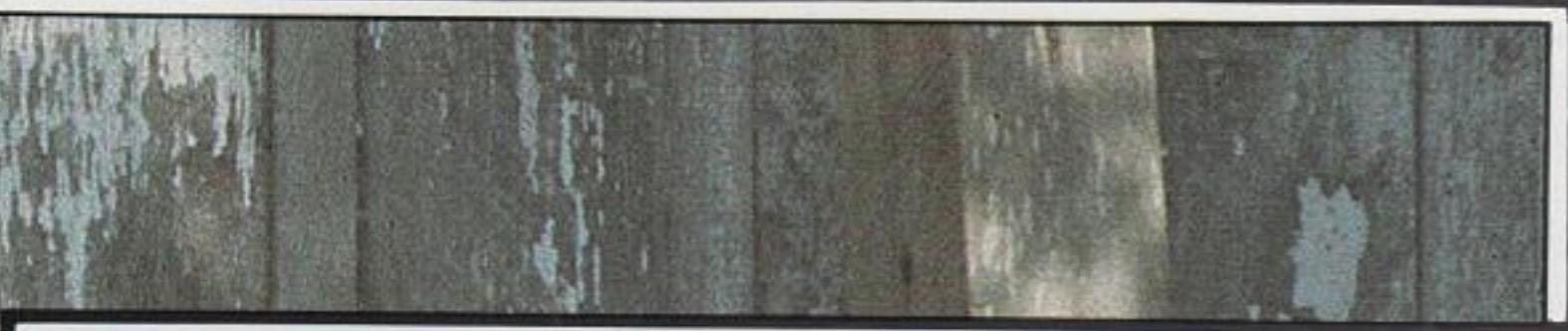
**H**awk had finished his shower and breakfast and walked back toward his truck. He felt refreshed and content with himself for the first time in quite a while. He was almost back to the truck when he noticed the two red fuzzy balls hanging from the mirror and the note: **Here's Your Trophy—Until Next Time**  
**The Cowboy**  
**Carl Crowe**

# NINE INCH PEC STUD IN BLACK RUBBER!



Photos from  
**PALM DRIVE VIDEO**





## NINE INCH PEC STUD IN BLACK RUBBER!

### Pushing New Video Frontiers . . .

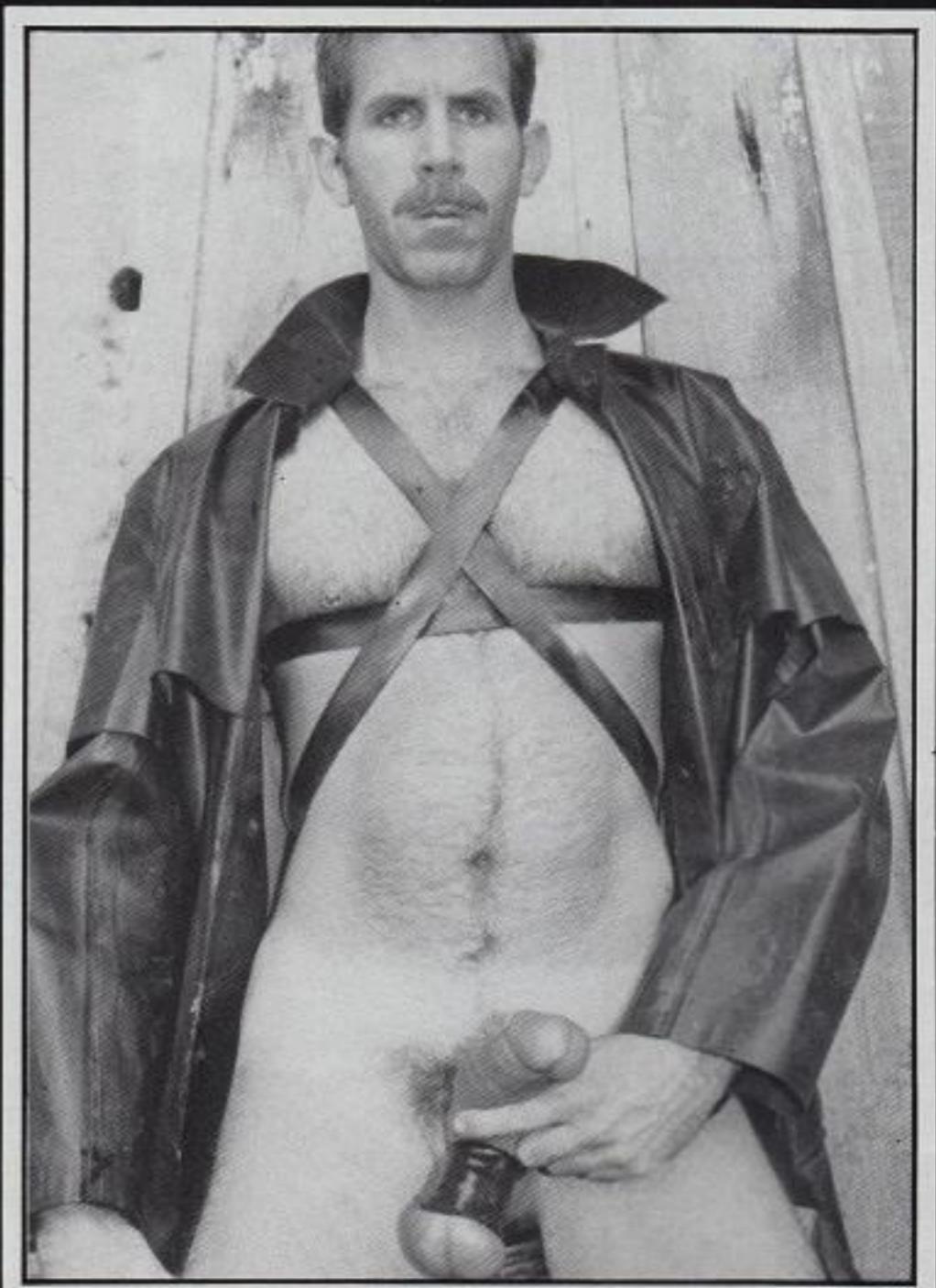
Supersexstar Keith Ardent is a real piece of rubber work! A hairy 6-4, 210, huge nine inches. Major titwork—rubbergear—masks—huge cock and balls—industrial sex. We're not talking mass-market gay-boy video, here. None of the new obsessed-with-kink studios fits into the old porno categories. Few have plots. You wanna plot? Go watch *Casablanca*. This is sex action. Rubber action. Piss action. Throbbing dick fuckaction. The wonder with the new macho video studios shooting REALISM, the video of sexual truth, not posing, is not that they as video verite are sometimes less than perfect technically, but that they as video—sex video—exist at all. That's the news. This new homoerotic video genre for men who like men masculine exists!

#### HOW TO ORDER:

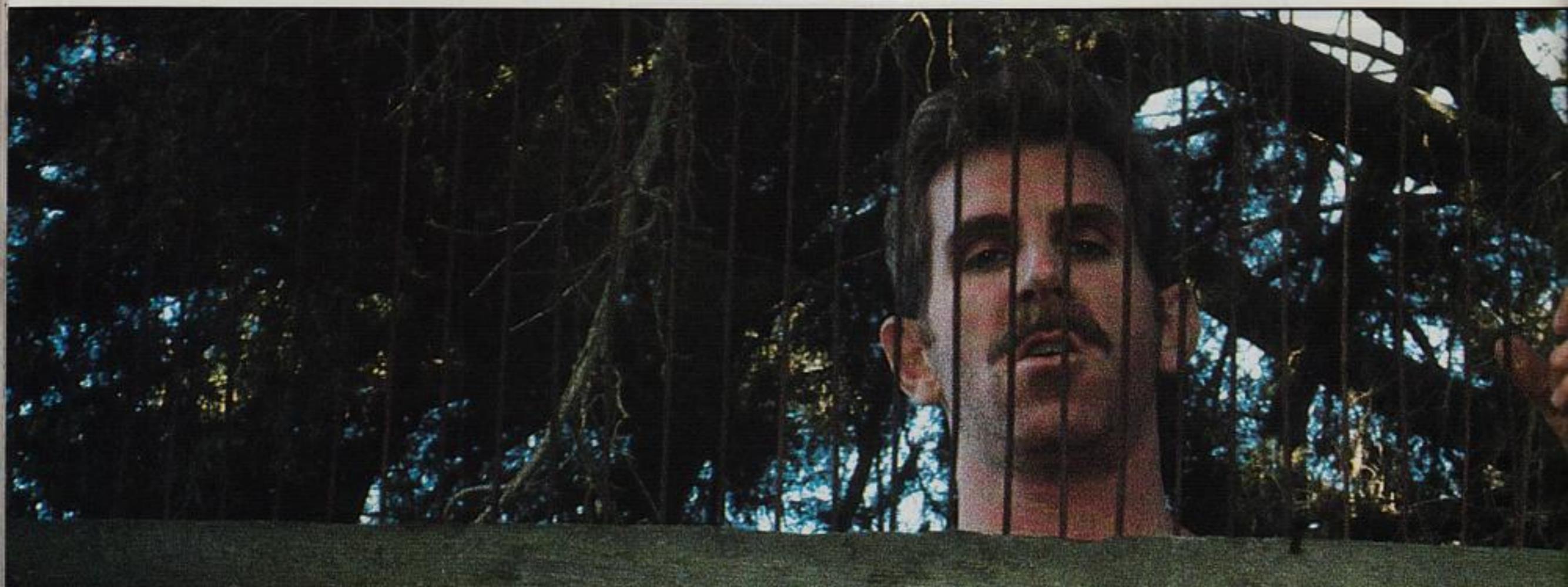
*HOW TO ORDER:* If you do not have an Order Form, use a plain piece of paper. Print your name and address. Then list video titles. Enclose each title price and \$3.00 postage for EACH title (or \$4 EACH for UPS). State you are 21 and sign your name. Send check/MO to PALM DRIVE VIDEO, PO Box 3653, San Francisco CA 94119. No Visa/MC. Thanks.

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P.O. BOX 3653, SAN FRANCISCO CA 94119

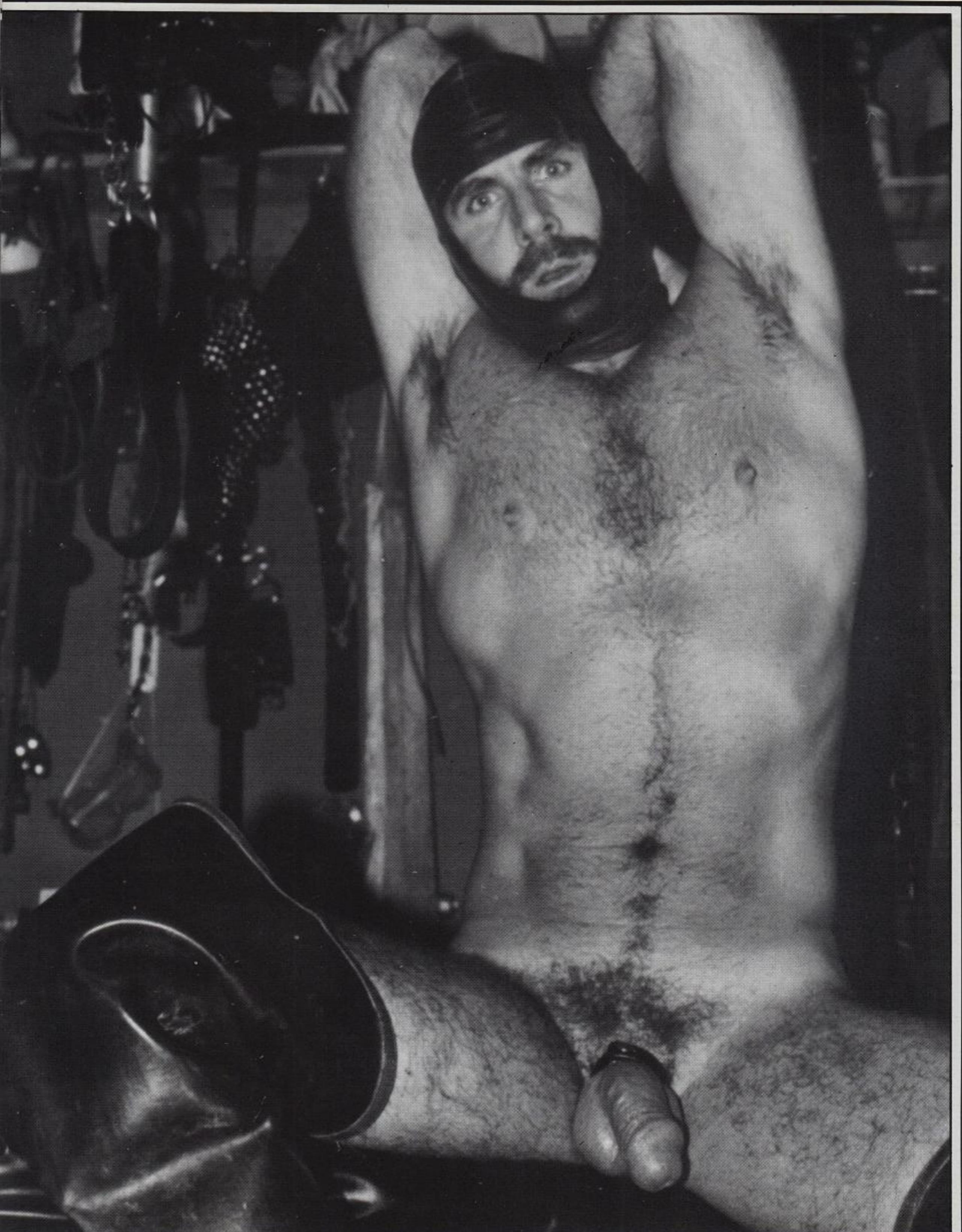
DRUMMER 118











# TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

## MASTER/slave RELATIONSHIPS PART I: OVERVIEW

"He serves best who serves the servant."

—Thom Magister

In this and the next column, I want to focus on relationships with prevailing dominant/submissive features, specifically, Master/slave relationships. These are usually seen by their practitioners as the ultimate expression of the dominant/submissive experience.

Put in simple terms, these relationships occur between the identified Master who has a defined authority and specified responsibilities in the relationship, and the identified slave(s) who submit(s) to the will of the Master.

The variation here is wide. When and where? This configuration may only happen at certain times of the day, or on certain days of the week, or in certain rooms, or when certain clothes are worn, or perhaps only in the presence of certain people, etc.

Is there more than one way to do it? You bet! Just to give you a feeling for the range of possibilities, I have seen a Master with several slaves. Some slaves have more than one Master. Some slaves have slaves, and some Masters are themselves slaves to yet other Masters. Another slave I know has a lover (mostly vanilla) and a Master as well—each knows and likes the other. And yes, I know of Master/slave involvements that have been ongoing now for many years—the partners have learned to manage the intensity and keep things hot for themselves, mostly through the development of a remarkable degree of honesty.

Written contracts sometimes add an interesting wrinkle. Again, variation is wide. Some Masters have authority in the slave's workplace (if the slave works). Some slaves have autonomy when dealing with their family; some not. Finances are not always subject to the Master's will, whereas some Masters require their slave to handle all finances. Some Masters outline various levels of submission, with deepest submission (usually very short-term) such that the slave does nothing but breathe without instructions.

I have spoken with many guys who have found ecstasy in the Master/slave scene. Most reported to me that they

had to explore several different such situations first before they could learn enough about themselves to know what would work for their own particular personalities.

If this is something you have only dreamed about your whole life, look inside yourself to learn what has kept you from trying it out. It is not too much trouble to find your counterpart especially for short-term "try it on for size" scenes.

It is unfair to yourself to assume that the relationship in your mind cannot be achieved at least in part. Remember that not so many years ago, it was impossible for a closeted gay man to even imagine an ongoing relationship with another man.

Likewise, if this is your scene and you find yourself bouncing from one Master/slave situation to another in frustration, perhaps now might be a good time to check out your motivations for wanting this sort of thing in the first place. If you only end up with bad apples, then maybe you need to refine your pickin' skills. It helps to distinguish between what you can tolerate and what you can dream about.

In designing relationships, one watchword comes from the Mistress Carolyn. Her advice: "If it ain't fun, you ain't doin' it right." I take her to mean that the rituals, rules, responsibilities, and restrictions that are incorporated into the relationship must be a turn-on for everyone, or else they won't survive for long.

One thing that I have noticed about these relationships is the great extent to which they have been negotiated. Unless these relationships are a perfect sexual and emotional fit from the beginning (and when does that happen?), they will have to be carefully negotiated. In each such relationship that I have learned about, tremendous effort had been made to carefully outline the extent of the Master's authority and responsibility and the extent of the slave's submission.

The durability of these relationships is often determined by the success of these negotiations, and the ability of the partners to remain interesting to each other. Very often, the "divorce clock" starts ticking when one or both start to get bored for long stretches.

In some Master/slave relationships, a man's entry into the position of "slave" represents an "I love you, I trust you" message. Here, a Master's acceptance of a slave represents the complementary "I love you, I trust you" message. It will almost certainly take each of them some time to define for themselves just what "I love you, I trust you" actually means. They probably won't know

themselves right at first.

It is these definitions of love and trust that will determine how the relationship functions and how long it will last. It is quite normal for these definitions to change with time.

For example, "I love you, I trust you" for the first week of the relationship may mean, "I love the way you lick my boots, and I trust you not to scuff them up." By the end of the first month, it may have changed to include "I love how I feel when we are together, and I trust you not to lie to me about important things."

By the end of the first year, the definition may include, "I love you because you reveal me to myself, and I trust you with my heart." After more time (?), "I love you 'cause you know me, I trust you with my Self." Whatever. Nigel Kent once said, "If you beat the shit out of a man, he will learn all about you."

Certainly, the same is true whether you are the owned or the owner—he will eventually find out who you really are.

My clinical work has taught me that there are also Master/slave relationships in which love is not necessarily part of the equation. In these, the dynamic can be one in which the slave says, consciously or not, "I will take certain risks (usually including obedience) because I enjoy doing so," while the Master says "I will accept the risks of responsibility and your obedience until I lose interest in doing so."

Any of the numerous sorts of Master/slave relationships can also include any variety of the physical S&M practices. Of course, these are optional depending on the tastes of the men involved. At various points in the relationship, the partners may agree to "switch off" the Master/slave process, and leave the physical S&M switches on, or vice versa. Usually, either partner can switch something off, but it takes both to turn the switches back on again.

These relationships can be very rewarding or they can be hell. Mixtures of both are not unknown. My observation has been that the hellish variety is more likely when the men are not honest with themselves first, and with their partner second. Secretly held feelings usually find their expression somewhere in the relationship, and will have to be dealt with sooner or later.

Next month, in Part II, I want to go somewhat deeper into the issues that come up for guys into the Master/slave scene in the hope that I can save people some time and unwanted pain. 'Til then, play well. □

**Guy A. Baldwin, M.S.** is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontier.

# STROKE SUCK

fiction by  
Jeffery Steinberg

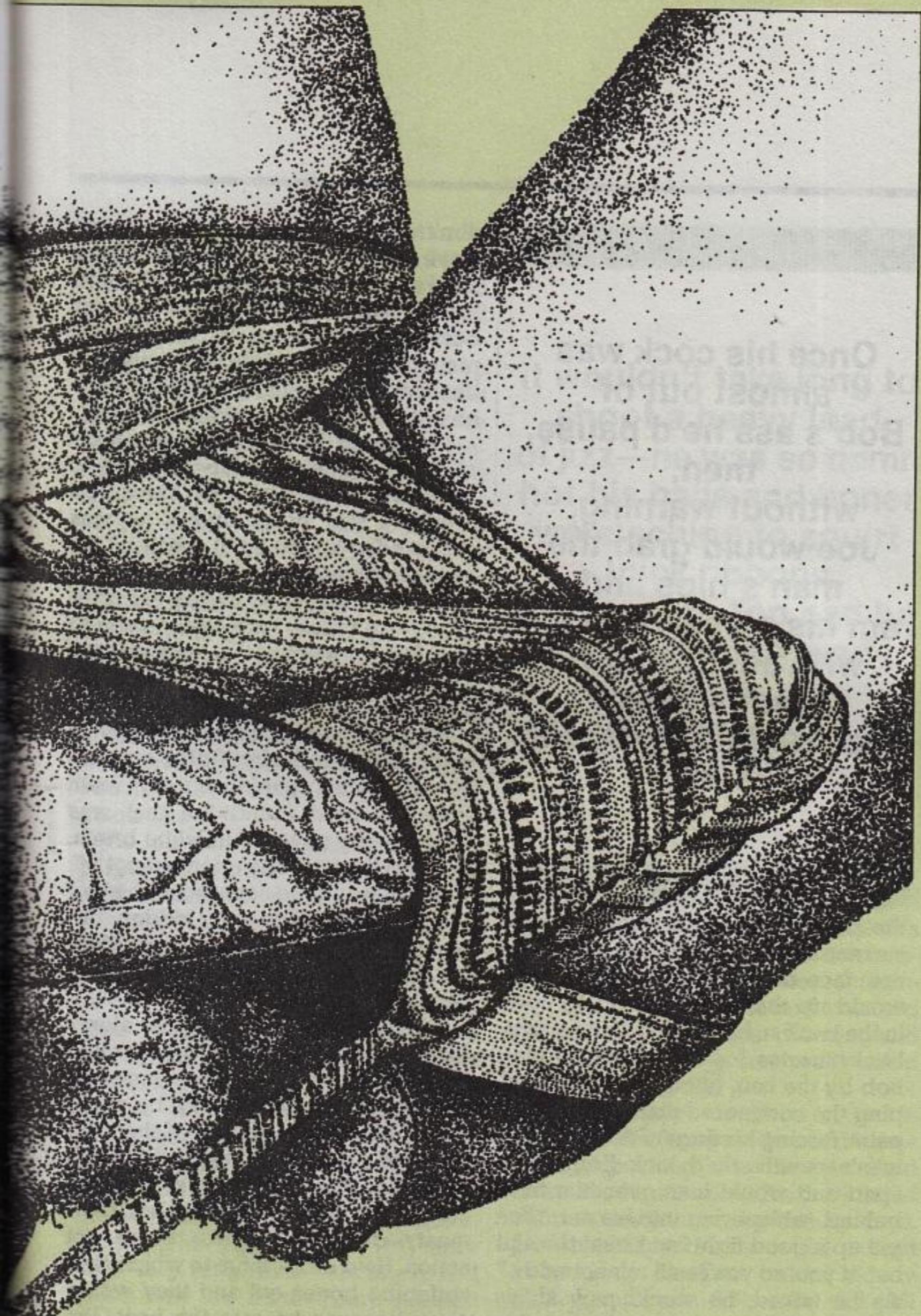
illustration by  
William Lucas

**"This ain't gonna work,"** Bob decided as he pulled his head back and let Joe's cock slide out of his mouth. Joe's mouth continued sucking on his prick but with much less enthusiasm than earlier. Soon Joe stopped as well, and both men lay back wondering what to do next.

"Suckin' cock's okay," Bob thought, "but a man's gotta hump ass—not this silly, sissy stuff." He looked over at Joe and had to admit that he liked what he saw. Joe was no loser; he was a real man in every respect. Bob studied the flaccid cock that was just inches from his face, sticking out from Joe's sweaty jockstrap. It was a masterpiece, something a man should be proud of owning. Even when soft, the long hairless monster required two hands to hold, and Bob's hands were big. A thick, mean-looking vein ran

**Joe would rip the rest  
of his undershirt  
off and, forcing it into  
his slave's mouth,  
use it like a bridle on a  
horse. Every time Joe  
gave his butch filly  
a slamming fuck, he'd  
pull Bob's head back  
like he was a colt  
being broken by a new  
master.**





down the side of it, and there was an ample amount of foreskin which gave Joe's rammer an animal appearance. Only a faint sprinkling of curly blonde hair grew at the base and on the ballsack, which was enormous and, stretched downward by the two jizz-packed balls inside, hung down like a horse's.

Bob had always figured he could service a cock like a man, putting everything he had into the job, being equal to any challenge. After all, when he paid a guy off he did it like a man, not like a frail sob-sister, and sucking cock had always been a payback. Yes, when he met a guy who took his 12-inch fucker like a guy should, Bob showed his appreciation by giving a suck-job that couldn't be beat.

Yet Joe's untamed, uncut dick was a breed of its own. Bob had had to learn how to deep-throat the bone as if he had been a beginner all along. And Joe didn't get off on passive service, either. He expected his cock to be worked on expertly, with complete dedication. Well, Bob wasn't one to give up; he gave his buddy more than the guy could ever expect and was rewarded every time with a belly-full of hot thick cream.

Bob's eyes roamed the length of Joe's tan body. No doubt, this was a hunk of pure man. From the large, bare feet to the rippled stomach to the large brown oval nipples on a well-defined chest, Joe was a man. He had large rough hands, hands accustomed to hard work. His arms were enormous machines of total muscle, as were his wide shoulders. Sitting atop a bull's neck was a ruggedly handsome face, not pretty but masculine, arrogant and cruel.

"It's just too damn bad this thing ain't gonna work out," Bob concluded as he let his head drop back onto the bed and closed his eyes.

"Shit!" thought Joe. "What a fuckin' waste!" Hard as it was to accept the truth, he had to admit that things just weren't working out for Bob and him.

**From the moment he first laid eyes on Bob**, Joe wanted to be buddies. He remembered that they met at Irma's Bar and Grill in the industrial district. Joe was standing at the bar drinking a beer and unwinding after work when he heard a deep, gravelly voice next to him order a beer. When Joe looked over, because the voice was firm and slightly belligerent, he got his first glimpse of Bob,

the only other man he ever came to consider equal—another real man. Bob was wearing jeans, muddy work boots and a soiled undershirt. Every inch of his hard body seemed to strain under his clothes. His chest and arms were covered with black curly hair and he was filthy with grime and glistening sweat. Joe knew that the stranger had just gotten off work and, like himself, hadn't bothered with trying to spruce up. A strong smell of sweat struck Joe, but he wasn't turned off by it. Sweat wasn't the same as stink; it was the honest proof of hard work and masculinity. The man looked at him with a smile, not a friendly smile, and the thought of running his tongue over the guy's chest and armpits flashed through Joe's mind.

"What ya starin' at, shit-head?" the guy asked sarcastically.

"Fuck off, asshole!" Joe returned.

A huge strong hand grabbed Joe by the shirt front and the guy screamed, "How'd ya like me to smash open that pretty little face of yours, sweetie?"

"Fuck you," Joe yelled back and followed that up with a fist to the man's gut.

The fight that followed was fast, brief and intense, as fights usually were at Irma's. Trouble broke out all the time in the tavern but because nobody wanted to be barred permanently from the place they always stopped as soon as the men nearby could step in and calm things down. So, the big fight between Joe and Bob ended quickly, yet both men had delivered and received some hefty punches. Still, it was the best form of introduction possible and the two men became confirmed drinking buddies for the evening.

Yet the fight started something going in Joe's mind and pants which he couldn't, didn't want to, ignore. He wished nobody had broken the fight up. He knew he could have licked the dude, and he wanted to. Joe wanted to beat the man nearly unconscious, to

**Once his cock was almost out of Bob's ass he'd pause, then, without warning, Joe would grab the man's hips and ram his massive dick in with all his might. That's when the real fucking would start.**

the point where Bob would have to surrender to him. He'd then shove the man face-down on a table. His hands would rip that undershirt wide open in the back so he could feel the strong back muscles. Joe imagined grabbing Bob by the hair, lifting his head, cupping the conquered man's chin in his palm, forcing his fingers deep into the man's mouth. He'd kick Bob's legs apart and would lean over him from behind, whispering into his ear, "You put up a good fight but I beat the shit out of you, so you're all mine, buddy." As he talked, he would paw at his slave, letting him know who was his new owner, letting him feel the pain of total submission.

"Now, you know the rules, isn't that right, slave-boy?" he would say. "Sure you do. From now on, anything I say goes 'cause we're a pair now and it's your duty to obey me. I beat you, baby. I beat you and you got to serve me now. And you want to, because you know who the best man is. You

don't want me to just beat you up and leave you. No, you want me to make a loyal slave out of you. You want me to keep on showing you just who the real boss is. That's okay, babe—I really respect you. You're lucky—only the best get raped by me, and you're the best thing there is besides me."

Joe would have to slug his slave in the face and body a lot to keep him in his place. He knew Bob wouldn't stay down unless he was repeatedly forced to. It wouldn't be easy pickings for Joe; he didn't want a slave who accepted being dominated. Those types were all too easy to find. No, Joe wanted this man, wanted to break him and to go on breaking him, chancing rebellion every moment.

He would yank his muscular slave's jeans down, relishing Bob's humiliation. His hands could then freely roam over the hard round ass that was momentarily covered in white briefs. He'd rip those shorts open but not off. That ass would be covered with short rough black hairs and, hidden between the clenched cheeks would be his prize—Bob's virgin fuck hole, his new cunt.

Of course, they wouldn't be alone. All the tense muscled men would gather around the table, eager to enjoy the free show. May be there would be as many as fifty of them, all lean and laughing. Their balls would be full of the rich salty sperm that comes from a day of hard labor, their meaty dicks tender for some hot action. He'd order them to whip those stiffening bones out and they would obey because he was the best, the toughest man among them. The heavy musk smell of sweaty balls and excited male bodies would fill the room.

"All your friends are watching this, slave-boy. All those guys you pushed around are gonna see your asshole get raped wide open. They're gonna jack off while I shove my cock up your shitter, baby, and they'll laugh every time you wince or groan. Now you

better put up a damn good fight or I'll make sure every one of these hard-ons gets rammed up your pussy and down your throat. Or is that just what you'd like?"

Joe would then shove a finger up Bob's frightened ass. Yes, Bob would be scared shitless even though he wouldn't show it. That's okay, because Joe wasn't out to make his slave show fear; he wanted to watch the hunky dude take it like a man, a beaten man. Joe wouldn't jam his finger in nice and easy, either. He wanted to shove first one then several fingers up through Bob's tight sphincter—three fingers at the most.

"Yeah, baby—keep that shit hole really tight for me, 'cause now I'm gonna cram my fat rod up there. I won't even grease your hole up first. You're really gonna feel this. You're gonna like it."

Joe imagined positioning the huge purple mushroom head of his cock right outside Bob's asshole. He knew it wouldn't be easy getting the round tight pucker to open up for his rod, but eventually he'd be deep inside his slave's guts. He could feel his cock-head pressing against the dry hole that would be shut with all Bob's strength. While the men cheered him on, Joe would shove and lean into Bob's fuck hole relentlessly. Everyone would have their throbbing dicks in hand, slowly jacking away as he tried to force the tip of his dick into his victim. The sight of fifty or more fists—big, rough fists—sliding up and down fifty or more veiny bloated fuck-rods would urge him to shove and slam his own aching crank harder.

Eventually, the virgin asshole would begin to give way. Then Joe would feel the dry muscle gradually, painfully open around his enlarged spearhead. Joe wouldn't ram it in—not yet. But he wouldn't give Bob a chance to adjust and relax, either. Once Joe's cock started sliding in, nothing could stop it from going all the way. He

**It wouldn't take long to shoot a heavy load of jizz—he was so damn hot his balls and boner were aching to squirt thick ribbons of the stuff. Too bad he wasn't getting ready to pour his cum up Bob's ass-cunt, he thought.**

could imagine the muscles on Bob's neck strain and bulge as the conquered stud tried to keep from screaming. Sweat would cover both men and the bar would ring with cheering and laughter as the huge sausage invaded that manly asshole.

Then the mast would be buried to the balls but Joe would spend a few minutes pushing even deeper. He'd rotate his hips forcing Bob's violated cunt to stretch in new agonizing ways. Joe would allow the juices of Bob's gut to lubricate his joint before slowly pulling out again. When he did pull back, he would do it slowly so that his slave would feel like he was shitting his guts out. Once his cock was almost out of Bob's ass he'd pause, then, without warning, Joe would grab the man's hips and ram his massive dick in with all his might. That's when the real fucking would start, a fucking without compassion or mercy. Joe knew he'd want to slow down each time he got close to coming. This first

rape had to be a long one, and he'd only shoot his load when he was sure Bob had been used to the limit.

Joe could imagine the total thrill of humping Bob's ass any way he wished, for as long as he wished. Nothing could feel better than balling a man like of Bob—six feet of muscle and hair. Joe would rip the rest of his undershirt off and, forcing it into his slave's mouth, use it like a bridle on a horse. Every time Joe gave his butch filly a slamming fuck, he'd pull Bob's head back like he was a colt being broken by a new master. Finally, as Joe built up for the gusher, he'd reach down and grab Bob's balls and cock. He'd pull and twist Bob's useless fuckmeat until both men were ready to shoot their loads. Bob would unload first because of the merciless slamming against his prostate. Jolt after jolt of steamy scum would squirt onto the floor while his shredded butt-hole squeezed tightly around Joe's frenzied cock. Then Joe would heave all his ball-juice up his slave's raped bung. Joe's scalding cream would fill Bob's guts, letting the slave know that never again would he be a free man.

"That was real nice, man. You pleased your owner real nice. Now, let me just take a good look at your pussy. Beautiful! I like seeing that stretched-open hole just begging me to take care of it some more. You should see all this blood and jizz drippin' down your legs. Well, if you're a good boy, daddy'll poke you a few more times. I bet that'd make you real happy. Now open your mouth real wide 'cause daddy wants his cock cleaned. Yeah, baby—open nice and wide so I can slide my dick down your throat. Ah—real nice! It looks like I'll have to train you as my personal cocksucker, too. Okay, now lap daddy's crank up real nice. Good job, boy. Now I've got a special surprise for you. Daddy's gotta take a good long piss and I don't want you spilling a drop of that precious gold or else these men here can have you for

the rest of the week. Ah—ah— yeah, here it comes—aah. Drink it all up, baby."

**The thought was too much for Joe**, whose imagination was running rampant. So was the aching cock in his tight jeans. It was tough trying to talk to the man he really wished he was raping. Bob was the toughest guy he'd ever met and already Joe's dick was aching to get to know his new buddy better.

"I gotta take a piss," he said and went to the head. Joe thought about nothing else except jerking off to that persistent fantasy he'd had while drinking beers with Bob.

Once in the head, he began pulling out his stiff poker. He couldn't pull his stiff cock out his fly, so he yanked down his jeans and white briefs and began massaging his balls and pulling on his uncircumcised shaft. Fortunately, nobody else was in there but that wouldn't have stopped him. Joe stood facing the pisser, yanking his dork like mad. It wouldn't take long to shoot a heavy load of jizz—he was so damn hot his balls and boner were aching to squirt thick ribbons of the stuff. Too bad he wasn't getting ready to pour his cum up Bob's ass-cunt, he thought.

Suddenly the door of the john slammed shut and, looking up, Joe saw Bob standing across from him, grinning like a motherfucker. Joe wasn't fazed in the least; he did what he wanted to. It didn't seem to shock Bob much either. He knew what it was like to carry a fresh load in your balls, needing nothing more than good satisfying relief. Bob knew Joe had his territory staked out, that he owned his turf by virtue of brute strength and nerve, the nerve to expect whatever he demanded. Being a newcomer in the area, Bob figured he either had to fight or fuck whoever already thought he was top dog because Bob needed to run things himself. Seeing Joe jack

**The sight of fifty or more fists—big, rough fists—sliding up and down fifty or more veiny bloated fuck-rods would urge him to shove and slam his own aching crank harder.**

his fat twelve inches off in the head convinced Bob that he was going to enjoy taking over the stud's turf, beating him down to submission and fucking the man's shitter wide open. He was already starting to like the guy.

Leaning his back against the door, Bob pulled his fly open and let his jeans drop around his knees. Bob openly eyed the hairy stud's massive muscular thighs, the huge phallic bulge straining against a well-worn jockstrap. Joe slowly fisted his crank while he watched Bob massage his basket with a big hand. Suddenly, the hand pulled the front of the jock aside and a massive ballsack and cock plopped free. Joe was stunned—this was the perfect dream tool. He'd never seen anything as great. The heavy fleshy scrotum hung low with two fist-size nuts and was covered by a thick jungle of black hair. The fuck-pole was enormous, veined and dark, brutal looking. It was circumcised; the flaring head was fat and mean, built for heavy-duty fucking and shoot-

ing. Joe knew his own rammer was every bit as deadly as Bob's, so he continued to stroke himself, challenging his new buddy to match his arrogant action—stroke for stroke.

It wasn't going to take long getting those pokers to dump their cum. Both studs had been teasing each other all night—their fight was just a warm-up for the bigger action. Bob moved quickly over to where Joe stood and, grabbing his cock at the base, rubbed its bloated head roughly against Joe's thigh. Joe pushed his crotch against Bob's and fisted both cocks in both his large hands, working them together. Their mouths quickly began working against each other, tongues deeply exploring each other's mouth. They didn't kiss in affection. Each man was looking to get his share of stimulation—the other's was arrogantly taken for granted. Both men knew they were the best; both men meant to claim ownership over the other. The contest for domination had begun and it turned both on like no other scene in the past could.

Joe could feel himself on the edge and he threw his head back and clenched his jaws for that first big jizz-jolt of pleasure. Bob started yanking his bone harder. Both throbbing shafts were aimed at each other. Joe's heavy balls pulled quickly up toward the base of his cock and with a deep growl the steamy cum began spurting out in thick ropes. The first wad landed on Bob's dick head and fist. The rest drenched his thighs and dense pubic bush. When Bob felt the hot scum coat his hand, he gave a low bull's grunt and drained his balls all over Joe.

From then on they were always together—drinking, jacking off and even swapping blow-jobs. But things just couldn't go on like this indefinitely. Having the other's tight unfucked ass-cunt became the only concern for the two master studs. Though their friendship was great,

fucking was the ultimate goal. Unfortunately, though each man wanted to fuck his buddy, neither was willing to take it up the ass.

**So there Bob and Joe lay, naked,** horny and frustrated. They didn't talk about the dilemma—there was no need to. Neither hunk was going to give in. The whole situation was beginning to torture Bob because he wanted that tan, smooth rump more than anybody's he'd met. Sure, he could get hundreds of eager, willing bottoms, but none of them compared to Joe. Joe was a man; he wasn't weak. Getting into his asshole meant everything to Bob. He couldn't just walk away from the problem. He wanted to be with Joe, to own him totally.

Joe felt exactly the same. But he also knew that the biggest reason he wanted Bob was because, just like himself, Bob was pure Top, a total master. He could respect Bob's aggressiveness since he was just the same. Joe knew his buddy needed to be the fuck-master in every way, that there was only one asshole, one potential slave who could measure up to Bob's strength and power. That was himself, and he knew only Bob could satisfy him in the same way.

"If he ever got me down," thought Joe, "he'd go at me until I was completely beaten and raped bloody. Man, I can't even imagine what that'd be like, being totally dominated by a dude like Bob. But, then, if he fucked me I'd be his property and not his buddy. That'd ruin everything."

"Hey, Joe," Bob interrupted.

"Yeah?"

"Y'ever do anything ya didn't like because ya had to?"

"Sure, Bob."

"Ya know, when you make a deal or bet," continued Bob, "you pay up, right? Even if you don't like it."

"Sure, Bob. If I don't like payin' up I pay up even harder. I don't back out

**Joe slowly fisted his crank while he watched Bob massage his basket with a big hand. Suddenly, the hand pulled the front of the jock aside and a massive ballsack and cock plopped free.**

on a deal."

"Yeah—and you don't let nothin' scare you either, huh?"

"No," said Joe flatly. "What are you gettin' at?"

"Well, Joe, I was thinkin' that we oughta flip a coin for it—who gets fucked. That means neither one of us loses 'cause whoever gets bottom hasn't lost no fight. It's just a deal, ya know?"

"You could just fight me for it," said Joe with a challenge to his voice.

"Oh, yeah?" It was clear at that moment that neither man really believed he could win such a fight, which was saying a lot. To admit that the other dude could overpower him was proof that each man was hooked on the other. But neither would willingly say "uncle." There had to be some way of solving this problem while keeping the same power balance going.

"Well, what do ya wanna do? Flip for it?" asked Joe sarcastically. His heart started to pound.

"Sure. You got any better ideas?"

"Well . . . I dunno, man. I don't think it's such a good idea."

"Fuck it!" Bob cursed, sitting up on the edge of the bed. "This whole thing's fucked!" Joe looked at him surprised. Bob's tightly held display of frustration excited him. It was the same as admitting defeat.

"Hell," said Joe. "Okay, man. Let's give the damn thing a try. But I think you oughta see if you have any rope. Shit, if you lose the toss I'm gonna tie you down before you have a chance to chicken out."

Bob didn't need any more prompting. The thought of having a 50-50 chance at tying Joe up and using his buddy for his complete pleasure was enough to get him searching his place for the rope he knew he had stashed somewhere.

When he was out of the room, Joe walked over to his wallet and pulled out a large silver dollar. He smiled to himself as he brought the coin with him back to bed. The large coin was a real silver dollar. His dad had given it to him when he was a kid. Boy, when he was a kid, Joe really thought his old man was the biggest, toughest, fairest man in the world. He never left that coin out of his possession all these years. It was a real coin but somehow it had authentic heads stamped on both sides. Joe knew he couldn't lose a toss with this coin, and he laughed smugly as Bob returned with a coiled length of thick rough rope. "Yeah," Joe thought, "I got the perfect solution, now."

"See, I got a silver dollar here," he said to Bob, showing his buddy the coin as it lay heads-up on his open palm. "I'll flip."

"Sure, Joe. Wadda ya want—heads or tails? I'm gonna win anyway, baby."

"You really think so?" Joe smiled at his powerful friend, looking at Bob's massive fucker starting to get hard. "Well, then," Joe said, "I'll take tails." □

# RUBBER FETISH FEATURE

## RESPLENDENT RUBBER

Eraserdick. Hip boots and waders. Industrial helmets. Gasmasks. Wetsuits and wet scenes. Mudfilth. Oilfilth. Fuckfilth. Enemaletloose. All over everything. All over him. All over you.

Piss-shock. Rubbershock. Shockwaves. Rubbertop. Rubberbottom. Sheets. Controlled sound. Controlled touch. Sensory deprivation.

Sensory overload. Sensual skill and sophistication.

### Welcome to the rubber scene.

It all began in the late 1970's around the spring of '79—in London at the time there was a place

full of rubber called the Five Senses, and to this day, although the place is now gone and this scene is much more complex, the concept that this is a sexual universe that specifically focuses on each of the five senses

(with the option of controlling and stimulating one sense at a time: sight, sound, taste, hearing, and touch) remains the operating sexual precept behind the sweat-hot allure of rubber.

Today we have the New World Rubber Men and as a club it'd be difficult to beat their enthusiasm—rubberfervor. *Rubbersheets* is the official "underground newsletter" published by this buoyant group of ecstatically depraved spirits; one cannot escape the sense of outrageous sexual sport on the newsletter's rubberpages (*Rubbersheets*, 1044 23rd St., San

Diego, CA 92103). There is even humor (cartoons)! New World Rubber Men is about rubberbonding with rubberbrothers. And rubberparties. The list of sexual possibilities is only limited by one's sense of imagination.

Consider innertubebondage. Cut up your own rubberstrips—tie, stretch, struggle. Fill your fire-boots. The rubber scene is growing as more and more rubberoptions become apparent as we (safely) explore unconventional ways to actualize our rubbersexuality. Rubber hoods. Rubber videos. Rubberslaves. Drysuits. Wetsuits.

Take the plunge into the erotic world of rubber.

—TPB



See page 38 for more photos of these Fetish Feature Tough

**Fetish Feature** is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the *Fetish Tough Customers* section. Send in your special photos for the *Fetish TCs* and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	Too Late
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1
#122	Cigars	September 1

Have you missed getting into the *Fetish Feature* that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed! □



# TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A RUBBER FREAK... RUBBEROTICA!

BY JACK FRITSCHER

**Rubber baby-buggy bumpers.** I confess. That's how this kid started out in rubberoticism, moving on immediately to harder stuff like rubber training pants which led inevitably to my summer-camp rubberized swim briefs: mine and the blond hunk of a Norwegian lifeguard whose own latex trunks, white in the style of the Fifties, rubbed up against my hardening 10-year-old body every time he helped me climb into the rubber inner tubes we used for floaters on Lake Winnekaka.

He once asked me why I kept falling through the rubber ring and always needed his help to mount up again when I knew he knew that I knew I could easily handle the inner tube myself.

"Cuz you're the coach," I said.

Yeah, buddy! I couldn't tell him I was in love with him, watching him standing cock-deep in his stretch-latex trunks. But I'll never forget those summer days being lifted in his strong arms, held for a moment against his great chest and nipples, feeling him drop my butt through the rubber ring into the cold water with the back of my knees and shoulders burning against the sun-hot black inner tube.

## LIFE WAS RUBBER-DUCKY

Once a smart kid gets a good game going, he tries to keep the adult playing it until the adult wears out. I so worshipped that big-shouldered Scandinavian power-swimmer by the time I was 13 that when, at 23, I first saw Tom of Finland's lifeguards, their huge bulging cocks stretching out their (I imagined *latex*) briefs, I realized that my attraction to rubber was so far twisted from innocent swimwear fashion that it was in fact fetish. Tom was drawing what I was living. Life imitates life.

My own Dad helped me along the rubber brick road. He was a mechanic running his own ship in the double garage behind our house. His fatherly nightly kiss smelled of internal combustion, exhaust, grease, oil, gasoline, Camels, and the rubber of inner tubes and tires.

"Hug me again, Daddy."

And he did. What "Sick Click" of trick rubber-loving there was those nights was in me only, not in him. He had no idea in his head what was in my churning little brain pan. Funny, isn't it? He was the innocent. I was the burgeoning pervert. He had no idea that I loved him not only as a Dad but as a blue-collar rubber man who changed tires to make a living for us.

## DADDY MADE ME RUBBERMAN

On Halloween, the year I was 11, I announced I wanted to go trick-or-treating dressed up like the comic book character Rubber Man. My Dad, swear to God, helped me out. He took tire inner tubes, cutting and gluing them into shape to fit around my legs.

"They have to be tighter, Dad." (Even when you're a little pervert fetishist, you want everything exactly right.)

"Tight you want, tight you get," he said.

He re-cut the tubes for my legs. He sliced up one of my old bicycle inner tubes to lengths that fit my arms. My mother hee-hawed and said I looked like the black rubber garden hose, but she too was game for what they thought was a gag, and, using my swim trunks as a pattern, sewed up a pair of black rubber briefs that fit me like a glove, in fact, like the black rubber gloves my Dad took from his garage and slipped on my hands. They were so big he had to tie them on around my wrists with black rubber bungee cords wrapped around my arms about six wonderful times.

My sister, who later turned out to be the best fag-hag a brother could ever want, made fun of me, saying the bike inner tubes on my arms made me look like Hildegard, the cafe chanteuse whose trademark, she said, were black gloves that rose all the way up her arms to

# BE RUBBER FEATURE FETISH FEATURE

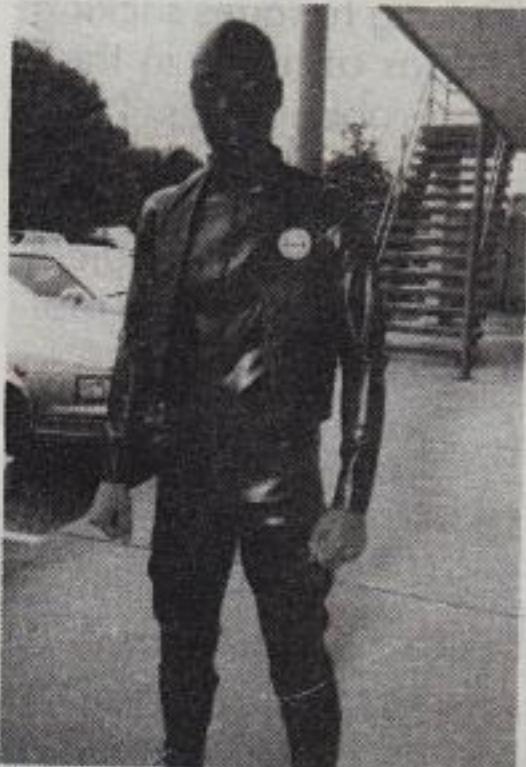


Photo courtesy Tom Arnold

## FETISH CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

her biceps.

Fuck Hildegard.

I was Rubber Man.

So good old sis came up with the idea of making me a rubber vest as a kind of shirt for my naked torso. It's great when a family can get behind a kid's fantasy costume for Halloween. My older brother, whose cock was the first cock I ever sucked, dragged out a black gas mask to cover up what he said was my ugly face. (As the perfect older brother, he later on introduced me to my first Trojan rubber, rolling it down my always-erect teenaged dick himself. God! I love fraternal sex education!)

Anyway, that Halloween, my brother was pretty rough putting the gas mask on me. He nearly tore off my ears and nose, and when he cinched down the straps, he pulled them fast and clicked them tight. The rubber shock to my simmering pervert brain was instant the moment the gas mask locked tight around my face and my only breath came whistling through the mask's hose dangling in front of my mouth like a long black rubber dick. Then my brother got the bright idea that I wear his black rubber fishing waders on my feet. I had rather fancied wearing my black swim fins, but he convinced me I could cover more houses and get more candy because I could travel faster in waders than in flippers.

My mother thought I'd be too hot with the waders on over the inner-tube leggings my dad had made me. Mothers are always right. I was sweating up a drench, but I liked it, so Mom lost out when everyone voted I looked every inch like Rubber Man with my brother's waders turned down and tied off with more black rubber bungee cords circling around my thighs.

I was in Rubber Heaven.

Maybe all us guys like Halloween so much because as kids we could get away in public with our first beginning approaches to our incubating fetishes. Without a blush.

At the age of 11, for one brief shining night, under the full moon, I became Rubber Man, heroic, strong, invincible, armored in tight black, steaming rubber. Actually, at least three housewives, just like the housewives in TV soap commercials who sniff their husbands' shirts and gag and reach for the TIDE, tossed my candy at me, making me stand back from their door because, they nagged, I smelled dirty like gasoline.

Ah! The secret of male fetish gear was blooming into my boyhood understanding like a raunchy night flower. This was male power: making women stay away from me. (Don't get me wrong. They're okay as people.) But Female Repellant! I liked it. I wanted to bottle it. After all, what repels the female attracts the male to the male! That's the secret of butch homosexuality.

Now that I am a man, I have not, repeat, have *not*, put away the things of a child. I'm one of those lost boys straight out of *Peter Pan*. I want to keep on playing. And I do.

## RUBBER: CLOSET BONDAGE

Leather, I love, and rubber, the next fetish step beyond leather, I worship. When I was editor of *Drummer*, a model who was engaged for a rubber bondage shoot failed to show. That was bad, because we were tight on our deadline. The camera man and the Rubber Bondage Top grew impatient. I had intended to direct the still photo shoot as a fourth party, but, what the hell!

"I guess I'll have to play the rubber victim," I said.

"But you're a Top," the Rubber Bondage Top said.

"If you, my man, are a good Top you can top a Top," I said. What an asshole, I thought, every Top's a Bottom. Fuck *top* and *bottom*. Versatility is where it's at. Tops need topping too.

[Editor's note: The results of that shoot you can see in *Drummer* 24.]

## THE ART OF HIGH-TECH LATEX

Currently, a rubber freak doesn't have to cut up inner tubes to become Rubber Man. The new sophisticated advances in high-tech latex have made tight, form-fitting full-body rubber suits, hoods, and codpieces *de rigueur* for lovers of the rubber gum tree. Witness the exquisitely elegant rubber photography of Robert Mapplethorpe in the 1978 annual *Son of Drummer* and his "Biker Cigar" gracing the cover of the aforementioned *Drummer 24*. Witness some of the great rubber artists like Martin of Holland, Domino, and the incomparable REX.

Martin's scatological European drawings integrate rubber gear as breath-control and force-feeding tubes for sewage flow. Martin is not for the garden-variety vanilla fairy. His rubber sexploitation plumbs the depth of the rubber fetish whose radical roots like in bondage, submission, and the warm womb waters where we once all floated amniotically in our own piss and shit.

Domino's sleazoid New York vision of greasy, sweaty men in rubber work-gear runs the gamut: "fly" fisherman in waders; pissing, rubber-shrouded firemen; and cigar-chomping sewer workers (force-fucking face with big uncut dicks), sitting, swathed in rubber jackets and boots, in open manholes. Domino's drawing, "Hunting Party," features three burly rednecks in rubber-booted hunting gear piss-raping a bound, naked, cocksucking young hiker with a double-barreled shotgum aimed hard as a cock at his bouncing balls.

The fascination of REX with rubber gear is recurrent subtext of his drawings: a circle jerk of seven fully geared firemen shooting their loads; handsome men with long tongues sucking out used rubbers; full rubber-suited, rubber-helmeted studs, who look as at home in their rubber as the fabled SEALS of the USN look in their scuba gear on rubber rafts; Nazi torturers in high rubber boots and open rubber raincoats exposing massive, dripping, hard cocks; tough dam builders, standing calf-deep in water wearing rubber bib overalls drenched in piss. REX dares venture even into the world of medical rubber: gloves, surgical gowns, restraints, rubber catheters, rubber ether masks used by mad doctors who know that man is the ultimate experimental animal!

## RUBBER COMPLEMENTS LEATHER

While leather has been somewhat devalued by its trendy "fashion" availability, as well as by the theft of its mystique from the true leather community by spiked-haired punks of both sexes, rubber and latex have become the latest hallmark of the sexual, sensual sophisticate. Fortunately, rubber/latex gear is much more pricey than leather, so it's not likely to be co-opted by the unimaginative mass consumers who so often imitate our hard-driven style. Unfortunately, rubber/latex doesn't last forever. There's not a rubber man alive who doesn't keep a bicycle patch kit in his game room. Every rubber aficionado has his current gear plus old gear worn out by heavy sexual mileage.

## THE NIGHT MY RUBBER SUIT EXPLODED

My full-body one-piece rubber suit that covers a man from toes to the top of the head—the attached helmet having only two breathing holes—came one day to an explosive sad end. After clipping a fuck-buddy's toenails, and then covering the still-sharp little buggers with wool socks, I baby-powdered him completely and had him step into the suit feet first. Very carefully. His dick was immediately at fullstaff. Next I inserted his arms into the sleeves and began to slowly zip up the suit's only opening, a zipper that ran up from the small of the back to the top of the head. I faced him toward a large mirror, so that he could see his white flesh transmogrified into an abstract black-rubber form of his bodyshape.

For several minutes, I let the hood hang down on his chest. I wanted him to drink in the mirrored vision before pulling the eyeless hood over his head and zipping it up tight to the crown. He was crazy with the new-found rubber definition of his body. As I began to work the hood's noseholes over his face, he suddenly dropped in lust to his knees.

He wanted to suck my cock!

What a jerk!

The scene wasn't about sexual cocksucking. It was about sensual, complete-body rubber encasement. *Some guys just don't get it!*

Anyway, my friend—I should say, my former friend—was a bit of a porker. As he dropped like a black-rubber mummy to his knees to suck my hard dick, his plump, no, his fat thighs split the rubber suit in a tear from the knee 24 inches up to his bubble butt. The sudden flash of white skin appearing through the jagged tear of black rubber looked like lightning splitting a dark night sky. At that moment, I could have gotten into nonconsensual S&M! But gentleman that I am, I didn't. Gentleman that he wasn't, not only didn't he apologize, he didn't even offer to help repair the \$350 unit, which turned out to be unrepairable.

So goes life when you're burning rubber in the fast lane!

What is it about some of these unevolved guys who don't understand that some trips, especially fetish trips, just aren't about cocksucking? Go figure!

## RUBBER: FUTURE SEX

The possibilities of black rubber latex are endless.

If leather is our heritage from the Brando Fifties, black rubber is Future Sex.

A man hasn't lived until he's been tied up with an inflatable rubber hood over his head, the hood fitted with at least seven gaskets that inflate rubber pads tight over his ears, both his eyes, up his nostrils, and back into his throat. The double-skinned hood's internal rubber skin presses against the head and face tighter as the hood's outer skin expands when air is pumped into the cavity between the two skins. The exotic feel of one's head, isolated, sealed in pressurized bondage is incredible. The sense deprivation is profound: no sight, no sound, only the smell and feel of black rubber ballooning out around the head and squeezing ever tighter across the face.

### 24 HOURS IN A SKINTIGHT RUBBER BODY BAG

The world's greatest rubber gear is available custom-made and mail-order from England and is distributed on a limited basis in specialty stores in the US. The only rubber device that can top the inflatable hood is the inflatable black-rubber body bag.

Imagine a zipped sleeping bag that lets your head stick out. Then visualize the sealed latex body bag, laid out on the floor like a flat rectangle with a rounded helmet at one end for enshrouding your head. The only opening is at the foot. The Top drops the foot of the two ply rectangle like an inner-tube over your powdered head and works it down your shoulders and torso and legs, form-fitting you all the way, until he inserts your head inside the soft darkness of the latex helmet. A hard rubber breathing tube forces your lips apart and is your only connection to the outer world.

Lying flat, so enshrouded, with your arms tight at your sides, you hear a motorized airpump switch on. Air begins to inflate the double rubber bag around your body. The pressure builds with the sensually slow inflation. The inside skin of rubber molds to your body. The air outside that skin is itself trapped inside the outer skin of rubber which is inflating like a large rectangular balloon. The more air pumped in the tighter you are squeezed by the inner skin, until your arms and legs and whole torso and head are virtually crushed together immobile by the air bag surrounding you on both sides and top and bottom.

You float, free of gravity, inside a skintight rubber sheath, inside a layer of dense air pressure, inside an outer casement of industrial-strength rubber latex.

There is no quick way out.

The rubber body bag takes half as long to deflate for your escape as it took to inflate for your encasement. This trip to the moon on gossamer wings is not for the novice; but for the man wishing to probe his deep inner space where there is no time but the beating thump of his own heart-clock, the rubber body bag is the epitome of rubber bondage, whether used for sensuality or for punishment.

Ground Control to Major Tom!

A finger, outside the bag, pressed over the breathing tube can take total control of your life. You know exactly where you are in the universe. A wisp of popper lets you know exactly where you are in the cosmos.

If I weren't gay, I'd be pissed. We seem to have more fun than anybody. No wonder straights regard us the way they do. They don't hate us. They're just jealous. And we're fools if we don't continue to press on, pushing out the envelope of safe-sexual sensuality. When a homosexual becomes a homosensual, he reaches beyond suck/fuck to total body orgasm. Rubber is the new frontier. It's positively California Cosmic, man!

As many writers do, I've recently crossed genres, moving into video, trying to capture visually on tape some of the fetishes I've tried to celebrate in words. Most all filmmakers start out as writers. A vision is a vision on a page or on a screen.

Under the intentional pun-name of Palm Drive Video, dramatizing, among other fetishes, cigars, muscles, beards, and sexy athletic gear, I fell in, without benefit of a casting couch, with a B-A-D rubber companion. His name: Keith Ardent.

Keith, hung with 9 long, thick, veined inches, stretches a hairy 6'2" and weighs in at a muscular 185. He's a real piece of work! Actually, he's the First Major Erotic Star of the 90's. He's appeared with the outrageous video master, Christopher Rage, and with the bondage-and-muscle-dedicated ZEUS studios. Because all his video starring roles had been in films with casts of thousands, I figured to shoot Keith solo: talking nasty to the viewer and flaunting his big dick and engorging his steel-radial 2-inch nipples with a dual tit-pump vacuum machine. Talk about high-tech Industrial Sex! Keith is more versatile than a turnstyle. Not only goodlooking, he's twisted sexually, and sensually, very nicely, thank you. As a matter of fact, Keith Ardent, one of the world's great Sexual Stunt Men, is a one-man E-ticket Sexual Theme park.



## RUBBER STRETCHES EROTICISM

### RUBBER VIDEO



## THE SMELL OF THE RUBBER, THE ROAR OF THE RUBBER BEAST

The point of this? Ta-DA! The world's first rubber fetish video. Following in the rubber-boot art steps of Martin of Holland, Domino, and REX, the video, *9-Inch Pec Stud in Black Rubber*, is a nasty 90 minutes of spit, piss, verbal abuse, and rubber gear: a full-length black-rubber police raincoat, rubber hipboots, gas masks, rubber tanktop, rubber pec harness, and rubber ballwrap stretchers.

When two fetishists get together, things go glimmering.

Keith pulled his rubber gear from his bag piece by piece while I pulled from my footlocker rubber that would make my Dad proud—except, of course, for the full rubber suit that exploded. Our rubber gear combined perfectly; everything that rises must converge. The sight and scent and sound and feel of rubber and oil turned Keith into the complete video Rubber Man who was the dream invention of my boyhood, and spun him even further into a roaring Rubber Beast Manimal exhibiting his world-class rubber tits!

## WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR

DIAL  
800-R-U-B-B-E-R

You have to be careful what you wish for in your fantasies when you jerk off, because, sooner or later you'll conjure up that fantasy in reality!

When I collided with the ardent Mr. Ardent, our rubber fetish scene wasn't just one more great time that happens between sickoid guys and then evaporates. The video camera caught it all. If you don't own at least a Camcorder, you owe it to yourself to get one now. You deserve it! Years from now, when you're more wrinkled than a new Goodyear tire, you can relive your most memorable scenes—your very own Performance Art—with your hot palm driving your hard cock while you watch yourself and your fuckbuddy on your 40-inch screen. The video camera is the devil's own tool and you'll have a hell of a good time whether you shoot for your own private pleasure or, as Keith did, to share his sexual madness with men too numerous for him to ever meet personally.

Kodak photos and Polaroids are perhaps a bit *passe*. They catch only one click of reality. Video is a million "clicks" per hour. You can run clicks in slo-mo; you can fastforward; you can find the one frame that kills you and freeze it on screen until you cum. (You can even buy a gizmo for your VCR that will print out an instant snapshot of any given frame on your video tape.)

You can see change occur. You can see fetish passion gain momentum. You can see your Super-ego become your Id.

Keith in the Palm Drive *Black Rubber* video starts out as Keith and then changes before your very eyes, like Jekyll and Hyde, into Keith, the living, spitting, hip-booted, harnessed, gas-masked Rubber Man pumping his enormous Rubber Beast cock with both fists, roaring that he's become a "fucking human rubber dildo, man!" All the while, the dual tit pumps are suctioning his tits out ready for the rubber bands he rolls down tight around their meaty 2-inch base: twin dials of ecstasy with an 800 number for Alpha Centauri.

Keith Ardent in *Pec Stud in Black Rubber* is called out here not so much for a Carson Show plug, but rather as an announcement of (1) a rip-roaring Documentary Video of rubber passion, (2) an erotic Performance Art Video for men who worship rubber already, and, perhaps, (3) even as a Training Video for men curious about bonding into the rubber mystique.

Keith Ardent's solo rubberoticism video is a world's first!

Forgive me waxing on. Writing is a lonely profession. You do it by yourself for hours, days, weeks, months, years at a time. Shooting video includes at least one other person in the creative process and the socialization on a sexual-esthetic level is exhilarating.

Men who already know the joys of sweating man-skin in tight black rubber, understand the psychology behind the physical applications of the fetish gear detailed here. You don't need to be employed by Sigmund Freud to talk of womb experiences, toilet training, bondage, pain, pleasure, and the high quality of homosensuality.

Ah, RUBBER! Thy name is Lust!

Latex is a one-way trip. It's like heroin. It's so good, don't even try it once, unless you mean to join Sergeant Pepper's Rubber Band. Once a man takes a rubber ride, he evolves onward sensually, incorporating all the aspects of latex which is so totally adaptable to heightening all the other pleasures of cocks, balls, tits, fists, bondage, and the mondo way beyond!

Men who have yet to Go for It, to experience the transcendent move from leather, which one never leaves behind, to the joys of rubber, are in for greater tricks-and-treats than I ever got that first Halloween night when my sweet, innocent Dad turned me forever, heading down the home stretch, into Rubber Man!



Photo by Palm Drive Video

## THE HARD-ON IS A LONELY HUNTER

# RUBBER CARE 101

by Vulcan Jones

Here are some tips for keeping your latex gear in good shape and looking great.

## CLEANING:

This is important if you want to look your rubbery best! Often during play, gooey stuff of all sorts gets on your rubber—KY, cum, lubricants—all can and will stick to your stuff and dry there. It will need to be washed off unless, of course, you are into the sleazy rubber look. There are also good health reasons for cleaning cum off your rubber these days. So . . .

If you don't get goo on it, don't wash it, just add a new layer of polish before you wear it again. This means that you must look it over some before you take it off to see if it needs washing or not.

(1) When needed, wash your item by hand in warm water with a mild detergent (*a little dish soap is fine*). Wash inside too. This takes about as much time as it takes to wash your hands. Rinse completely and allow to air dry. We let ours dry overnight so there is no trace of moisture.

(2) If the rubber/latex is worn on the body (*shirts, pants, gloves, chaps, underwear, etc.*), it will be much easier to put on your body if the inside is first covered with a fine layer of powder such as baby powder or unscented talcum powder. The item should be powdered before treatment with any shiners or polishers you might want to use later. Shake excess powder off. Wipe any powder that has gotten on the outside surface off with a dry rag before applying any other treatments.

(3) Polishes and treatments are usually easier to apply while the garment is being worn—it stretches the rubber out smoother. If there are places you can't reach with the garment on, treat them before putting it on.

## AFTER IT'S ON:

Rubber folk have been using a number of products to keep their rubber wear shiny; here is what's available that we know about.

Probably the ole standby has been ARMORALL. It must be applied to clean dry surfaces in even coats, and be allowed to dry some between applications. It can produce a good shine if you work carefully with it for a while. It also helps protect the rubber.

More recently, CLEAR GUARD has been available, mostly in the auto care products section of larger auto parts stores. Follow the directions on the bottle, but remember not to use cloth that will leave lint on the surface or the lint will be lacquered right onto the surface of your garment. Something like a white sock is usually just fine.

EXPECTATIONS carries a silicone spray lubricant that is sprayed directly on the surface on the item, but it leaves it feeling oily, it smudges, and will rub off on anything it touches—like your car upholstery or someone's wallpaper.

The best product we have found is something new called BLACK BEAUTY LATEX POLISH. It is available in kinky stores and by mail order (*we hear that Sandmuttonia will have it soon*). It comes with good directions and is easier to use than the others. It won't smudge or stain. We have learned that this product makes the article more shiny with each successive application, but that the item must dry completely between applications. Nice!

**WARNING: DO NOT USE ANY POLISHERS ON ANYTHING THAT YOU PUT INTO SOMEONE'S BODY—THESE POLISHERS HAVE CHEMICALS THAT COULD BE TOXIC IF ABSORBED THROUGH MUCUS MEMBRANES!**

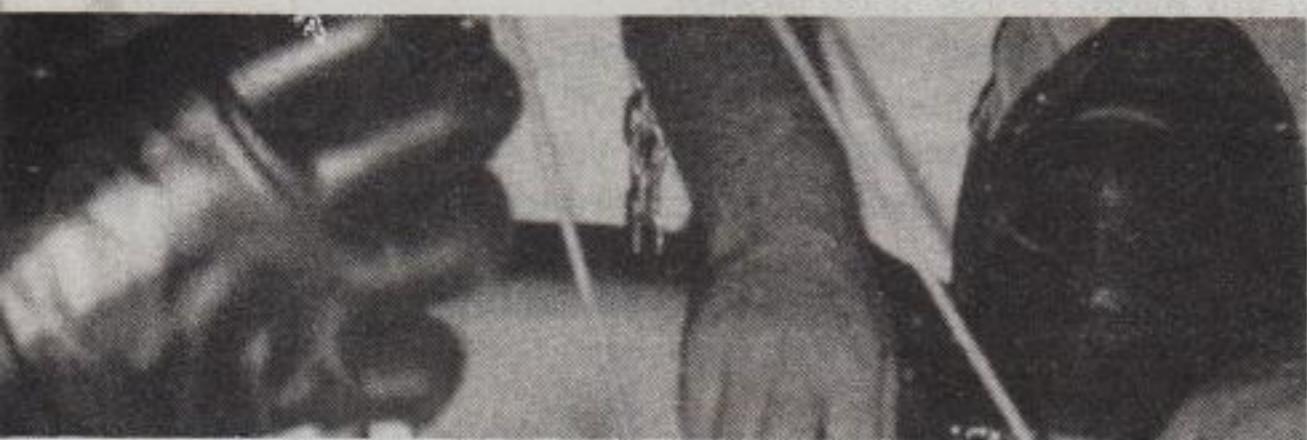
*OIL BASED PRODUCTS WILL DESTROY YOUR BEAUTIFUL LATEX!* Expect trouble from mineral oil, vaseline, Crisco, any of the white "lube" products, motor oil, suntan oil, etc. If you should get oil on it, wash thoroughly as soon as possible.

**USE WATER BASED LUBRICANT: ELBOW GREASE GEL, KY, FOREPLAY, ETC.**

# RUBBER FETISH FEATURING THE FETISH OF RUBBER

Story and Photos by Steve Patten

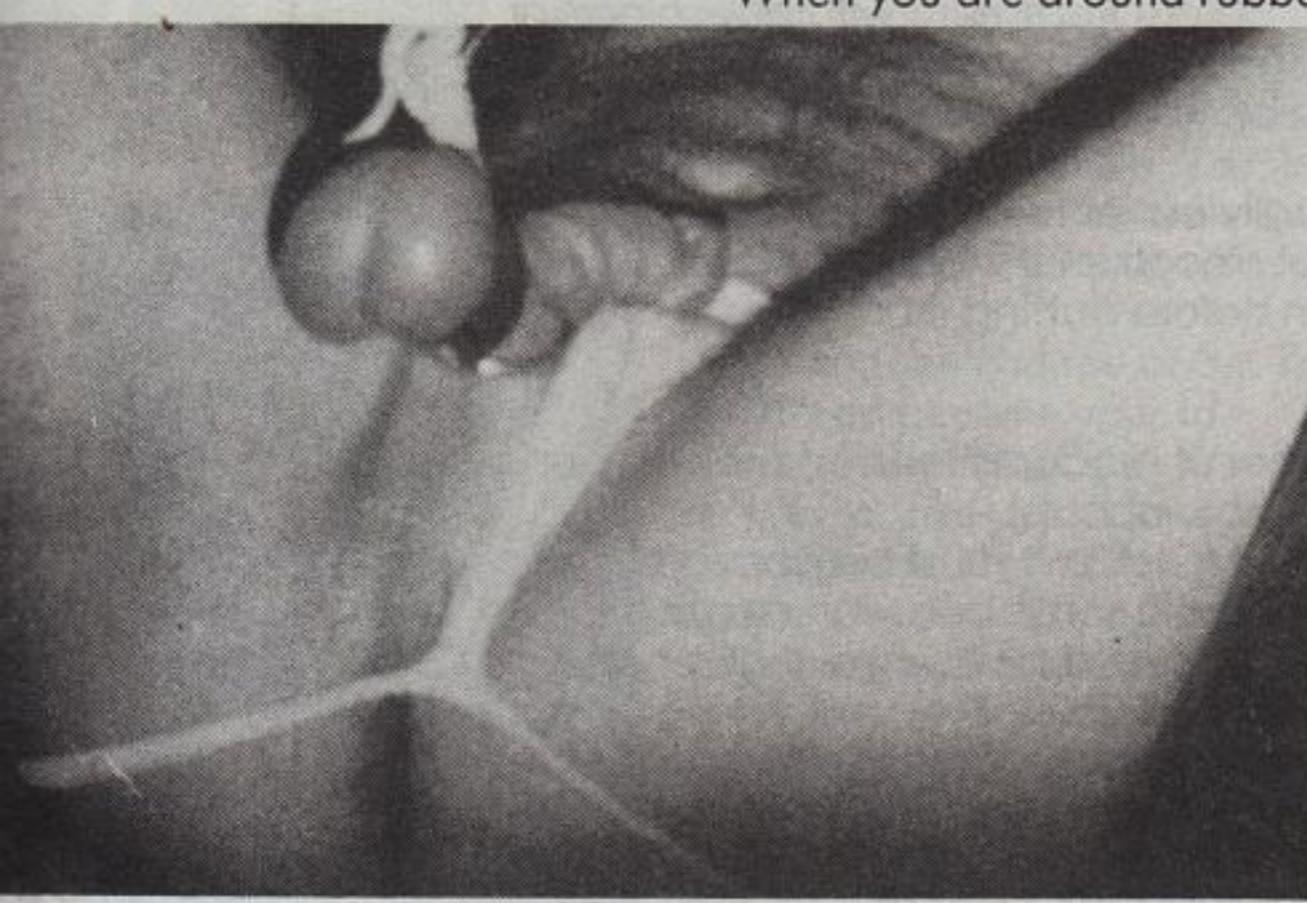
Rubber. You've seen it. You've thought about it. You've read about it in stories like this and seen it referred to in ads. You've seen it worn in your local bar. If you're lucky, you have a friend, or have been with someone, who has some rubber gear. Better still, you have some for your own enjoyment. The object of this article is to better acquaint those of you with this interest, the fetish of rubber, the similarities and differences with leather, the different forms this fetish can take, the types of rubber, where to get the gear, and how to meet others into the fetish.



Rubber is more of a fetish than a scene. It is a statement about one's sensualities and state of mind. Where one is coming from and where one wants to go. It can be an attraction to anything from a rubberized raincoat, to hipboots, to a complete body covering. And, yes, it can and often is incorporated into other scenes, like bondage and wet scenes.



When you are around rubber your senses are tantalized. You become sharply aware that there is a lot more to this material than you may have at first thought. You see the rubber as a smooth material stretched over the body. A material with continuums and continuity. It flows and directs the visual to all aspects of the surface. This becomes more acutely true with the body-hugging thin latex gear. Before you even get close enough to feel the rubber, your sense of smell has been tinged with a unique aroma. Rubber has a very distinct smell that can range from slightly sweet to a most acrid sinus-opening invasion of the olfactory bulbs. All types of rubber can vary in smell depending upon the use it is put to. Industrial rubber protective wear used in the oil refineries and fisheries takes on the pungent smells of those occupations. When mixed with the odor of rubber, these create a whole new smell sensation. There is nothing quite like walking into a room that is crammed full of rubber gear; rubber boots, raincoats, diving gear.



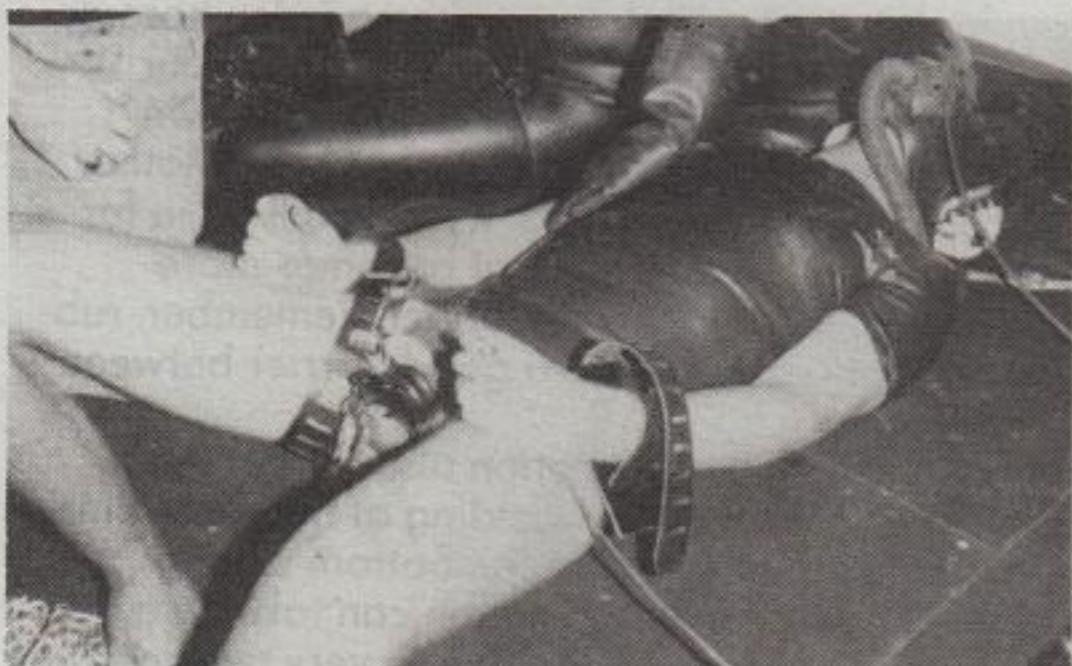
Before you get to touch this interesting material, again close your eyes and listen, because rubber gear also has a special noise. It can sound like most anything from a peculiar squeaking sound as it moves across itself, to that familiar sound of feet sloshing in rubber boots just in from a storm. It can even have an interesting thump kind of sound as you hit the material.

# BERRUBBER FEATURE FETISH FEATURE

Open your eyes and go up and touch the rubber. Feels strange, doesn't it? It is smooth, but with the lighter latex gear it also clings and stretches, while it's quite stiff in the heavier gear such as with hipboots. With most items of rubber, the sensation of touch is directly transmitted to the skin of the wearer. This is also true with variations in temperature, you can feel heat and cold more readily than with other materials. I know what question is on your lips. Yes, indeed rubber has a distinct taste of its own. It may be a mild flavor like that of a condom, all the way to the strong taste of rubber used in an industrial environment. Some may not have any taste at all.

Although rubber is similar to leather in its olfactory attractiveness, it is most definitely very different from leather in all other properties. One of the most frequently heard comments is "That's rubber, it's not leather." The sexual qualities of rubber are different and possibly better to some degree. You are able to extend the erogenous zones of the body by the use of latex and other rubber items. If your interest is more in heavier rubber, it can be more restrictive and will insulate you more from the environment. However, the lightweight latex items such as shirts, briefs, tights, and catsuits, will transmit even the slightest touch. It is more stretchy and conforms to every slight contour of the body, becoming a second skin. Latex, like some items of leather, can provide a feeling of anonymity as it covers every part of your body.

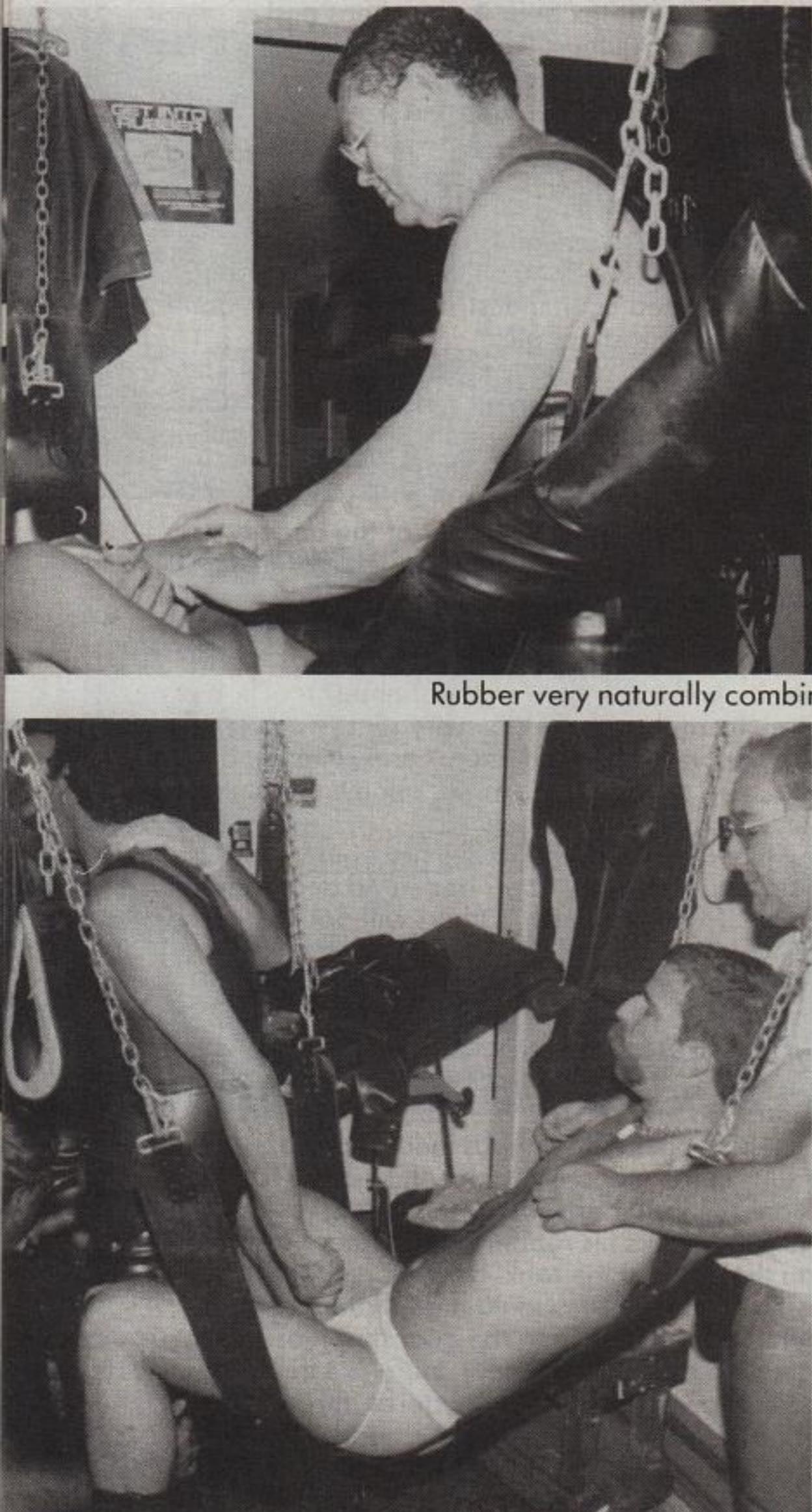
As I have said, rubber is a fetish. You will find those men who like fire equipment such as turnouts, jumpers, overcoats and head gear like gas masks, face shields and hats. Others will opt for the heavy insulative look and feel of wetsuits. Here the interest may be in scuba diving and military frogmen. Perhaps even deep sea diving with gear like "Koala" and "Viking" suits is your turn-on. Some have a compulsion to wear the chest-high waders, raincoats and hats of the fishing industry. There are those who work or would like to work in the various industries that use rubber suits in the work environment. I have a friend who cleans the inside of very large holding tanks for refineries and wears his rubber suit and gas mask for the duration that he is in the tank. He swears that his work goes by so much quicker. Could it be that his mind is elsewhere. Then we come to the gear that most of us associate with rubber, latex gear. Here are items of clothing that are sold in specialty stores, through ads or by mail order. Some of the items are hoods, gloves, vests, shirts, briefs, pants, booties, full body suits also known as catsuits, body bags and on and on. This list could go on for some time and the variations with each item can be extensive. It's up to you, where you buy from and whether it is custom made or over the counter.



# RUBBER FETISH FEATURE

Probably the majority of those into rubber are most attracted by the feel and look of the rubber. This is something that can either be experienced entirely by yourself or shared with others that have this common interest. Many like to associate with others that have rubber gear, to touch, rub, cuddle, smell, taste, and just see each other covered in this erotic material. Such a group of rubber enthusiasts are not necessarily into any other scene than the eroticism of rubber. Not all are turned on only to being around rubber, many like to combine this with other action. Just by the very nature of rubber, it's a natural for wet scenes. It's waterproof and washable. Besides the obvious water sports scenes, there could be scuba diving, going out in the rain, even just using the garden hose or washing the car. A trip to the nearby lake or to your friend's swimming pool. Also, don't forget your own bath tub or shower, or better still your hot tub. Another outdoor scene could include mud, try it, you'll be in for an interesting experience. Even scat becomes more acceptable when combined with rubber. Remember, rubber is waterproof and provides a good barrier between you and whatever.

Rubber very naturally combines with bondage and immobilization also. It is in itself both restrictive and somewhat yielding at the same time. But only just enough to frustrate the bottom who is bound by it. I find that immobilization can take on a whole new meaning with rubber. But be very aware of the need to avoid cutting off the blood flow, it's even easier with rubber than with other bondage. Utilizing latex gear such as blow-up hoods or inflatable body bags effectively restricts movement with minimal chance of restricting blood flow. Such items also provide great sensory deprivation, insulating you from the environment. You no longer feel, hear or see anything, you can't move hand or foot, you just can turn into your own mind and trip. In this sense rubber can act somewhat like the isolation tanks used in research facilities. Rubber can also be used as a form of self-bondage. Wearing latex which totally covers your body, you feel a slight restriction of movement and confinement, just sufficient to keep you constantly aware of your latex second skin. Are you interested in medical scenes? Then again rubberize yourself. Rubber is most effective here. Lay out a latex sheet, pull on some latex gloves, insert a latex catheter and give your patient the exam of his life. To really get into the operating room mood, put a respirator or a gas mask on your patient for some controlled breathing.



# RUBBER FEATURE FETISH FEATUR

Another material needs a mention at this time. This is plastic and this can be associated with rubber to some extent. Common everyday items such as saran wrap, plastic bags, plastic tape and plastic sheeting can be utilized. These can in some cases give almost a similar sensation to rubber and are certainly cheaper and more available. Plastic works very well for confinement and controlled breathing. It can be a tremendous trip to be under a plastic sheet, like a painter's dropcloth, with a couple of other guys in rubber and to let the oxygen/carbon dioxide levels change. A real head trip here, but do watch the safety aspect and don't overdo it. Because plastic is cheap, you can just throw it away after you've had your enjoyment with it. While still on the subject of plastic, one point worth mention is that the cheaper varieties of plastic wraps cling better than the more expensive Saran Wrap and some other freezer wraps.



I hope that by now you are intrigued with this new medium. How do you acquire the gear that's out there? As mentioned, plastic wraps, etc.

are the easiest to find. Your local grocery store or paint or hardware store are your most likely sources. For hip-boots, wetsuits, fire fighting gear you need to find a specialty store that caters to those interests. Don't forget garage sales, flea markets, swapmeets and surplus stores. I have found a surprising assortment of gear at these places. It may be more difficult to track down latex gear and special items for medical and bondage scenes. There are several good companies that you can order through and they also supply many local leather stores. Ask at your leather store and create the interest. If you want something custom made or altered, you have little choice than to go through the mail order houses. Another alternative is to take a trip to wherever the particular manufacturer is located.

It will be entirely up to you how and who you meet who shares an interest in this fetish. There are contact clubs catering to this interest. You can place an ad in this or other publications or even your local press. Wear some of your gear out to your favorite bar. See how it is noticed and how it brings out those into this scene. One of the leading groups catering to this interest and to which I belong is the New World Rubber Men. It's largely through this group that I've had the opportunity to experience new areas of this exciting fetish.



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS FETISH FEATUR



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**RUBBER FETISH FEAT**

## ONCE IS NEVER ENOUGH

Greetings from the Great White North. In spite of the best efforts of the Canadian government, we survive (indeed thrive) beyond the great northern frontier of your lower 48. Enclosed is my subscription renewal. That, in itself, should communicate my sentiments concerning your great publication, while also voicing my opinions on Canadian censorship laws. I intend to read (nay, generally indulge) of whatever materials I deem appropriate (and can get across the border). *Drummer* definitely fits the bill, so keep up the excellent work!

Now down to business. Where oh where has all the great fiction gone? I am still of the opinion that "Cock-walk" and "Fly" by Don Perry are two of the best pieces ever to appear in *Drummer*. Why nothing by this writer since? "Bound for Glory" by Mason Powell also hit a lot of the right notes, and the artwork by The Hun that preceded each installment certainly helped set the mood. "The Trough" by Adolf and "Studball Ride" by Will Thomas also shook the foundations. Don't get me wrong, for I enjoy the obscure, mildly tumescent pieces as well. But let's face it, I subscribe to *Drummer* for the ball-bursting fiction that literally leaps off the page.

I particularly enjoy the pieces that explore man's limits of endurance. Most vanilla sex encounters, whether in fiction or on video, provide for 1 orgasm apiece by each participant. Since when is once ever enough? Maybe Gonar's encounter with the High Priest in Part 3 of "Bound for Glory" (*Drummer* 93) came closest to the sexual fulfillment I'm trying to describe, where man's physiological limits are met. You can describe all the torture sessions you want, but the most satisfying cross between pain and pleasure has to be continually being brought to orgasm by increasing whatever stimuli are required to accomplish this. No, I'm not describing supermen or the physiologically impossible. Experience has taught me that any man is capable of surprising himself as to what can be accomplished. There is something about the helplessness of fatigue, the complete lack of ability to raise an arm to pre-

vent something from continuing, that enhances orgasm dramatically. Sexual fatigue is a kind of bondage in itself, and to have a man feel his drained balls searching deep within themselves for one last orgasm has to be the ultimate sexual experience.

I hope I've communicated my overall satisfaction with your continuing efforts at *Drummer*. I will be in San Francisco June 11 through 18. Maybe you'll get lucky and I'll help you explore your limits!

BJB/Toronto

P.S. I've also ticked off the box for a subscription to *Mach*.

## BIKES-AND-BIKERS

How about doing another Boot Fetish issue? The one you did was only fair but should have been much better, given the interest in boots on the part of your readers. And how about an issue on motorcycles? Bikes are a fetish or at least an integral part of the boot and leather fetish scene for some of us bikers. You know there are gay bike clubs and a club specifically for gay Harley owners.

BT/New York City, NY

Issue #111 on tattooing was great! Sure, it could have used more photos of tattooed men. If I'd known about it in time I would have sent you photos. I'm an Easy Rider-type—gay biker—who is very heavily tattooed. And PR of Bridgeport CT can go hang himself in his closet; he's out of his mind. I attend straight bike club events and I've never had a single problem although everyone knows I'm gay and they can all see my tattoos because I wear them proudly. I'm also bearded and enjoyed your issue #113 on hair and shaving—**GREAT!**—I wish that you would do an issue on beards. I love to keep a man's balls in my beard as I suck him off and my beard (which is very long) likes to fuck ass. You can't miss me when I'm in San Francisco. Look for the heavily tattooed bearded nose-ringed little heavy man—he will be me. And you'll always find me in leather. I live in it! I don't play at it. Give us more, *Drummer*, of what we need—MEN—good real men.

Tattoo Bear/Rootstown, OH.

As a follow-up to your series on fetishes, I would like to point out to you that you have overlooked a most important one: motorcycles...and specifically Harleys!

There is a national club of gay Harley owners and a similar group in San Francisco. They are not the usual "bike clubs" where motorcycles are secondary and often rare. A registration/certification for a Harley is a must. And,

of course, most of us are into leather in a big way.

So how about an article on this scene? Hot men in action on Harleys! PD/South Carolina

We will definitely consider a Bikes-and-Bikers feature. Contributions to the fetish features have been less than we hoped and anticipated. To make a Bikes-and-Bikers feature happen, all it will take is for you who are into the scene to send us photos, letters. Why is it important to you? What about it turns you on. What do you like to see and do? Tell us, and we'll publish.

—AFD

## COMPLAINTS-AND-PRAISE: BOOTFUCKED

Whenever there's a company take-over or merger, it seems reasonable to assume that the parent company will exert all effort to—improve. For me, BOOTS issue #113 would have been a real turn-on but the pictures in my copy were so gray it was almost impossible to tell skin from leather. If *Drummer* is to be a leather rag, let's return to the feel, aroma and appearance of well-worn leathers your competition continues to display.

Duanae M. Smith/St. Louis, MO

## CIGARS IN BOSTON

While I don't have the latest issue of *Drummer* in front of me, I did glance at it last night, and was sorry to see the letter about cigar smoking at 119 Merrimack. I consider this bar to be the friendliest leather bar in Boston, although it is listed as a Country/Western. Perhaps the doorman had just received a lot of comments about the "heavy smoke"—or perhaps the "smoke-eaters" weren't working that night. I don't know. But I apologize for the inconvenience. I'm sorry, too, that the management did not have the common courtesy of responding to your letter to them. What can I say, I am just another "patron" and have nothing to do with "policy." As a "native Bostonian," however, I am upset that visitors get the wrong impression. We can be a friendly crowd of people!

JFM/Boston, MA

## NEW DESMODUS SM PUBLICATION!

What a pleasant surprise to pick up my first copy of *The Sandmuttonia Guardian & Dungeon Journal*! I have never before seen an S/M sex magazine that caters to ALL sexual orientations, gay male, lesbian, and straight. This type of format has been a long time in the coming.

When I attended the National S/M

Leather Conference in Washington, DC in conjunction with the March on Washington this past October, I followed with some interest the suggestion that a national S/M "clearinghouse" organization be formed. It was at that meeting that I was first exposed to the organization, People Exchanging Power (PEP). Although PEP welcomes all interested persons, it appears to be aimed particularly at the straight community. My thought at the time was how "right on" it was to have the input of a straight organization at our conference.

Though I am exclusively gay myself, I think it is important within the context of an informative publication like *The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal* to be inclusive in scope. The gay/lesbian and straight/bi S/M communities really need to join together for the exchange of information (and to overcome society's stereotypes). I have a few straight friends who enjoy S/M sex, but find little or no organizational support to help them explore their favorite fantasy worlds. Working together through publications like yours, they hopefully will be able to grow in their sexuality. *The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal* gives me, as a gay male, an unprecedented opportunity to share information and support with my straight friends that was never before possible. We can now turn to guidance from the same source.

Jeff Schmidt/San Francisco, CA

We're glad you enjoyed our new creative baby. The second issue of Desmodus' *Guardian* is now out and features: Bizarre Bazaar (surprises from the supermarket), Party Ethics (basic SM party guide), Rope That Works by Fledermaus, and other articles covering everything from the political to the humorous.

—TPB

### MUDFUCK!

I picked up your magazine for the first time today and what should I see but an upcoming article on my favorite fetish—MUD! When will this issue be published? It seems impossible to find anything on muddy men. Real men love to get down and dirty! My favorite play is rolling around and jacking off in the mud. I hope that you'll have lots of great pictures.

John Reed/Memphis, TN

Our Mud, Oil, Grease, and Grunge issue (#120) will be forthcoming in a couple of months. Participate! Send us those pics now!

—TPB

### MORE BOXERS!

I just had to write a line or two to express my gratitude and my enjoyment, appreciation, and love of the boxers pictured in issue #115. Even though there were only six pictures of boxers I enjoyed each and every one of them very much. But, of course, there was one picture that put me in "climax" more often than the others (page 41)—the boxing stance is perfect!

M.A.A./Montreal, Canada

### SEVEN/SEVEN!

Your issue #114 has one of the hottest men that I have ever seen and I want to see more of him. He is on page 91 left hand side wearing the leather vest, white jock, black boots and a tag with the number seven on it. I sure would like to meet that dude. What is his name and where does he live? I enjoy your magazine and will continue to buy it especially if you print more photos of that guy in that picture. Keep up the good work.

Cliff North/San Francisco, CA

This is the fourth letter we've received on this man. He obviously struck a chord—or something—with a lot of you! We'll do our best to track him down and show you more of him in *Drummer*.

—AFD

### SHAVEFUCK

First, since this is my first letter to your magazine, I would like to compliment *Drummer* on being the best gay magazine around for our kind. Second, I want to thank you for the article that appeared in 114 on hair and shaving. It was a big turn-on.

However, there were some points expressed by Mr. X that I would like to disagree with. Dry shaving may be the way he likes shaving (he can see the skin appear quickly), but in my opinion wet shaves are better. Mr. X also likes his men (and himself) smooth (the human body should not be hidden by hair). He is a Top and that is his prerogative. As for myself, being versatile enough to be either a Top or a bottom . . . it just doesn't matter. I can be hairy or smooth; so can my lover. I don't think a person has to be "A Greek God" to be into shaving. I wish you'd do an issue on watersports.

Rocky Herbert/New Orleans, LA

Unfortunately censorship has now pushed watersports into publishing's forbidden zone. We'll probably even get complaints from distributors about the photo of the Cadillac Kid pissing in issue 117! When "morality" becomes less virulent, we'll be happy to present lots of wet photos.

—AFD

### MORE SPANKING!

I thoroughly enjoyed issue 110. The spanking issue. As one who has as his goal not only to freely give spankings to the entire white homosexual population but heterosexual and bisexual populations as well, I found this issue to be a long-awaited treasure. Boy, would I like to get my hands on coverman Ronnie Le Beau's buns! I do have one question: I'm wondering if your fiction is really fiction or do these stories really happen.

DS/Philadelphia, PA

Our fiction is proudly just that—fiction—the twisted result of some very strange and somewhat deliciously deranged imaginations. I get a lot of cum-stained manuscripts. And none of our fiction is true. These things could never happen. And if you believe that, Desmodus has a bridge for sale that you might give some serious thought to purchasing. It's near Brooklyn.

—TPB

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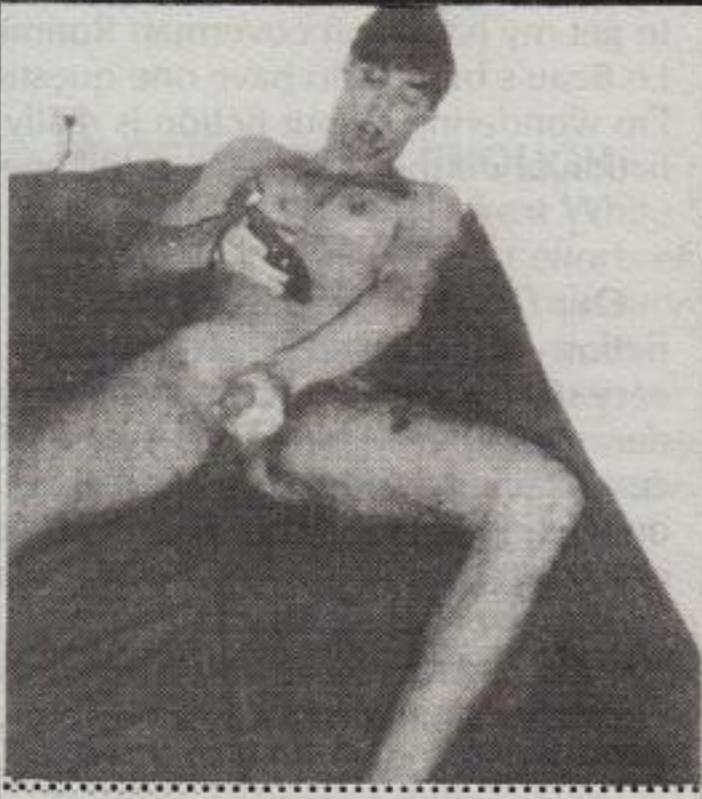
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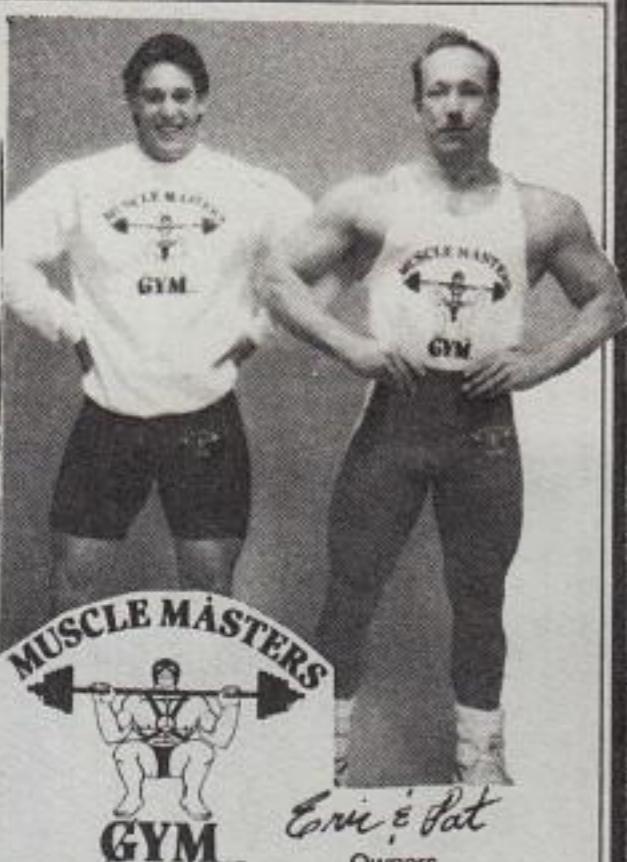
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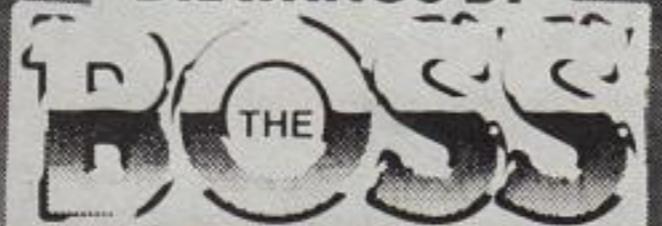
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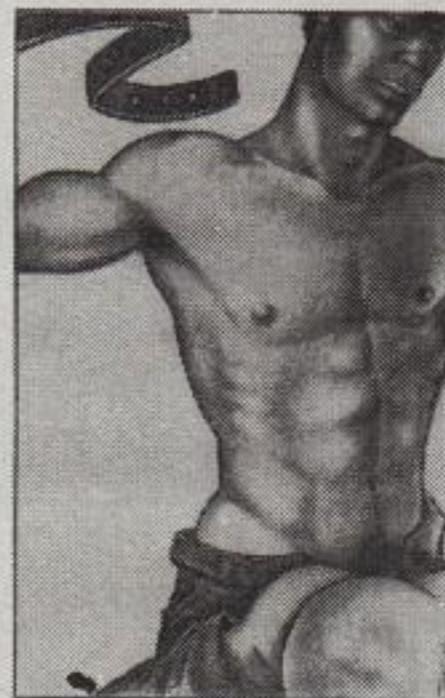
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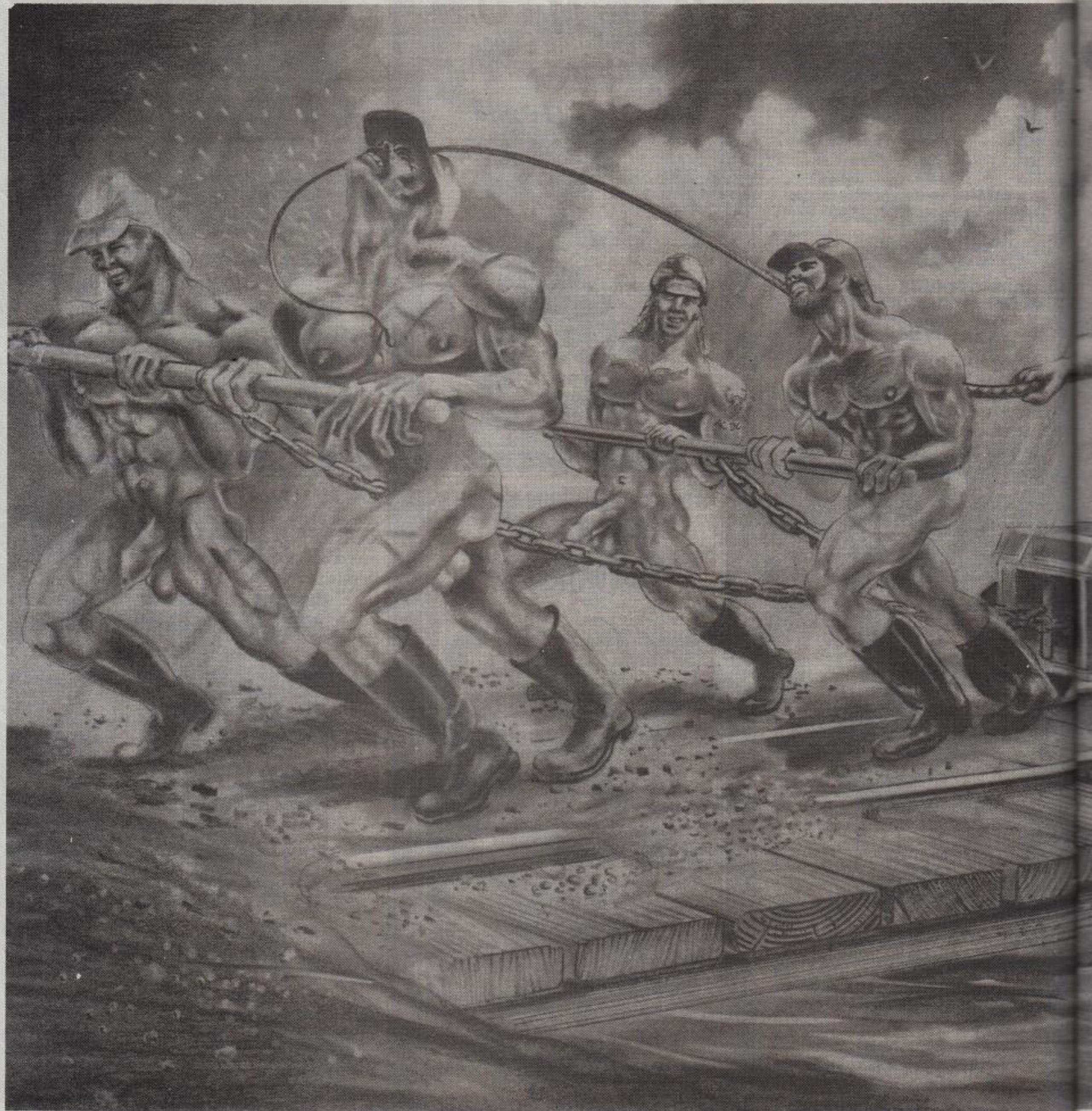
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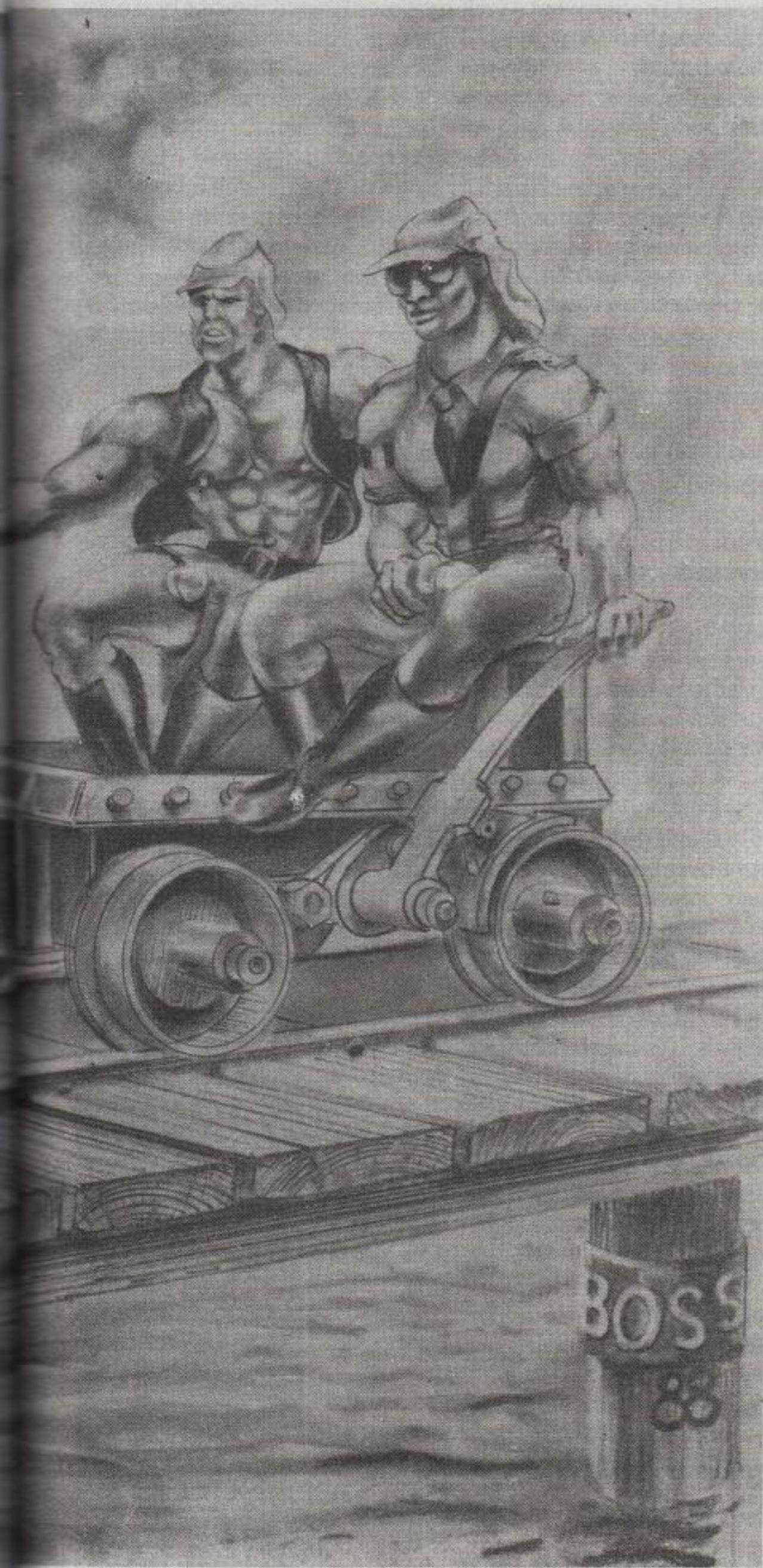
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# 1 LAYARD'S CAMP,





**T**he musk of the young man's sweat had filled the small cabin quickly, and lingered in a dense mist throughout the nightlong session. The orange glow of the single lantern highlighted the ridges of muscle down Cooper's long back and across his outstretched arms and shoulders. He wore only a singlet around his hips, and that was soaked through, clinging tightly to his buttocks. My whip—I call it *Falcon* for the way it whistles and dives—had flicked all parts of his torso firmly but not hard. His wide slab looked like creamy granite streaked with fine red lines.

HMS *Severn* swung slowly in the current to give me a view through the porthole of Raker's Cove, where I would be landing when the pilot boat came for me in an hour. So this had been a farewell party, kindly provided by Captain Hobbs as a gesture of appreciation. I had administered punishment to his crewmembers on several occasions during the three-month voyage from Spithead. He had pointed out the handsome dark-haired foretopman, Cooper, long before, but I had declined. Yet I thought of no other while I was laying *Falcon* across spreadeagled bare backs at the gratings. My eelskin uniform pants could not conceal the bulge in my groin, but only Hobbs knew the subject of my thoughts during those ceremonies.

**Cooper had been insolent and uncooperative when he came to my cabin, but after the first dozen clawed his back, he showed marked respect.**

He took the next set of lashes so well I unbound his wrists from the overhead beam and brined his welts. Instead of begging me to stop, he asked for more, more on the back but also across his high, proud chest. I obliged him. The jacket of throbbing welts he wore roused us both. "Stand steady!" I ordered as if I were his captain. He took the position. I leaned over his bent back and licked along the stripes I had crossed it with. My hands went under his wet armpits to find the jutting nipples on each side of his hard chest. When I pinched them, he demanded "Harder!" without saying "Sir." I gave him the hardest thing I had, holding his corded belly with my left hand while unbuttoning my fly with my right. Ripping away the singlet from his hips, I aimed my cock as I had aimed *Falcon* at the bare backs of his mates. Seaman Cooper responded with quiet dignity; Lieutenant Taut of His Majesty William IV's Corps of Floggers behaved like a mad dog.

Shouts from on deck told us that the boat had come for me. My sailor begged to ashore as my bodyservant, but I said "No." As I remember now what kind of life awaited me on the island, I wish I had said "Yes." Layard's Camp was the most notorious of the penal colonies in Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was then called. Fifty years later the memory of it has been conveniently erased. That is why I am writing this account and sending it to the state archives. I am not ashamed of my part in that Hell. I am as proud of it as the day I received the letter from Admiral Flood. He recalled my record as Master of Punishments on the hulks at Spithead, and my four years of service as Head Overseer on the sugar plantation of Senor Castir in Sao Paolo. "Your skills are better applied," his letter assured me, "to the penal colonies in Van Diemen's land. Your philosophy that the whip should be used to strengthen men's endurance and

fortitude—not destroy them—is quite in keeping with His Majesty's purpose of rehabilitating these criminals." He went onto tell me briefly of the island settlement commanded by Vernon Layard, once captain in the Royal Hussars and veteran of Waterloo. "As his friend," Flood concluded, "I can assure you that no man will appreciate your skills as he will."

"Welcome, Lieutenant Taut," Corporal Jeffries shouted as the boat brought me to the wharf at Raker's Cove. "Commandant Layard sent me to bring you to the camp." Although I judged the man several years younger than me, his face showed the effects of a harsh life, more severe than those of the two convicts that stood at brace several steps behind him. They were clad in the regulation piss-yellow coarse cloth marked with the King's broad arrow, but Jeffries wore a uniform that was certainly not regulation dress. His jacket and trousers were black, and the high cap on his head of stringy hair bore the insignia of George III, dead these sixteen years. The two lags put my trunk in the back of a one-horse cart and I climbed in beside the corporal. We were soon traversing the Bush, dry, hot, dusty, hardly shaded by the thin-leaved trees called Gums. From some of them, a bird laughed hysterically, and another whistled like Falcon, but there was no crack of rawhide on flesh at the end of the call. My face was attacked by clouds of flies that seemed indifferent to slaps. "Maneaters, we call 'em," Jeffries said, looking over at me, then to the figures of the two cons trotting alongside the cart. I used his words to open a conversation. "Why are you not in regulation uniform, Corporal?" His eyes shifted back to the horse track through the Bush. "You'll have to ask the Commandant, sir," he said sullenly.

I shifted the subject to one that I thought would elicit warmer response from him. "Are those examples of the charges in Layard's Camp?"

Jeffries' glower turned to a twisted smile. "Damme, sir, beggin' yer pardon, no sir. Those scum have been here even before Layard bought it."

I noticed that "bought" but said nothing. "They aren't much to look at any more, I admit. The only love they get is the kiss of the lash or each other's mashin'." My groin warmed in anticipation. "I will give them a kiss, Corporal," I said quietly.

**He understood at once. "Peel!" he shouted over at the running cons. Without slowing, they both pulled their shirts over their heads and tied the arms around their waists.**

**Across their meaty backs a network of fresh welts came down in even spaced rows, jumping as their muscles rolled.**

"They already ate two dozen of 'em for bein' late with the cart this morning," he chuckled. I took Falcon out of my portmanteau and uncoiled it. Jeffries glanced over and stared at it, licking his lips. When the lash flashed out and tore across the cons' bare backs with one swipe, they grunted "Tankee, sir!" and the corporal grunted, "Cheesigawd!"

"You seem to have high standards of discipline, Corporal," I said as I coiled the whip and put it back in the bag. He nodded. His face was stolid but there was pain in his eyes. "Aye, sir. Layard demands it of all of us."

I reached over and grabbed the half-hard lump at his groin. "You too, Corporal?" I said through gritted teeth.

In answer, he tied the reins to the seat board and peeled back his black uniform jacket. My mouth dried instantly at the sight of the lattice of welts covering his tightly muscled back. "I shared the lags' punishment," he said in a low voice. "They was my responsibility, you see, sir."

I said, "Discipline for all, Corporal?" He jerked his head and looked over at me defiantly. "You too, sir."

I was about to admonish Jeffries for his insolence, but the cart horse suddenly slowed at the top of a hilly rise. "Trail goes down to the landing, sir," he said quickly as if reading my thought. Only then did I notice what a well-groomed animal the cart horse was and remarked on it. "Ah, yes," he showed the twisted smile again. "Commandant sees to it that his stable is well cared for, sir." He looked over at the sweat-slicked backs of the cons running alongside. "Special punishments for neglectin' the horses, sir." My cock jerked at those words. In blind response I took out Falcon again and blasted its tip over the cons' backs. "Uggh! Tankee, sir!" they grunted, sullenly this time. Then the trail began to decline in a series of switchbacks down the face of a cliff; the flat blue sea stretched unbroken to the horizon.

"How far, Corporal?" I said, as I replaced my whip in the bag. "An hour's pull to the island, sir," he said. Down below I saw the figures of six men standing around a longboat on the strand. It would be their "pull"—and my pleasure to watch them.

By the time we came in sight of the island, the convicts who had been heaving at the oars of the boat were well marked by Jeffries' "colt"—a piece of knotted rope he wielded with full force across their naked, muscled backs. Although the tightness in my groin belied my words, I ordered him to go easy.

Just before we arrived at the wharf, we passed a coral reef jutting out from the island headland. There was a gang of convicts working on it, cutting out blocks of the stone and loading them on a barge secured to the lee side. Even at a distance I could see that they were huge men and that their bodies were naked except for black boots. They were chains attached to cuffs on each man's right ankle and head-size iron balls at the end of each chain. Each time they had to move a few paces in any direction, they bent and lifted the balls. They also had to bend their bodies to heft and drop the heavy sledges gripped in their big hands. The bent-over position made them vulnerable to the goad whip of the only dressed figure on the coral strip. "That's Burke, sir," Jeffried told me as we were rowed around the tip of the reef. "He's a con, too, but Commandant promoted him to whipman. You'll see why, sir."

The overseer was much younger than his charges, and not as heavily muscled. His black uniform must have made an aggravating heat to endure, and produced the scowl on his handsome face. Booming surf and shrieking gulls overhead drowned out the words he was shouting at the work gang, but I knew what they might be. The chained men suddenly froze, stood at brace, and saluted us in unison. Then Burke stepped behind the one at the right end of the line and flailed his whip furiously across the broad back of that worker. I counted twelve blows delivered in a span of a minute or two. Burke's mouth moved again, and the convict turned his back to us, showing the fresh grid of livid lines down his muscled slab. "Burke's welcome to us, sir," the corporal explained drily.

Both Jeffries and I looked down at the long bulge in my tight trousers as we disembarked. He grinned and nodded at it but said nothing. The stiffness remained when we came to a platform set on four iron wheels and a track of rails. Four convicts stood by as we climbed on it and sat in a crude seat. The "horses" then moved us down the track at a good gallop. Although their bare

backs showed many old scars, there were no recent welts visible. "This duty is reward, sir," Jeffries said. "They've worked a month without punishments." A short time later, we arrived at a platform, got down, and were escorted by two black-uniformed, red-capped guards to a gateway in the stone wall that loomed forty feet high and several hundred feet long in both directions. I heard the familiar sound of rawhide cracking on flesh and the gate rose slowly. As we walked inside to a courtyard, I looked to the left to savor the sight of six half-naked convicts straining to hold the chains that operated the gate. Behind them, a guard as powerfully built as they cracked his goad whip in the air and the cons lowered the gate after us. When it was down, they snapped to brace position and saluted.

"Another reward duty for that lot," Jeffries told me. I wondered what kind of labor was assigned as punishment if these tasks were rewards.

From the courtyard we entered a well-designed, beautifully landscaped main building that would have graced the grounds of any English country house. Once inside, though, I recognized the atmosphere of His Majesty's prisons. The stifling air stank of a hundred bodies, an odor that I must admit had become perfume to my nostrils. Metal grated on metal beyond the barred doors of every corridor, and that din was punctuated by sounds like pistol-shots and the cries of seagulls. More music to my ears.

We passed big men wearing convict garb but holding muskets across their wide chests. When we reached the top of a staircase, Jeffries stopped and knocked at a heavy door. The sounds of human anguish came from behind it, but stopped when the knocking ended. The door opened and we were assaulted by a bellowing voice.

"Damme, Corporal, you have interrupted me!"

I saw the bright red face of a man in his sixties, a man dressed in a glittering white and scarlet uniform and gilded cap. My years at the military school in Devon had made me familiar with the dress of army units. This man wore a uniform that had been discontinued after the fall of Napoleon!

"What is the punishment for that offense, Corporal?" the man asked through a rictus-like smile. Jeffries stiffened his body and replied, "Sir, punishment for interrupting is a dozen well laid on, sir!"

"Then you will report for it at 2000 this evening," the officer said quietly. He looked over at me and the smile relaxed into a genuine one. "Lieutenant Taut, I have been expecting you. Come in and sit down."

I did so. He went over to a long desk but remained standing. On the wall behind him were maps and a rack of instruments used in chambers of torment. Only then did I glance to the opposite side of the large, high-raftered room and see the frame made of thick wooden beams and the man stretched up over it.

I could not see the convict's face but I could gauge his young age by the slim, smooth-skinned, half-naked body. My professional eye quickly calculated that he had taken two dozen lashes from a single-thonged whip—not the regulation cat-o-nine-tails. Nothing about Layard's Camp seemed to be in keeping with Army regulations.

As if reading my mind, the Commandant spoke: "First off, Lieutenant, I must tell you that I believe all that my old friend, Admiral Flood, tells me about you in his letter." He pointed to a paper on his desk. "You and I share the view that men who have been—through various circumstances—condemned to hard labor, forced labor, should be disciplined but not destroyed by that discipline." Without looking over at the convict hanging from the Punishment Frame, he jerked his right thumb in that direction. "Indeed, I may go too lightly on

my charges." I took another side glance at the youth; it may have been just a single thong, but the whip used on him had been laid on with sufficient force to tear the skin open. I said nothing.

The Commandant walked around his desk and stood in front of me. I instinctively jumped to my feet and held my torso in a brace position. Layard was not a tall man; I towered a good foot over him. Up close, his face showed refined features now lined by age. But his hair and jaw whiskers, and the sweeping mustache that had been *de rigueur* for Hussars riding with Wellington, showed few white hairs through the thatch of dark red bristles. He was sizing up my appearance at the same moment. "By gawd, sir," he blurted, "you are a specimen. Second only to horses, I like men. As you may have noticed on your way here, I have only the most powerfully built of men in my charge." I blushed properly and said, "Thank you, sir."

**Suddenly he slapped his right hand across my face.**

**"One of my regulations, Lieutenant, is this: no man speaks to me without obtaining permission first."**



I gulped and nodded. Sweat sprang out behind the rough cloth of my uniform jacket and trousers. I could smell it at once, and by the twitch of Layard's thin nostrils I knew he smelled it too.

He looked over at Jeffries and nodded. I saw the corporal walk over to the rack behind the desk and take down a short whip. "I will examine that large torso of yours, Lieutenant," Layard growled at me.

I quickly pulled off my jacket and strutted my muscles. He raised a hand and rubbed it roughly down my chest and belly. Walking around behind me, he rubbed hard down my back. "Humm. Do you know the feel of the whips you use, Lieutenant?" I nearly bellowed my reply: "Yessir, in the Corps of Floggers we take stripes from our mates, sir, as part of the training!" Then I realized I had again violated the regulation of Layard's Camp. Before I could apologize, I felt the hot streak of Jeffries' whip across my back.

Layard's face reddened with anger. "You see that bar overhead, Lieutenant? Take hold of it." I looked up, and jumped to grab the wrist-thick iron rod that crossed the apex of the chamber. "Wide!" Layard barked sharply. I regripped the metal

so that my arms were fully stretched on each side. "As the corporal here knows, I make little distinction among the men in my camp. All take discipline. Just last week, Jeffries enjoyed administering punishment to Sergeant Collins, his own superior, hey Corporal?"

Behind me I heard a chuckle. "Ohh, aye sir. But he ain't got the slab this'n's got!"

I felt my face and torso flush with indignation to learn that this little Napoleon was violating regulations further by letting lower ranks touch superiors in such a way. "An' this'n has earned somethin' by questionin' our uniforms and such, sir!" I glanced down and saw Layard's angry face spasm. "Then proceed with his discipline, Corporal," he said quietly.

For the next few minutes I knew what the young convict at the frame across the room had felt. The whip that streaked across my back was a short thong, but it was laid on with the power of a strong—and skilled—arm. I silently counted ten blows before Layard stopped it with a nod at the flogger. My back muscles screamed by tightening and flexing, and I could feel the flesh ridging up into welts. The sight of them brought a grunt of appreciation from Jeffries. I looked down again and saw Layard staring at my crotch. He raised his right hand and rubbed the hard bulge beneath my trousers. "Good. You have the proper responses for your assignment, Lieutenant. Dismount!" I let go my shaking grip on the iron rod and dropped to the floor, then strutted into brace.

Layard's angry countenance had smoothed out and he smiled gently at me. "Understand, Lieutenant. This is not one of King George's prison settlements." I noted the reference to the long-dead monarch but did not dare say anything. "I purchased this island some years ago, long after I retired from His Majesty's mounted regiment. I make the regulations; I say how they will be enforced."

I nodded and said, "Permission to speak, sir!" He fairly beamed and nodded back. My words were slow to come, and spaced by the need to draw in breath as the pain of the welts continued to seep into my flesh. "Sir, I am trained as a flogger; I act only as my superiors order. I am an officer, though, and will not rest easy if any man from the ranks is permitted to touch me with a whip!"

I heard Jeffries' grunt of surprise behind me and saw Layard's eyes go wide. "If you were not so well recommended by my friend, Flood, I would send you packing right now for such insolence! But I like courage and expect it in all my charges. And you took the kiss of the whip well, Lieutenant. Now I must see you demonstrate your skills with the lash. If you do well, I will make an exception for you from my policy of treating all men the same."

The Commandant's lips twisted up into the rictus of a grin that I had marked when we entered the chamber. "Corporal Jeffries," he said sternly. "You have assaulted an officer! What is the punishment for that?"

Jeffries stammered in reply, "Ughhh, siir, iit, it is three dozen lashes well laid on, sir."

Layard did not try to stifle his laugh of delight with his own ruse. "Well then, Corporal, you will take down Foster here," pointing to the youth still hanging from the Punishment Frame, "and take his place."

I watched Jeffries do as commanded. Layard turned to me, eyes glittering. "Proceed, Lieutenant."

**I felt my cock jerk  
as I barked the traditional orders:  
"Prisoner will strip to the waist!"**

**Jeffries pulled off his jacket.  
His torso was stocky but  
thickly muscled. I saw that the  
copper-color nipples  
at the sides of his chest plates  
were already as hard as pebbles.  
His trousers were tented  
by what was surely an enormous  
cock. He was eagerly  
anticipating his punishment.**

"Bind or not?" I asked.

"Not, sir!" he shouted back with a defiant look at me.

"Assume position!"

Jeffries stepped around the prone figure of the young convict he had taken down from the wooden frame and stretched his body between its four corners.

"Who counts?"

When Jeffries said, "I do, sir!" I heard Layard murmur a hissing "Yesss!" I looked over at the rack of instruments behind the Commandant's desk. "Permission to use my own whip, sir," I said. As Layard spoke in agreement, Jeffries exclaimed "Ohhgawdd!"

"The prisoner will remain silent except for the count," I barked.

I retrieved my portmanteau and took out Falcon. Layard eyed it appreciatively as I uncoiled its seven-foot length. My bodyslave on the Brazilian sugar plantation had made it for me from the hide of the best of that country called a tapir. Its three strips were braided tightly and cured in a brewed solution that roughened their surface. Young Raul had implanted short barbs along the last foot of its length so that even a flicking touch would tear the flesh.

The Commandant spoke loudly, impatiently I thought. "Commence punishment!"

The measured style of flogging I developed at the Corps had earned the derisive criticism of my superiors there. They taught that discipline should be administered quickly, forcibly, and mercilessly. Seeing a man's muscled backslab well striped always sent a surge of pleasure through my body and raised my cock to readiness. But there was, in my view, far more pleasure for me, and more ritual to impress all on-lookers, in using a slow, graduated force with each stroke. And I am not now nor was then a vicious man. If the prisoner showed courage and endurance during punishment, I shortened the sentence or rewarded him in some other way. Thus, my flogging of Jeffries was a demonstration of my professional philosophy.

Falcon flew forth from my right fist, whistling in the large chamber, to claw the tops of Jeffries' thick shoulders. It sliced across the middle of his back and then the bulge of skin just above his trousers. He did not move anything but his mouth as he gave me the count. I knew he must still be feeling the pain of his punishment that morning when he shared the convicts' dole at the stables. So I was doubly impressed and further inspired in my work.

The first dozen strokes filled in the spaces between those three marks. As he called out the numbers for the second dozen, I put more force behind my arm. When I saw Falcon was opening up many of the early welts, however, I reconsidered my technique. For the last half dozen, I flicked its tip lightly over the corporal's shoulders. He jerked his torso back when the barbs scratched his chest plate, but hissed, "Thankee sir!"

because I was letting up on his back slab.

"Are you going easy on him, Lieutenant?" Layard bellowed behind me. I turned and looked back. The Commandant had removed his own jacket and cap, revealing a torso that was well muscled in spite of his age. His right hand clutched his bulging groin while the left fingered his nipple. "Lay on, damme, lay on!" he blurted.

I did not dare disobey, especially since this was a test of whether I would remain or be sent back to await a ship from the mainland. His words, I admit, roused my own blood lust. My head rang and I felt the familiar dizziness I had first experienced when I enrolled in the Corps of Floggers seven years before. Not caring whether I had permission or not, I pulled open my fly and took out the now emporurpled flesh sword.

I looked over to Jeffries. His broad bare back was beautifully striped from thick neck to slim waist, from flaring side to side. A slime of sweat covered the expanse of it. I looked down to see that my own chest and belly glistened with the same liquid. The smell of us filled the room with an acrid odor unlike the sweet musk of sailor Cooper. At the back of my reeling brain, I remembered that last night session, and my rigid cock strained further into the cool air around it. The flattened mounds of Jeffries' ass quivered as I blasted the whip across them. The rough black fabric was torn away in strips so that just five blows left him as barebottomed as a baby.

His count stopped. "What is the count, prisoner?" I growled.

His head lifted and turned to the right. "It is . . ." he panted, "it is thirty-one, sir . . . Not my ass, sir," he cried out, "not my ass again, sir!"

I held Falcon and looked back at the Commandant, then turned so that he could see the state of my cock. "Request permission to cancel the final six strokes, sir!" I said as evenly as my excitement permitted.

Layard's voice was deep and he spoke as if he had been running a far distance. "Do you permit any man to tell tales on you, Lieutenant?" I knew he referred to Jeffries' tattle about my questions concerning regulations.

"No, sir!" I said.

"Then you must instruct the corporal on that matter."

I grinned for the first time during that long morning of torment. Turning, I dropped Falcon and stepped up behind Jeffries.

I reached around and raked my fingernails across the bunched sinews of the man's bare belly. "You are not as young as Cooper," I hissed in his right ear, "but you are here and now, Corporal!"

With both hands I pulled apart his flattened ass cheeks and thrust my sword into the hot wet cleft. He bucked back and grunted.

**I began pumping as slowly as I had laid on my whips—and for the same reasons. Each thrust took the sensitive rim of my glans deeper into him.**

"Gawwdd!" he moaned. That plea turned to bursting cries of "Criiss! Chriss!" when I leaned down and bit into his lacerated right shoulder. But I elicited a full-throated scream from the corporal when I slid my mouth down to the welts at the top of his back and pulled strips of flesh from their crest.

Suddenly, I was staring into the face of the Commandant. Layard had come around in front of Jeffries. His eyes were

glazed and his mouth fixed in that same rictus. "Again, Lieutenant, make him scream again!" he burbled, spraying flecks of spit.

I made Corporal Jeffries scream five more times, each louder and more shrilly than the last. Then it was my scream that all of us heard. I usually shoot my slime for some time, but I remember this as the most prolonged spasm of the countless times I fucked the men I had just flogged. Layard's face disappeared from my clouded vision.

When I stepped back and wiped my flesh sword with the tatters of Jeffries' trousers, I heard the Commandant's voice. He spoke coolly, evenly, as he had when he explained his regulations to me. "You show satisfactory skills, Lieutenant. I will retain your services as Head Overseer here for a trial period of a month."

I turned and saluted. His eyes flashed as they flicked down my physique to my sopping crotch.

"Corporal Jeffries, front and center!" he barked. With stumbling steps, the man came around me and pulled his torso into brace, slowly. When I saw the patch of blood above his half-hard cock, I knew that it had not been my chewing across his welted back that had drawn the screams from him. The thatch of pubic hair that any man has in that spot was gone. The gruesome condition of the skin there showed that Layard had



viciously torn the hair away in one lust-powered pull:

The Commandant kept his eyes on the corporal's face as he spoke. "Wash and oil yourself, and you need not report for duty until tomorrow. Rest!" Looking over at me, his face now as tranquil as I would ever see it, he added, "And you rest too, Lieutenant. You have had a long trip, and a tiring task to perform so early in your stay. There is much to be done here, but it can wait a few hours." And he dismissed both of us.

There was much more to be done, and I did it, not for a month but for five years. That veteran of Waterloo had me turn back the clock of his Camp's life twenty years, had me administer the brutal discipline of the armies and navies of an era before the sobbing reformers brought an end to the flogging of Englishmen. For those five years in a Hell of my own making, I stripped the flesh from hard-muscled, naked backs bending in heavy labor, and stretched from punishment frames. Should I write of those years? Or should I confine this memoir to just the first few hours of that bloody age? Though wizened now, my flesh sword moves as if urging me to continue my task. I wonder whether anyone in the future will find as much pleasure in reading my memoir as I have had in setting it down on paper. □



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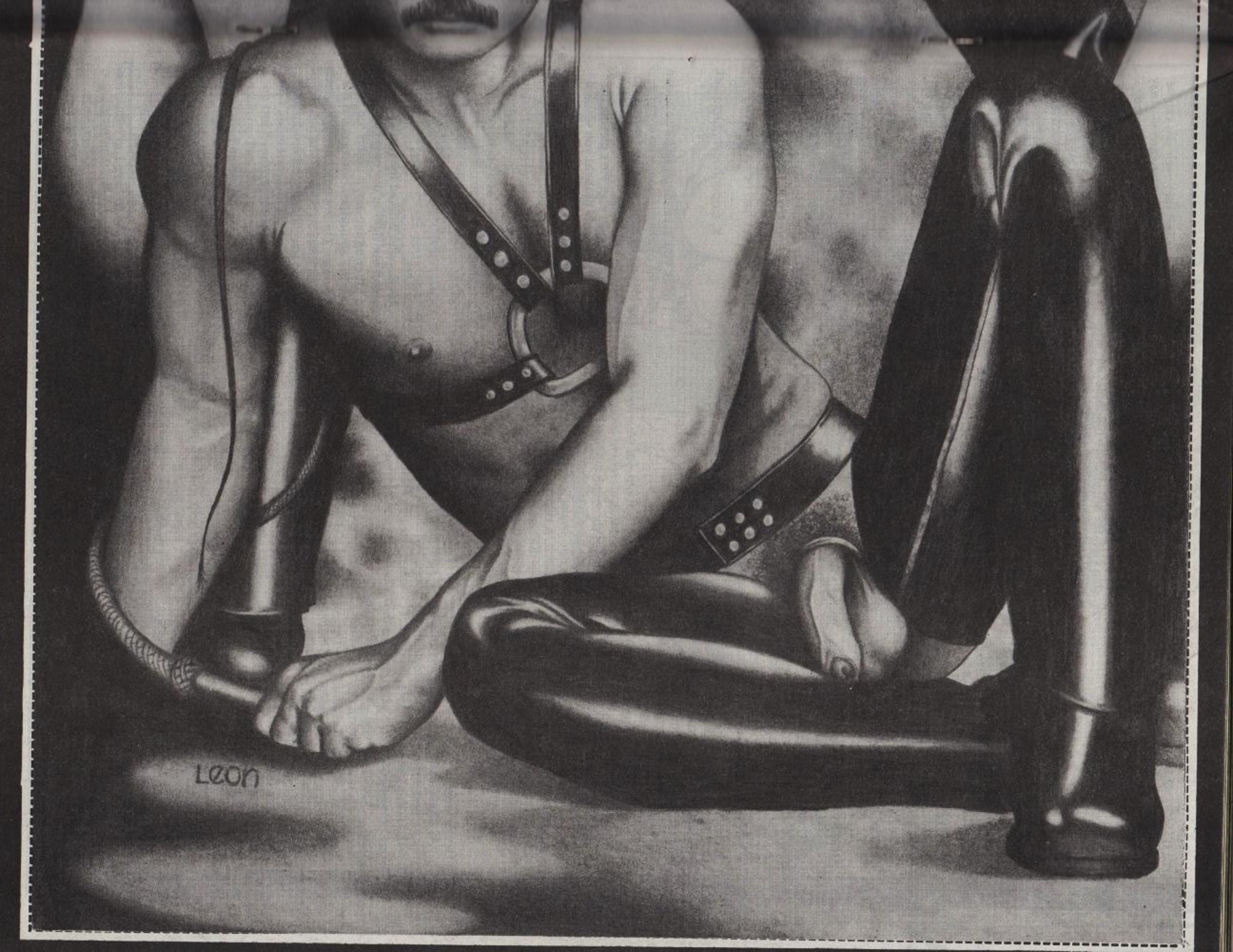
ISSUE 119

LEON

is an exciting artistic **Drummer** contributor who has designed/constructed a series of six individual erotic works which, when put together piece by piece, form one masculine collage of intense sexual imagery. **Drummer** will feature each section of this work in upcoming issues.

DRUMMER





LEON

# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

*Larry Townsend*

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I am 37, a bottom, and have been interested in leathersex since my early teens. While I have had some lengthy (6 month) involvements with Tops over the years, I have never been able to forge any kind of long-term relationship which combines the qualities of affection and an "equal partnership" in areas outside the sexual arena, with a leathersex component. I either find myself a third with an already established couple, or (more commonly) find that my partner only wants an anonymous "fuck buddy." What is it that keeps people from combining affection into a scene? Or is it just me? I have seen other people seeming to enjoy the type of relationship I really crave, but there is no way for me to know if everything is really as it appears on the surface—to me, as an outsider.

David, Toronto, Canada

Dear David,

As I have maintained from the time of my earliest writings on the subject of SM relationships, there is no way to predict one person's or couple's behavior on the basis of somebody else's behavior. People are simply too different. Because you have been unable to establish the type of relationship you really want, does not necessarily mean that such relationships do not exist. By your own account, you apparently found one or more that lasted for six months. In some ways, I think the most fortunate thing that can happen to a "relationship-seeking" bottom is for him to be taken in hand early on and trained by an experienced Top. This way, he comes to accept the real-life standards of his first Master, and in doing so he finds a fulfillment that he probably would not have found later on, when his fantasies have had time to conjure up an impossibly perfect situation. In other words, you have to reach a point where you stop seeking an unrealistically idyllic relationship, and settle for something that

really exists. As for affection—sure, affection is very much a part of any long-term relationship (or should be). But by its very nature, an SM relationship calls for affection to be displayed differently from the standards we are taught to expect as we grow up. We are weaned on "love Hollywood style," which provides a wonderful blackboard on which people can sketch their sexual/emotional fantasies. Yet these are often as unrealistic for anyone else as they are for us. Maybe that's why our divorce rate is so high, and why you are certainly not alone in your quest for Mr. Right. If you really want a long-term relationship, you are probably going to be forced to accept something that is not quite as perfect as your fantasies.

Dear Larry,

In some of your past commentaries you have advised guys not to wear cockrings and ball stretchers when they go to bed to sleep. I wear a leather cockring all the time, taking it off only when I shower. After years of doing this, I can't see that it has had any adverse effects. Comment?

Ralph, Detroit MI

Dear Ralph,

My advice about not wearing stretchers to bed was merely to avoid the possibility of someone hurting himself by having his circulation curtailed when he was not awake and able to do something about it. A regular cockring does not pose the same danger, especially if it is well fitted and not too tight. In fact, it can sometimes produce some wonderful dreams.

Dear Larry,

I have always enjoyed amyl, or "poppers," when I have leathersex, or even when I just jack off (which is about all one dares to do these days). Unfortunately, one place after the other has made them illegal, and now I can't find anywhere to buy them. When my present supply runs out, I've had it unless you can suggest an alternative. Will someone mail them to me from someplace? Also, how harmful do you think they really are?

P.H., Atlanta GA

Dear P.H.,

I can't help you buy the stuff, because I don't know where it may still be legal to sell it. As to the dangers, this has remained a bit nebulous. I think that heavy usage in a situation where one or both of the partners might be an AIDS carrier could heighten the risk. Using it at home when you do a solo JO session is, of course, not putting you at immediate risk of infection. However, some

health experts feel that even this can be dangerous, because prolonged use may cause permanent damage to your red blood cells.

Dear Larry,

I am sorry to write you such a letter, but I answered an advertisement a few months ago. The man said he was a Master and when I answered from Denmark, he wrote back from New Jersey and said he would accept me as a "slave by mail." I said I would like that, and then he started sending me these letters that got more and more awful. He said he would reach across the ocean and punish me if I did not obey. He told me to do some terrible painful things, like wrapping my balls in rope and pulling it off fast to make them spin. He mailed me a big plastic butt plug and told me to wear it all day when I was at work. He said his friends would come and get me on their motorbikes if I did not do it. I think he is very dangerous, but I don't know what to do about it. I wish I had never written to him.

K, Copenhagen, Denmark

Dear K,

I think you have simply run into a man with a lot of imagination, who is enjoying himself by expressing his fantasies in his letters. You know he isn't really going to do anything to you. He's playing the game he probably thought you wanted him to play.

Dear Larry,

As we gradually see every bathhouse in the United States being closed, I wonder what you—as a liberation activist in addition to an expert in SM—what do you think about the situation?

Lars, Miami FL

Dear Lars,

As one who worked for years to help establish our right to our own bars, baths, and other businesses, it upsets me greatly to see the authorities closing down the bathhouses. On the other hand, it upsets me even more to think of the number of guys who have literally fucked themselves to death on those premises. I don't buy the argument that "they'll just go somewhere else." There isn't anyplace else where a man can lie on his belly and get fucked by a dozen men a night. I think the bathhouses should close until this crisis is over, but they should close because we all have sense enough not to patronize them. □

*If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.*

# DRUM

TONITE! IN AID OF  
CHARITY, A GREAT  
WRESTLING CONTE

ALL YOUR FAVOURITE STARS  
AGAINST OUR BRAVE  
VOLUNTEERS!  
GET YE

SOLD

HI, HARRY!  
WHY ARE YOU  
LOOKING SO  
GLUM?

HI,  
DRUM

IT IS THIS  
CHARITY  
WRESTLING MATCH  
WE'VE ALL ENTERED.  
THE ORGANISERS  
MUST BE OUTTA  
THEIR MINDS-THEY  
HAVE PUT ALL OUR  
NAMES IN A HAT AND  
SIMPLY DRAWN OUT  
THE CONTESTANTS!

SO?

SO, YOU SHOULD SEE  
THE GUY I'VE BEEN  
DRAWN TO  
WRESTLE!!

IF HE  
JUST HITS  
ME WITH HIS  
DICK IT WOULD  
FLATTEN ME.  
HE'S  
HUGE!!

YOU'RE  
NOT SMALL  
SMALL, HARRY.

YOU JUST MAKE SURE  
YOU HIT HIM WITH YOURS  
FIRST - IT'S ALL FOR A  
GOOD CAUSE. FUCK HIM  
IN THE FIRST ROUND -  
THE CROWD WILL LOVE IT!



IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO  
TALK, YOU'RE NOT UP AGAINST THE  
"GIANT MANIAC" AS I AM!!





# We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

**Your ad:** First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

**Print it out:** Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

**Where will your ad run?** Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**Deadline?** There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

**Discount?** When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

**Want a Drummer box number?** Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

**Phone number?** Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

**Payment?** Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**Censorship?** No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

**FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY:** Your **50-word** ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the **50-word limit** to allow space for everyone else's. **Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.**

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

## DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

**BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)**

**AD COPY (please print)**



Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (Words x 50¢)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Additional Insertions—x (10% discount) ..... \_\_\_\_\_

Box Number (Add \$1.00) ..... \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00) ..... \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed is:  Check  Money Order

Please make checks payable to: DESMODUS, INC.

Visa  Mastercard  American Express

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

# DEAR SIR:

## MAYBE THE LARGEST LEATHER AND S/M CLASSIFIEDS ANYWHERE

### NATIONWIDE

#### CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leather-lovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

#### NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

#### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine ex-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

#### HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black Masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

#### BLACK SPANNING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, (212) 889-5477.

#### GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the oldman, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

#### GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

#### GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

#### ROPES, CUFFS, RESTRAINTS

Want to show some/all/more to a German Leatherman? Dungeon/playroom big "+". 6'2", 185 lbs., in the U.S. later this year. Send photo, letter to: Hans, 1000 Berlin 42, Postfach 420515, West Germany. Thank you Sir!

#### BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

#### SEEKING RELATIONSHIP

Shaming, shaving, bondage, beatings and lots of affection I'll give you. Seek permanent expense-sharing. Me: G/A, F/P. Eunuchs welcome. Box 6402

#### BB GUNS

When you were a kid, did you and your friends ever have BB-gun fights? Want to correspond only with guys who've experienced or seen a BB-gun fight. This specific scene only, please, no gun nuts or prisoners. Box 6399

#### EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

#### DIAPER DISCIPLINE!

Chicago, 32. Boot licking piss-pants in soaking diapers/plasticpants need diaper training, punishment, humiliation. Spanking, enemas, mild S/M, B/D, W/S. Box 6393

#### HOT COUPLE SEEKS DADDY

Boys are white, 5'9", 31 and 6'3", 28; butch, tattooed and pierced. Looking for hot daddy to help us relocate to Western United States. Boys are hardworking professionals. Love leather, heavy nipple and tit work, cock sucking, discipline and toys. We will not disappoint the right daddy. Box 6377LF

#### GERMAN LEATHERMAN VISITING

the States in October. Interested in meeting Tops/bottoms for action, fun, and friendship. Send infos, details, requests, photos to: H.T.L. Postfach 620472, 100 Berlin 62, West Germany.

#### BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

#### URSUS HORRIBILIS

GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, biker, hung, cut. Lookin' for an equal for puttin' and partyin'. Into bikers, cops, truckers, bears, construction workers, etc., especially hairy, hung, uncut. Not into top/bottom, master/slave, bullshit games. Non-tobacco users only. LF6440.

#### HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, smart, successful, good-looking man, 43, 5'10", 160 lbs., thinning black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very masculine and intense. You're the object of his worship, a young man with very good looks, body and mind who know what he wants. Letter and photo to Bob, PO Box 45355, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

#### WRESTLING

5'10", 160 lbs., good-looking, 30, muscular, looking for challenges. NHB wrestling leading to rough sex, humiliation. Photo/letter to Tozo, PO Box 6193, Station "A," Toronto, Canada M5W 1P6.

#### SLICK AND SLIMY PURSUITS

Rubber-coated novice trash bucket, white, 36, handsome, 168, 6'3", br/bl, awaiting orders/training from intelligent, slim, younger scatmaster/spitshooter/snotboy with a wild imagination. Photo/phone if possible. Reply PO Box 981, Portland OR 97207

#### ONE YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

By 6'1", 195 lbs., master, 38, ex-football player. Handsome, hot. You must be 18-24, obedient, submissive with correct attitude. Write only if you can provide photo and phone. High School athletes with big asses given preference. Al, PO Box 20004, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011

#### DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

#### HOGTIED, HOLE-THROBBING, STIFF-NIPPLED NAKED DADDY

Spread-eagled for hot-wax & hot-lube & ready for love and the S&M needs of the condom-capped studs invading above, finally staring up at the cocks I had pleasure on the boys in the back, as they empty themselves on my tits, face & crack. Bob, Miami, (305) 274-4773, 1 AM-noon. Travel everywhere. Box 6509LF

#### HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

This middle-aged former is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

#### ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

#### DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. Box 6232LF

#### SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

#### LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hz eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner, open-minded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy-Son.

#### LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

#### BALLS IN MY COURT

5'7" top, young 40s, hot mind, body, hung, seeks submissive low-hangers and receptive mouth on non-fat, healthy frame for mild + heavy abuse. Ball-stretchers, weights, face-fucking. Detailed applications considered from masculine, cut only. Box 6505

#### MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lee leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+. 40+ or into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top/bottom, snuggles, ready for monog. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC Box 6236LF

# THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD ISSUE OF DRUMMER

## BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

## BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

## SON/SLAVE

You are any age, not fem or fat, obedient, energetic, needing direction, capable of giving and receiving love, loyalty, permanency. Dad is in perfect health, 57, 6'1", 160 lbs., 6" cut, bald, glasses, into constant but leisurely travel by van, nudity, massage, wrestling, BD, SM, earned affection. Letter, photo, phone to Dad on the road; I may be near you now. Box 6309LF

## MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/ weekend training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

## DESERT MANEUVERS

USMC/SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian top, 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve, or be used/abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TT, sweat, L/L, kinky. Occ., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015.

## SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 135, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

## WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar-minded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b/w &/or color film. Write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

## BELLY BUTTON FETISH!!!

Please tell me about your belly button. Does an exotic body part turn you on? Let's trade hot fantasies, up-close photos. Maybe more! Box 6494

## ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cln shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

## SEE PAGE 82 TO COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION

## I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S. Safe Sex. Interested in Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

## LIFETIME MASTER DADDY

Committed dominant Daddy seeks younger healthy submissive son for dedicated relationship. Sane experimentation into all safe phases of S&M. Balanced by a long-term, monogamous, loving Dad/son relationship. Are you man and boy enough? Write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

## WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage: safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47, 6', 175lbs, employed, tall, drak, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

## SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124 (LF6242)

## MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 45189 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

## HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

## ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

## BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

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 enclosing the \$25.00 yearly  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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**DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER**  
wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

**HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER**  
Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

**SATAN WORSHIP**  
Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

**COCK SLAVE**  
Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fems. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

**CONTROL**  
WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 PM for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

**BODYBUILDER SLAVES**  
5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

**DIAPER DISCIPLINE**  
Novice slave/son 31, 6', 200 lbs., masculine seeks diaper discipline, infantilism, humiliation, punishment, light bondage, light spanking, watersports, toilet training, shaving, verbal abuse, and fetishes. Photo. Southeast. Drummer Box 6442

**S&M LIFESTYLE**  
Master with hairless slave, health conscious, into no-limit S&M monogamous relationship. Would like to correspond with and meet other couples/devotees to share experiences and good times as peers and friends. Midwest and beyond. Box 6135LF

**HOT LEATHER TOPMAN**  
GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No fems/drugs. Reply w/hot photo/phone to Box 4675LF.

## HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

## ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

## WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

## WANTED—YOUNG S&M SLAVE

Training, discipline, bondage, C&BT, TT, face slapped, hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage, limits increased. Send photo including face. Mr. Jones and Mr. Heim, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

## HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

## BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE

W/M, 36, lean, muscular, masculine, imaginative, easy going, discrete, versatile, seeks similar, in-shape buddy for capture, bondage, torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

## TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS I-95

Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue-bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. I'm mid-30s, well built/endowed. Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

## TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt, TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

## NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

## DRUMMER SPECIAL PRICE

\$10.00 ea.

## ISSUE 7

## ISSUE 8

## ISSUE 9

## ISSUE 10

## ISSUE 11

## ISSUE 12

## I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

## TROOPER ROBY

Please call me collect, I want to know the truth about the island. A better ridge needs to be found soon. Love, David.

## LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tall tough cop needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 6523.

## PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, CB&T, TT. Box 6521.

## READY FOR COMMITMENT?

Young sadistic master (25), seeks serious slave for immediate permanent commitment. Expect total surrender and complete slavery. No bullshit. To apply, letter, photo and phone. Box 6519.

## SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

GWM, 30, 5'11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need a serious, experienced master to serve as his live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6518.

## TOP CRAVES TOPPING

Butch, foul-mouthed, hung thick, muscular, jockstrap dude (30, 5'10", 160, always top) needs the right stud to break and pump my cherry butthole and tight throat. Use your best techniques to open me up. Will travel for total male. Write blunt letter and show it. Box 6516.

## NEEDED BUSINESSMAN/LL DAD

White male, 23, 5'4", 138. NO EXPERIENCE. I need to be there for you! Box 6513.

## CASTRATION

Wish to hear from males who have been voluntarily or involuntarily castrated. Box 6511.

## MILITARY RECRUIT

SIR YES SIR. Recruit seeks CO for military training and discipline. Boot Camp/Brig situations coupled with medical kinks Sir. Recruit is GWM, 29, 6', 160 lbs. In NYC but can travel nationwide. Recruit was in service. Please send orders to CompuServe 73270,312 or Box 6573.

## PLOW MY THROAT

Butch, hot, hairy, muscular, weight trained, big dicked, moustached, 35 yr old, 6', 175 lb needs to link up with one or more leather daddy types for evenings or weekends of using my throat as their fuckhole. I'm together, secure, handsome, healthy and can travel at my own expense to service you. Into VA, TT, CBT, WS, light bondage, weed, poppers and long hard sessions of deepthroating your cockringed horedick. Let me swallow your load sir! PO Box 5409, Arlington, VA 22205.

## TOTAL OBEDIENCE DEMANDED

by Master (47) and his slave (35), both 5'10", 170#, seeking permanent full-time masochistic slave. Attitude more important than looks. If serious, write Bill Freda, Suite 190, 245 East Foothill Blvd., Upland, CA 91786 and we will send more information.

## SPECIAL PRICE

\$10.00 ea.

## ISSUE 10

## ISSUE 11

## ISSUE 12

## BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS

Serve mine, or let me do yours. Lace-up varieties especially. Goodlooking, 34, Br/gr, 165, 5'10". Also into leather, VA, B&D, 305-426-8067 till 11 PM EDT. Phone JO 0K.

## GOOD BOY NEEDED BY DAD

Seeking Hispanic or white masc. under-35 slave boy. Must be mature, honest, healthy, sincere and willing to make serious commitment to relationship. Prefer under 5'9" and uncut, but attitude and willingness to explore limits and fantasies is more important. Dad is white, masc., 5'8", 170, all the above plus sane and experienced. Send detailed letter to TD, POB 11402, Reno, NV 89510.

## ASS WHIPPINGS SPANKINGS

Wanted by white 5'6" 125-pound novice. Determine limits expand same. Can travel. Box 6574.

## RAUNCH AND MUCK

European 49, 5'9", 170 into wearing filthy workcloth, rubber (boots), dung and piss seeks farm opportunity. Will occasionally help out in barn, stable or field in turn for stomping in the muck. Seeking for that brawny buddy with farm, age and looks unimportant. Travel NY, NJ, PA and New England. Discretion and response to all guaranteed. Write Rolf Armand, PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

## FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

Love Gladiators? GWM, 38, 5'5", 200, hairy chest, clean shaven, uncut, wants to share your hottest, darkest combat scenes. No "real" wrestling, but our struggle can be as erotic/brutal as you want it! You: masculine, under 50, any race into hot talk, tits, safesex, good body, better mind. Photo/challenge to TJ, Box 112 EXECUTIVE SUITE, 330 W. 42nd, NYC NY 10036. Midtown Manhattan, day/night.

## WHITEBOY WANTS BLACK COPS

and other big muscled, aggressive, arrogant, black, uniformed, verbally abusive negroes to punish his pretty pink cuntmouth and horse-fuck his tight shaved hole in their warm, stinking socks. Me? I'm 26 yrs old, blonde & blue-eyed, 165#, 5'10" and clean. You: be over 6' and under 40 hrs, blacks only. No whites, please! Call Donnie at (714) 543-5969 anytime. Will travel. J/O calls welcum.

## ASSMASTER

Hot bottom, 32, 6', 160 lbs., seeks hot topmen into heavy assplay, TT, FF, leather, toys, lite S/M, B/D, shaving, spanking, 3-ways, more. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

## PHONE J/O

Masculine male wants harsh rough raunchy action/verbal abuse from tough masculine men. (816) 478-3775. Frank.

## LAS VEGAS COCKSUCKER

Skinny, white, 25-year-old seeks very masculine topman. 702-735-2417. No phone sex.

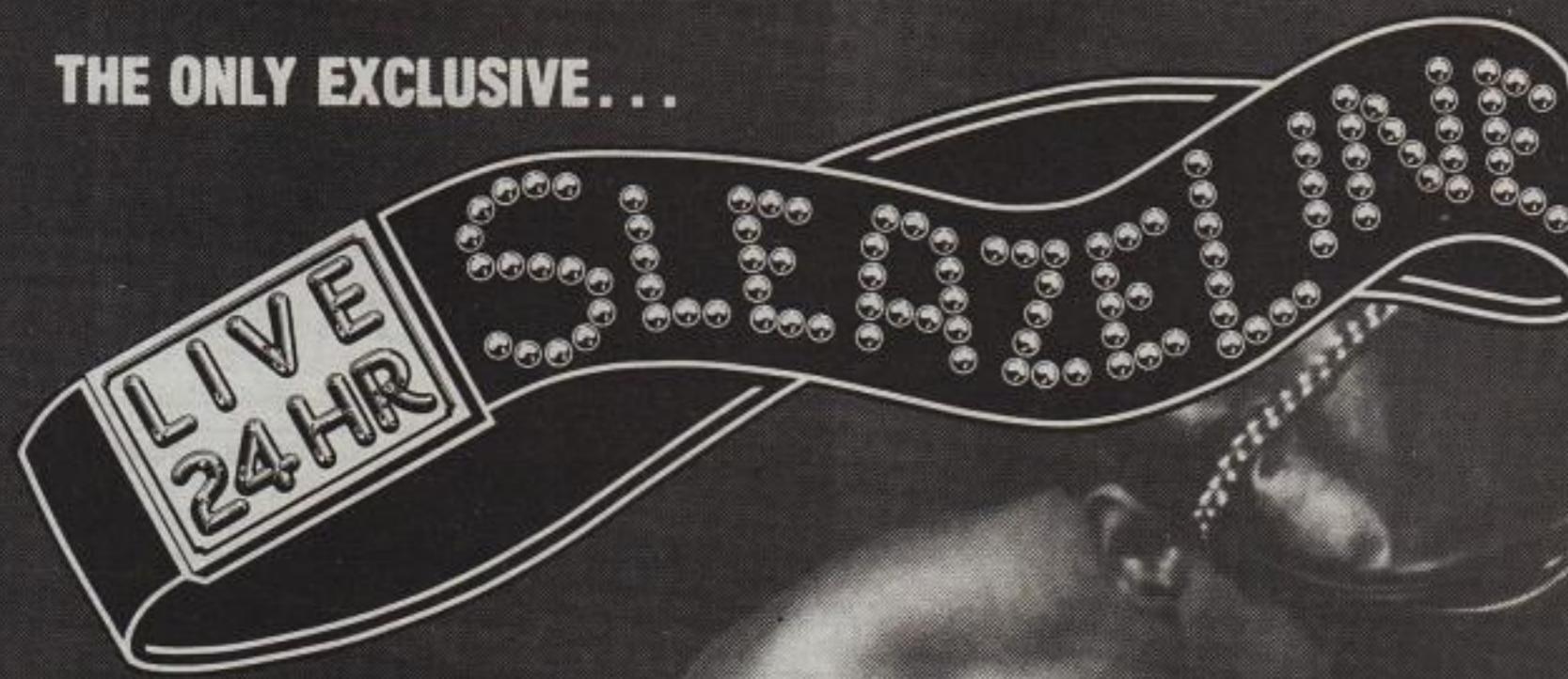
## HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedswatodors jockscrooctxsroughpunchesdomination orderstrainingleatherbootstoughsubmission. Box 3338LF

## COWBOY BONDAGE/WRESTLING

31, GWM, 155 lbs., 5'10", hairy, good physique seeks sane nonsmoker, masculine, well-built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling. Reply w/photo. PO Box 755, Tualatin, OR 97062.

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OTHER  
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PHOTO: DRUMMER



### ATLANTA COUPLE

would like to exchange photos of leathermen who enjoy bondage. Photos of you gets photos of us. Photos of hoods, gags and hard-bound muscles a plus. PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308.

### SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want... Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged... Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF

### HOUSTON TOP PIERCED TITS

6'5" bearded, 36, into Titwork, piercings, shaving, spanking, butt toys, enemas, and burrs. Seeks true bottom preferably younger. Box 6429

### RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

### EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER

who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

### MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

### BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

### MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold, 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 6349LF

### PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

### TRANSFORMATION

Hot man, 30, 6', 180, hairy, hung, masculine, wants hot daddy/doctor to turn me into a woman. Fantasy or reality. Hormones. Make this hot man a hot women. Animals. Steve. 1064 Myra Ave. #5 Los Angeles, CA 90029.

### BASEBALL PLAYER

White male, 5'9", 132, 150 seeks pro or semi-pro baseball player, 32+ who needs a buddy or assistant in his life. He must be strict when needed but more important a trusted friend. Will also consider a coach or manager of the same age range. I am very discreet and understanding of the situation you are in. Box 6564

### REDHEADED BOY WANTED

WM, 39, 5'10", 155, Leatherman, wants a redheaded son who will get into BB, submission, obedience, mental/physical domination, hoods, sweat, depraved ass giving—the right attitude a must. Openminded Boys—write—Seattle's Hot! Box 6571

### YOUNG LEATHER DUDE

24, 5'6", 140, HOT! seeks other wild rugged young dudes and leather jacketed punks into leather, heavy bondage, leather gloves, hefty boots, hoods, gags, whips, chains, cuffs, face n ass fuckin, gangbang, gangbangs, long hair, heavymetal. ROCKSTARS, Bikers and LEATHER GODS are a big plus. Hey dudes, let's wrestle 1 on 5, 5 on 1 or 5 on 5, the more LEATHER the better. Loser gets tied up and used, I can take, CAN YOU? No fats, fems, or over 28... Photo and phone a must, also get mine. POB 95172, Las Vegas, NV 89199-9998

### REQUIRED: SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Master, 32, 6', 175, requires slave under 32 for full time monogamous service. Seek loyal hardworking slave willing to make a commitment. Will serve as slave and houseboy, will experience bondage, discipline, humiliation, other scenes but safe sex only. Will serve time in basement jail when required. Include photo. Box 6563

### CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

### ATTN: DUNGEON MASTERS

WM, 5'10", 145 lbs., 30s, looking to spend 3-5 days of summer vacation in your fully equipped playroom as your prisoner. Keep me naked, chained, and ready. Create lengthy bondage, suspension, and hot torture sessions. Respond to Dave with returnable photos—you/ playroom. Prefer southwest states. Hurry! Summer's almost here.

### FOOT-DADDY WANTED

Goodlooking masculine blond blue-eyed German man, 29, 6', 160, not living in the States but very often in the Bay Area, needs a dominant Daddy footmaster who knows where a good boot belongs. Daddy likes also talking and laughing, leather, uniforms—and perhaps me. Answer with photo/photo gets mine. Box 6526.

### TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

### AGING HOUSEBOY

Is ideal (sincere, conscientious, masochistic) drudge/victim for young, busy, demanding Master(s). Especially a clean-cut, educated, adorably sadistic Superior/Owner/Daddy into high polished boots, black jock straps, black skintight gloves. Slaveboy is a clean, displayable, worshiping cocksucker—white, 57, 5'9", 160, shaved, buxom body, nice ass, hot, developed tits. Expects and desires to be naked, collared, whipped, spanked, slapped, tortured (tit, C&B), humiliated, abused. Please Sir(s) I'll beg and grovel, be your pussyboy, lick and shine your boots, suck your cock and ass, show you the respect, obedience, involvement that you expect and deserve. Permanent, restrictive slavery in a secure, discreet, caring environment is essential for total commitment, submission. Slaveboy has photos, references, income. Will travel, relocate. Slaveboy (213) 437-0467 P.S.T. or write Box 6544. Thank you Sir(s).

### STRAIGHT BUT SUBMISSIVE

European male, 46, now reluctantly admits need to be broken and trained as cockslave to a well-hung Master who would enjoy putting a genuine virgin into strict bondage and ruthlessly enforcing prolonged French and Greek servitude. I am terrified of heavy pain but accept Master's right to apply without mercy any physical persuasion necessary to ensure my total submission to the cock. Age/race immaterial. Based NYC but will travel if ordered.

### DADDY GIVES HARD SPANNING

To young white executive type to 40. Me—very attractive Blk, big hands, big u/c cock, 6', 170 lbs., 34, love leaving marks on white asses with large lickable feet and manly smells—you know what I mean... Telephone after 10 pm (212) 689-3737.

### DADDY NEEDS SON

Daddy 39 needs novice son 18 to 25 for training in spanking, shaving, etc. Son must worship his Daddy. Son must be willing to relocate. Write with Photo. Box 6525 or call (716) 232-5868.

### MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

### TIT TORTURE

POB 4622, SF 94101

### GERMAN LEATHERMAN

Hot German leatherman, blond, beard, 40s/6"/170 uncut, visits western US Oct.-Nov. 88. Like to meet leathermen! Into TT, WS, Gr/p, Fr/a. Got big nipples! The smell, feel and taste of leather makes me hot. Please write with photo to Box 5755BLF.

### MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FFT, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FFB, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FFB Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex.

### MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

### QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

### MR. MID-ATLANTIC DRUMMER '88

Be a part of one of the Hottest weekends this summer and one of the most talked about DRUMMER contests in the country. The MEN, The BOYS, The Contest, The Partying, The weekend where memories are made. See AD in this issue for details.

### HOT, BUTCH, BEARDED TOP, 43

6'1", 193 lb. bodybuilder needs expert crotch service from shorter, solid, muscular, hairy bottoms around 5'8", 165 lbs. Photo. POB 8008, FDR Sta., NYC 10150

### PRIME MASTER!

Sadist, Master, handsome bodybuilder with big chest and arms requires slaves for perverted sex. An expert in whipping and fisting, sex is my creative outlet and years of experience in DC and NY have made me a master of my arts. My instincts will bring out your hidden fantasies to the fullest pleasure of both of us. Let's see how far your body can go. I pride in being your top. Exactly as that will you treat me and apply devotedly including photo to: GEST, 2800 Bennett, Dearborn, MI 48124

### BLACK AND WHITE MASTERS!

Swedish slave, 28, blond, good-looking. Slave into: bondage, hoods, gags, dildoes, big cocks, piss, whips, tit torture, electricity, slave work, being whore, outdoor action and more... Want real Masters! Also want contact with slave camp prisoners, Nazi and satanist men. Box 6492LF (International Postage Required)

### TICKLE TORTURE!!!

WM, 25, seeks hot guys to tie and tickle. Let's share original tickle stories. I am ticklish too! All letters answered immediately. Box 6489

### DISABLED DAD WANTED

by son, 32, good-looking and obedient, wheelchair, braces, crutches especially welcome. I will take care of you and serve you well. Your son is 6', 170 and ready to meet you. Write please, Sir. Box 6482

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Beautifully made of black Ciré, this creation comes with or without sleeves. You furnish the chestwork. If you've got 'em, flaunt 'em. A real showpiece for your rings as well. Limited quantity. When these are gone, they're gone.

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**HUGE-HANDED BUDDIES**  
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**COWBOYS, TRUCKERS,  
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Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for a hot but safe time. One 5'9", 165, WM, 40s. Second, 6'1", 185, WM, 50. Located near I-95. Stop to explore your desires. If interested drop a note so we can send you a phone number. Box 6225LF

**SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER**  
to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, BJ lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum, Buddy! Box 6347

**TOUGH COCK/STRONG BALLS**  
Intense phone sex, painful rabid cock and ballwork, top or bottoms, but especially mutual workouts, getting off on each other's hard-hitting sensations. Odd hours fine. Jackson 415-974-5990.

**DON'T WASTE ANOTHER DAY!**  
PLACE YOUR AD IN **DEAR SIR** NOW!  
USE THE ORDER BLANK ON PAGE 56.

## ALABAMA

### BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting, Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107LF

**COMPLETE YOUR TOY COLLECTION  
SHOP**  
**SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.**

### LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

## ALASKA

### FULL BODY MASSAGE

I am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage. Improve mental and physical health. A quiet, comfortable atmosphere is provided. Will treat you like a king! (907) 272-9045

## ARIZONA

### BOOT LOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245. (LF6204)

## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

### BODYBUILDER TOP

W/M, 5'11", 46" c, 34" w, 17" a, 24" thighs, moustache, bald, oversexed. Into light S&M, some bondage, light torture, face-fucking, fucking, rimming, hot sweaty action! Interests: animal workouts, Sci-Fi movies, ethnic foods. You: VERSATILE, non-pushy, moustache, 30+, trim. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. No drugs, FFA. Relationship possible.

**60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD**  
seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

### IF YOU ARE

Tough, black and love to fuck, come and get some of this butthole. I'm talking Carl Weathers, not Whitney Houston. Jermaine Jackson, not Don King. Whiteboy cocksucker wants to shoot some in your direction. I'm looking for sex: Please don't send me brochures for your mail order business. Box 5951

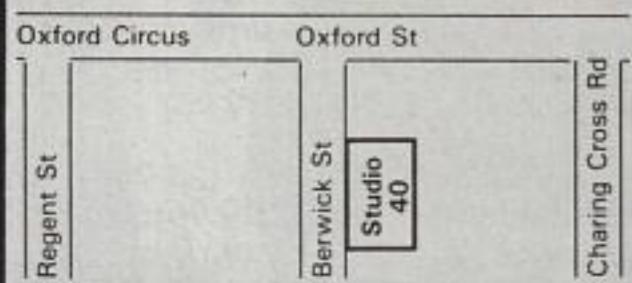
### BONDAGE BOY

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'8", 145, 31) craves hot, dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint, gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902LF.

### SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JQers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut wrenching CBT, TT, paddling and whatever other poisons the M wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious. M must be neg, nonsmoker, cut 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6407

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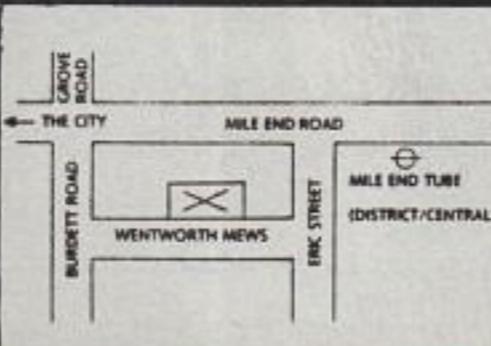
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10pm-  
2.30pm  
Sun 9pm  
till late



#### TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

#### ACTION—KINK

GWM, mature, but with stamina and drive for intense, wild, extended but safe scenes. Looking for playmate of any legal age. I prefer bottom roll but also go top. Interests very varied, inclined to sensual & refined play. Like bondage, all toys, electrical, needles, rubber, etc. I guarantee reply to all—send short note with phone number to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131. Let's meet and explore.

#### RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

#### BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the-hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

#### SADIST NEEDED

Must be knowledgeable and have proper equipment for full maximum levels of pain, but safe only. I enjoy a variety of torture, starting slowly and gradually building up to a very intense level. I'm a WM, 43, 5'10", 170 lbs. Letter with photo & phone & address. Eric Adams, PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

#### DRUMMER DADDY

Seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

#### COLD NIGHT? FIND A HOT MAN IN DEAR SIR!

**SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING**  
WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6" 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

#### TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

#### JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

#### BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

#### GET IT OUT

Hot-looking, horny stud, 30, wants solid, masculine, aggressive fucker for raunch and more. Box 6143LF

#### HEAVYSET TOP

is looking for a trainable bottom. Top is WM, 40s, husky, intelligent, affectionate, professional. Bottom should be eager to please, willing to have his limits explored and expanded. Trust and respect important. Not into leather or motorcycles. Novice/older/bi bottoms OK. Reply with candid letter/photo. Box 6328

#### SPIT ON MY FACE

while I suck your dick. Box 6250

#### ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight-appearing man, early fifties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shithole. Mutual rimming and J/O, spanking too. Cum often! Letter and phone # to Stan, Box 6371LF

#### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

#### NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

#### DIABLO DEViates

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

#### WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

#### FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

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### WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

Horny East Bay GWM Couple—1st Dominant Daddy Top ONLY Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 200+ lbs. Cut thick 7"; 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 5½", 150 lbs. Looking for versatile boy/man with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is always horny and nicely hung—Age 21-29 into: Leather, Levis, Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Speedos for Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Teasing Tongue Baths, Great Massages, J/O & Oral & Assplay! Box 6408LF

### FUCK MY BUDDY

Handsome WM, 6'2", 190 lbs., 38, wants you to fuck his handsome buddy BM, 6'1", 175 lbs., 39. We're masculine, muscular, healthy and athletic. Seeking good-looking, hung, well-built, imaginative, versatile guys for S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay. Safe & sane. Photo, phone. Box 5959LF

### TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

Executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

### RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

### SANTA CRUZ LEATHERMAN

Young student, fascinated by other virile men fucking around in leather harnesses, cock rings, ball stretchers and other instruments of delight, would like to meet with same. Send photo, fantasies to Richard, PO Box 7190, Santa Cruz, CA 95061

### CIGARETTES, DUCK TAILS

Leather jackets, beer, 21-30 only, no drugs! Jack M., Suite 284, 2040 Polk Street San Francisco, CA 94109

### OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

### ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud. Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

### MUSCULAR BONDAGE BUDDIES

sought by horny white male bodybuilder, 26, 6'1", 195, blond/blue. Let's tie each other up & have some painful fun. Nude photo/phone. Box 6447

### CHARIOTEERS, MANBACK RIDERS

Man the reins of attractive blond 5'10", 140 lbs., 32 years old. Go to the whip or spurs to keep your beer gut from slowing your ride. Exchange fantasies, or schedule test drive (send photo). Box 6444

### SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

### GLOVES/CIGARS/MARLBOROS

Fuckin' SKINTIGHT black leather gloves cuppin' a stogie or Marlboro get my dick hard. Also into fuckin' hot redneck verbal shit and UNIFORMS. Jim (415) 673-1284.

### HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity. Wanted: sexy, trim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather harness, bondage, paddle, and more. Inexperience Okay. I'm W/M, 165 lbs., 35, handsome, with dark features, together, safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description, and your ideas. Box 6561LF

### NOVICE SLAVE

Dildos, fisting, ass licking, watersports. You name it. Slim hot bodybuilding 6-foot blonde needs big Master, 8 inches+ only. Photos get reply. Box 6539.

### MISS DADDY'S DISCIPLINE?

GWM will discipline "son," 18-26 (only). Are you very goodlooking, smooth, boyish, not overweight—maybe have "preppy" look? Daddy will order you to "drop 'em." Continued disobedience will result in introduction to Canadian school strap, punishment enemas; other humiliations. I'm 44 (look younger), former headmaster in England when CP was allowed. Latins and Asians especially welcome to reply. J.D. 537 Jones St., #3905, San Francisco, CA 94102.

### LOOKING

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF.

### AIM TO PLEASE MACHO MAN

Need foul mouth arrogant boss man for heavy V/A & pleasure. Sweaty tattoo'd dude who digs a queer between his legs for kinky pleasures. Top's attitude far more important than looks. Uncut dick big plus. Box 6532.

### ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT

straight-appearing inexperienced black male, age 31, 5'8", weight 160, looking for W/M, 26-42 for a discreet safe monogamous relationship. Loves to watch gladiator movies. Not into S&M. Box 6529.

### IF YOU LOVE TO SUCK DICK

and get fucked, I may be your man. W/M, professional, 6', 190, hairy, beefy, silver/black, 42, wants your hot lips and tight cheeks. Tits, tussle, much love, steady safe sex. 25-40, gentle, smaller than me OK. I have a companion. I need a sex buddy (or more). Photo/phone. Box 6527.

### WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more. Into enema and medical trips heavily tied and gagged by hairy extremely hung tattooed masters. 415-626-3047.

### WET AND WILD

I'm 5'6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. Into watersports (non-oral), lite bondage, leather, jockstraps, tit play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same. Box 6370.

### SUBMISSIVE WANTED

If you need sexual stimulation via intense, agonizing pleasure and gratification. (408) 659-3040.

### SERPENT TATTOO

Intrigued by the boyish fellow with the manly attributes, longish hair, pierced tits, all-over tan and front-to-back serpent tattoo. Please contact: Occupant, 584 Castro St., Suite 630, SF CA 94114-2588.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

### SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

### PISS SLAVE WANTED

Good-looking top wants to meet slim and sleazy guys into weed, bondage, piss fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6491. Pix?

### MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

### HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

### WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

### WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

### MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

### HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

### UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

### TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

### STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

### HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

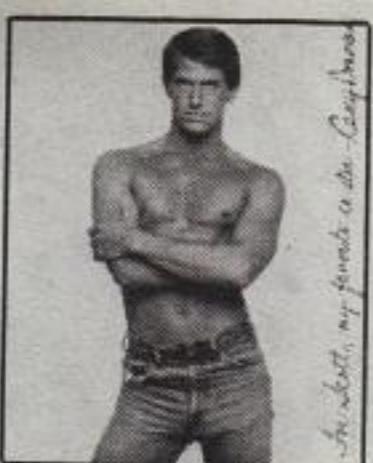
Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

### LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428.

### SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest; looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF).



# CASEY DONOVAN FUCKS SCOTT ANSWER IN AN ALL NEW KEY WEST MEMORY EARLY HOUSE

"Key West has always been one of our lifestyle's fantasy playgrounds. I can remember seeing Casey Donovan there many times over the years and thinking he was one of the hottest fantasies going. So, a lot of years ago, long before any of us had ever heard about AIDS, a Key West fantasy finally came true for me... and his name was Casey Donovan. I can't remember which was hotter, the sizzling afternoon temperature and humidity, or the eye contact going on between Casey and me... but lust took on a whole new meaning that afternoon by the Early House pool. I promised myself one thing, the Donovan-dick-of-dynamite swelling and throbbing in his skimpy white trunks was going to go off... up my ass. As I look back, the best part was that this "legend" was not only one of the hottest... but also one of the nicest men I'd ever met. And oh, what a fuck I was determined to give that man. Casey was in Key West this particular time on a shoot, and video equipment was being stored in his room. Even though neither of us knew much about the operation of the equipment, both of us thought it would be hot to capture the moment. And did we ever. Fucking and watching ourselves fuck-

ing on the monitor doubled the intensity, and we ended up with two things... a very hot dirty home movie, and a lasting friendship. There have always been only two copies of our Key West fuck... one for Casey, and one for me. Casey's gone now, but he had sent his Donovan/Answer copy to Mikal Bales at Zeus with a note saying "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Since Mikal and I have been involved in a relationship for a number of years, we decided to do just what Casey wanted. We went back to the best guest house in Key West... Early House... for me to recall that long ago fuck with Casey Donovan, and for Mikal to film it. After a sweaty, horny afternoon by the same pool, I went upstairs to the same room and worked my dick off hard and slow to a distant fantasy that had come true. "Early House" is a steamy, hot, tropically lush video of yours truly jacking off to the rock hard memory of Casey

Donovan's cock bludgeoning my eager ass. If you get off on two very horny blond men going at each other's bodies like lions in heat, take a VCR vacation to Key West with me and Casey. I know he'd love it. And as for me... thanks, Casey, this one's for you."

Scott Answer



## EARLY HOUSE

Casual Lodging in Paradise  
507 Simonton St., Key West, FL 33040  
(305) 296-0214

**EARLY HOUSE/ZV-1002** ..... \$59.00  
Proceeds from the video "EARLY HOUSE" will  
go to AIDS research in CASEY DONOVAN'S  
name from Zeus Studios & Publications

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## EARLY HOUSE

ZV-1002 EARLY HOUSE/\$59.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Approx. 55 min. video

VHS  Beta

TOTAL OF ITEMS \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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(I am over 21 years of age)





#### MASTER NEEDED

to control WM, 23, 6'1", 200. BD, hoods, gags, S/M, CBT, leather, etc. Safe, sane. Your scene, your way. Please help me expand my limits, sir! Box 6542

#### FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR

#### BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Attractive white boy, 27, waiting to follow orders of black tops. White trash needs discipline, verbal abuse, toilet duties. Box-holder, Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538

#### YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top. Mountain climb, run, tennis, hike, travel. (303) 972-4177.

#### DELAWARE

#### THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

#### CONNECTICUT

#### SWEATY FEET

Hot WM 29 will service your feet. Box 14023 Hartford, CT 06114.

#### DC-METRO

#### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

#### DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildos, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

#### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

#### SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200, 5'11", blond, little body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir, please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

#### MY ASS—YOUR FACE

Tall, muscular, lean, hung, hairy, man wants to play with your hole while I am on your face. Men, boys or slaves in shape, solid or slender, call Daddy (202) 667-6151

#### FLORIDA

#### TOP THIS OLD DADDY

Big bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S&M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

#### DAD WANTED

YOU: 30+, stable, top. ME: 32, 230, black/blue, beard/stach, into FF, ball stretching, B/D, verbal abuse, dildos, shaving, leather, poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed, healthy, HTLV-neg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return. (LF6058)

#### COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, pisshole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

#### ASSLICKER

39 yo. WM, 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", South Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

#### COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

#### BONDAGE TRAINEE

5'10", 175, 26, 8" cut, above-average looks, seeks hot! dominant top with equipped slave room fixtures, extensive leather, rubber, latex gear/toys for restraint, submission, control, sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, fetish exploration and, above all, achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only. Limits. All scenes approachable. Ft. Lauderdale area. Detailed letter, nude photo returned/mine, phone if possible. Box 6496LF

#### PISS ON ME

Use me, abuse me. Shaved head, 47, 175#, 5'10". Box 6072. Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949-6072

#### BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 yo., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM, chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF.

#### GEORGIA

#### SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

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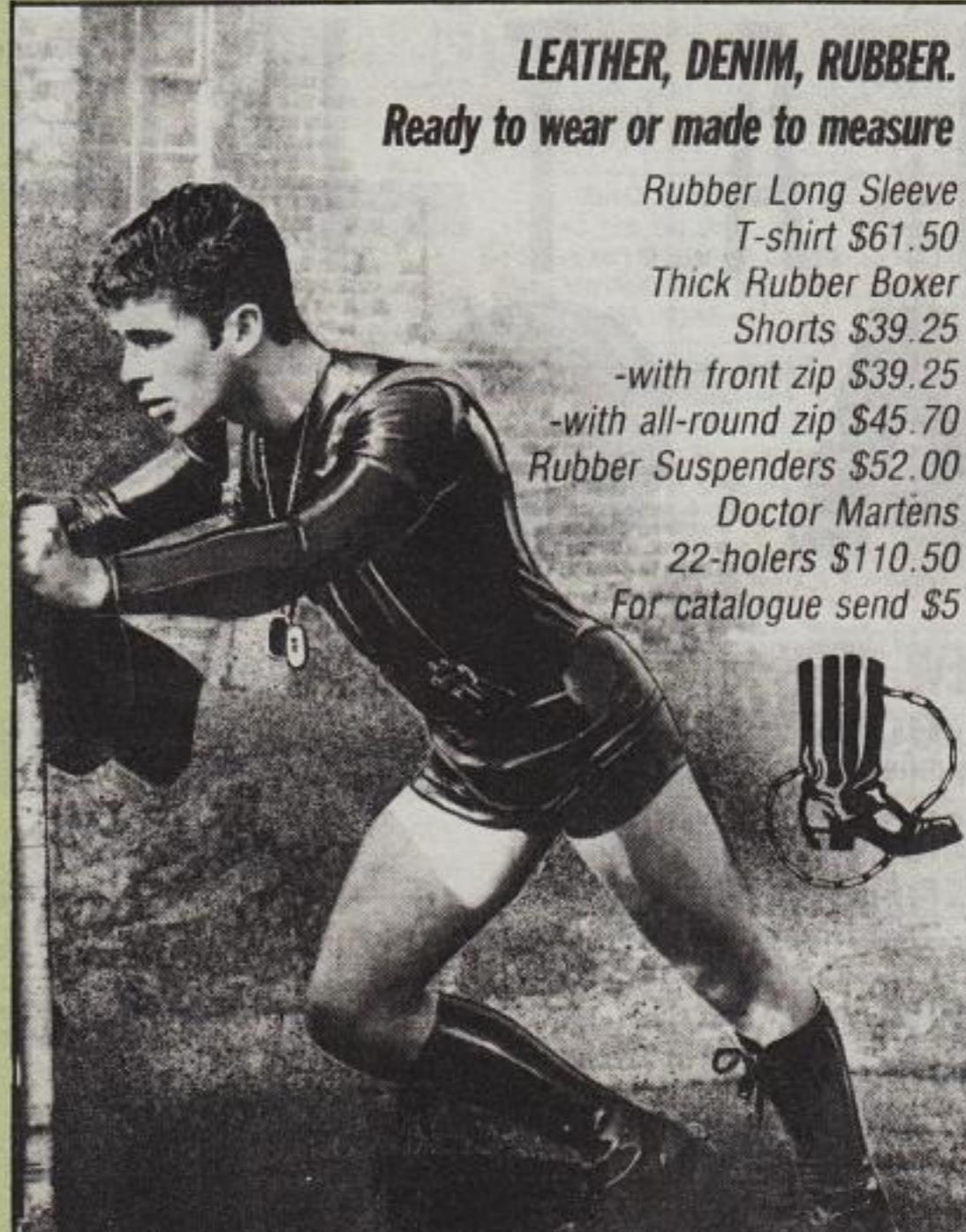
-with all-round zip \$45.70

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22-holers \$110.50

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## ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF).

## ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?

Versatile seeks same. You: ideally 5'8", 180, 30-45, stable, intelligent, aggressive, moustache/beard. Me: professional, 41, 5'10", 150, 8+, brown S&P, moustache; assertive, masculine, athletic. Not looking for love. Have playroom and lover. Looking for talented playmate. Only versatile men need reply with letter, photo, phone. Box 6572LF.

## NEW IN TOWN

GWM, 30, 5'10", 165, brown/blue, bearded, masc moving to Atlanta area in June and looking for other masc W/Ms 25-50 for possible relationship. Prefer bottom role. Into spanking, uniforms, wrestling, safe sex. Am open to other scenes. Also looking for work-out buddy. Mike, 157, East Blvd, Box 104, Montgomery, AL 36117.

## HAWAII

### MUSCULAR BLACK MALE

6 foot, 160 pounds, 30, 30-inch waist, 42-inch chest, Hispanic looks, wants muscular white male to play with. Answer with photo. Mike, 2542 Date #1405, Honolulu, HI 96826.

## ILLINOIS

### ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

### HORSE WANTED

6'1 1/2", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+, BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

### HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests: jocks, leather/Levi, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

## CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

### YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

## PUSSY BOY

WM 28 155 lbs. Good-looking stud needs emasculation, degradation, transformation into groveling pussycunt. Can travel all over. John Broyer, Box 43, Edwardsville IL 62026.

## INDIANA

### LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

### SEEKING MEN OF KINK

35 (look 25), 5'8", 135, muscular. Hot little guy seeks visual mental and/or physical stimulation with tops who can get down and dirty. Into most scenes from vanilla to make your own flavor. Teach me the Midwest isn't really this dull. Expand my horizons, please. Box 6552LF.

### V/A ASS BEATING

*Daddies:* plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. *Dick-suckers:* you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233LF

## LOUISIANA

### FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes. WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer cleanshaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF.

## KENTUCKY

### KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF.

## MASSACHUSETTS

### FUCK, "I'M STARVED"!!!

Relocated Master, W/M/29 5'8", 150#, 40" chest, 30" waist, hung/built, seeks slave menu to satisfied "hungry-man appetite"! Entice my hunger with meal photo (you) and menu (FR/a/p; Gr/p; toys; etc.) to: "RO" PO Box 2113, Columbia, Maryland 21045. Masters who share welcomed! Box 6546LF.

### SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

### SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-yo. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

### LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

### TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

### DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

### MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

### SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

### HAIRY TOPMAN

Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA, spit, boots and bondage. Seeks masculine, hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke/drugs/assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

### LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 5087, Natick, MA 01760-5087

## KANSAS

### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

## MARYLAND

### ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sire. I am 174, 6'3". Box 6153LF

### WANTED: GOOD OL' BOY

I'm GWM, 35, 5'9", 170 lbs. Passive! Looking for real types on lower Delmarva. This professional, HIV negative intellectual enjoys being pushed onto his knees and being told what to do. Beard, muscles a plus. Beer gut OK. Box 6569.



#### MASTER

Bound and gagged, this 38, WM is ready to serve. All fantasies, all responses answered by hot bottom-male. Box 6507

#### NEW ENGLAND SON

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

#### NEED SON'S DISCIPLINE

How would you teach a rotten father a good lesson? Youthful 45 y.o. W/M dad 5'9", 155, seeks a sadistic son in 20s or 30s to administer the razor strap and other forms of corporal punishment w/o mercy—at your place. No sex. All replies acknowledged, but those w/phone answered first. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6520.

#### MICHIGAN

##### BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, It. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark

Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

#### DESPERATE FOR MASTER

In heavy torture, S/M & B/D, to kidnap me for slave. Master into Jeans & Leather, age 21-49. Write and call who will kidnap me! Lyle Brian Leach, PO Box 665, Edwardsburg, Michigan. Ask for me only 1-616-699-5394.

#### HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

#### MINNESOTA

##### BONDAGE MASTER

Do you need to be tied, gagged and tortured by an experienced but sane bearded 34-year-old Master? Then send me a letter, including a picture and phone number. Permanent live-in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (LF6093)

#### MISSOURI

##### SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spank-

ing and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

#### SM IS SAFE SEX

##### 2 TOPS-HUNG-HORNY-W/PIG

slave available for other Masters. Into any S/M B/D scene in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and many toys. Special hot turn-ons TT, CBT, WS, VA, fisting, dirty talk, assplay, military, BI's, experimentation. One may bottom out for right stud. Limits respected and expanded. Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. Box 6565 LF.

#### LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 yo. Box 6468LF.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

##### WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

#### NEW JERSEY

##### RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

##### COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus-free nonsmoker into cock worshiping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

##### TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

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'THE ART OF EROTICISM'



#### LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ—(201) 874-6909. I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)

#### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

#### SLAVE WANTED

Northern NJ master seeks slave for evenings and weekend sessions. You will be properly abused and mistreated, but never harmed. For more information call George, (201) 661-1138, before 11 PM EDT.

#### BLACK FOOT MASTER WANTED

Discrete, divorced, mid-30s Wall Streeter seeks black man who needs his feet, sneakers, boots, raunchy socks constantly pampered. Am offering servitude not sex, and a warm smooth body to rest your feet on as you relax. A hot tongue between your toes as you sleep. Box 6480

#### PUSSY-BOY SEEKS DADDY/MASTER

Wm, 23, 5'3", 110 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, boyish good looks, seeks: blue collars, cops, bodybuilders, jocks and leathermen ages 35-55, 5'9"-6'5", with extremely muscular chest, arms and legs. Please, Daddy, let this hot little lad be your son slave and slut. Use and abuse me, turn me into a toy for your pleasure. I enjoy Light S/M, Mild B/D, W/S, Verbal Abuse, Leather, Spanking, Dildos and Boot Service. Letters with photo and phone will be answered. Write PO Box 25540, Newark, NJ 07101.

#### NEW YORK

##### WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

##### ANIMAL SEX WANTED

By husky leather top. Phone to: Bud Hughes, PO Box 20406, Columbus Circle Station, New York, NY 10023

##### SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard. Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6118LF

#### ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

#### HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

#### ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

#### TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

#### TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Me: good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr, 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky. NYC area. Box 6298LF

#### PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

#### NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for narcissistic, uninhibited, clean-cut, innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance & creative sadism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an on-going relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown/grey hair, athletic build, clean-cut & considered good-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is. Serious replies to Tom. Box 6381

#### SADIST 42

to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

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**CUSTOM FANTASIES DRAWN TO  
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### FORCED CELIBACY

Hairy, muscular slave, 5'8", 160 lbs., 31 y.o., seeks slim smooth master who would like control over my orgasms. Chastity belts, piercing, castration, genital modification are all possibilities. Let's be creative and experiment. F.L., 496A Hudson St., #15F, New York NY 10014.

### SPANNING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-40). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place/no parking problem. But write to: Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

### RECEIVING END UPSTATE

31, 150, 5'9", firm tight ass needs rough ride on your condom-covered cock. Healthy, attractive submissive desires to lick your balls, service your tool, and have face slapped with your big dick. Into spankings, bondage, dildos, V/A, and some cuddling given by masculine, hard, directive but warm, dominant. Monogamous relationship possible. Please include vital stats, Sir. Box 6361

### ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old, 5'9", 210 lb., Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JC hopeful is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung, chunky master, to fly back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke, poppers A-okay! Orders, phone/photo to Box 6506LF

### SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

### HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—38, blond/blue, trim beard. Call (212) 586-9646, if you're between 18-35.

### NOVICE BOTTOM

GWM, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., slim. Seeks similar type bodybuilder/leatherman top. Ages 29 to 37. Need top who is patient to show me the ropes. I'm into S/M, B/D, CBTT, hoods, leather. Safe sex/no sex. No drugs, heavy drinkers, or hustlers. Relationship possible. Send letter, photo to: PO Box 7510, New York, NY 10116

### MUTUAL NIPPLE ABUSE

Extremely hairy hot Scorpio, 45, 6'1", 180, 6" cut, short grey hair and beard, big nipples. Need my nipples pulled and twisted, will do same for you. 69—deep throat and rimming. Only dildos for assfucking. No condoms, no blood. You must be bearded, 40+, mutual. Box 6499LF

### RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

### CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

Novice bottom, HIV+, healthy and horny, needs training in SS from A-Z, anything that makes a hung Topman hard and ready to plow long and deep. I'm GWM, 46, 6', 195 lbs. UR HUNG, intense, dominant, horny and experienced. Box 5949LF

### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

### TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking. (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

### UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick dippin' time, buddy.

### LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

### LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, mustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

### SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

### GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough assplowing and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

### CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Photo/phone/description to box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

### KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/longterm bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket), stockade and pillory, confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

### BIG BEEFY WANTED

GWM, 30s, 6', handsome, smooth slim Gr/p, Fr/a/p, submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

### BLACK MASTER WANTED

by healthy servile white European slave. 42, 5'10", 165 lbs., 8 1/2" semi-cut. I need hot and horny abuse from a demanding black master into S&M, CBT, TT, BD, WS, toilet training. Whip me and teach me to worship and totally service your black body. Will travel. Suite K52, 496A Hudson Street New York, NY 10014

### LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

### GERMAN S&M

Visit East Coast September, master 30, 6'3", 176 lbs.; slave 40, 5'11", 174, bodybuilder, into EG, spanking, BD, CBT, tits. Want to meet singles, couples or groups. Interested in sexual and nonsexual meeting, information, correspondence. Write: Postlagerkarte 084532A, 5000 Koeln 1, West Germany

### DADDY NEEDS DISCIPLINE

From stud/son who demands obedience from his passive Daddy. Failure is punished by humiliation, verbal abuse, enforced wearing fem undies, baby panties. Letter with photo, phone. Box 6484

### SHIT PIG

Shit eater seeks top feeder or guy into mutual scenes for heavy duty shit/filth action and monogamous relationship. Prefer man who likes keeping his ass raunchy and stinking between dumps. I test HIV neg., have been very careful; expect same. Am 40, 5'10", average build; NYC. Box 6465

### STRAIGHT GUY

27, healthy, muscular, tattooed, bluecollar worker available as victim. Kidnapping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation, bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse, brainwashing. Heavy trips. Box 6464

### DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY/SON

Forget: pain, loneliness, sleaze. Surrender: body, mind, total sex service. Become: owned, appreciated, joyfully used. Get: leathermaster, joy, security, permanence. Age, looks? Attitude's more! Experienced/inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful, returned, undemanded. Your chance for top-man's love, home, happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF.

### BORN TO FIST?

NYC FF expert, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., smooth gym bod, slick hand, wild hole, with playroom & sling, seeks versatile very horny trim hot local FF buddy 20-40 to 160 lbs., into body worship, JO oil wrestling, smoke, aroma and awesome mutual fisting, hopefully repeatable; of course, safely. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

### MASTER/TOP

seeking slave bottoms who are serious about the life style, but who are not looking for permanent relationships . . . I travel and can be almost anywhere at will . . . I want to enjoy the friendships as well as the S/M relationships I seek . . . I am a sadist . . . and I will enjoy your discomforts . . . BUT I WILL NEVER HARM YOU. Contact Box 4255LF.

### HEAVY DUTY BONDAGE TRIPS

See ad under "Models New York."

### LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stach. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both it. Total Leather/Police uniforms. Light V/A-B/D-TT pot & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

### HEAVY PSYCHODRAMA

Masochist seeks Humiliation, Pain and Degradation—Dog Training; Maid Service; Sex Slave; Queer Abuse; Demented Parent/Child; Heavy Kink. Heavy Verbal Assaults. Restrictions, Restraints, CBTT, Substance. Mid 30's, good looking, hung, open minded, perverse. Arouse me and Use me. me slaveboy; You, Sir. Let me be your queer. Box 6570.

### ANIMALS

WM, 36, 5'10", 150, hot body, hairy, trim beard, balding, wants to meet experienced or novice to scene. Box 6540.

### OBEDIENCE THRU DISCIPLINE

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment. Spanking, kissing balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip. You may now strip, tie your balls up and write me. Let me know you. Box 6536.

# NOW YOU HAVE TWO REASONS TO BUY VITA-MEN



You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu, along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what is going around, we honestly feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert.

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

#### VITA-MEN LABS

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San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Quick! Before this offer expires, send me TWO month's supply of VITA-MEN for the price of one—\$24.95.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Charge it to my  VISA  MASTERCARD

No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## SPECIAL 2 for 1 OFFER!





#### NYC BODYBUILDER

looking to be tussled up helplessly. GWM, 29, 5'9", 165, Br/Br, clean shaven, wants to be roped tightly. Also wrestling, TT, CB, etc., etc. Safe only. Phone/photo to Box 6534.

#### SEXY PISS DRINKER

Hot, clean cut, 38, healthy bottom seeks handsome healthy top man who likes to be serviced. Photo/photo if possible Box 6528.

#### WRESTLE TO SUBMISSION

Big 6'5" 210 wrestler challenges anyone to a no-holds-barred wrestling match. Nude oil matches are my specialty. Box 6514.

#### JEW-BOY SLAVE NEEDS

Anti-semitic Master to whip humiliate, discipline and make me lick your Christian feet. I'm 25, 6'2", 205. Master is Christian, hates Jews. Like Latins, Italians and blonde neo-Nazi types. Send photo. Box 6512.

#### CANING

Long and hard. The way you dreamed it. From strict disciplinarian, 5'10", 165 lbs., PO Box 1156, Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028.

#### DOMINATION

Very handsome, muscular, masculine BB Topman/Master W/M 33 6'1" 180 uncut Hot... requires submissive slaves (young athletic types to 35) for obedience training, domination, degradation, spanking B&D, body worship and servitude. Safe sex only. Joe: Box 223, Forest Hills, NY 11375.

#### SAFE HOT J.O.

Attractive, muscular, masculine GWM 35 5'8" 145, seeks hot athletic types to 35. Enjoy hot muscle scenes, street fighting fantasy, wrestling and body worship. Jim Box 223, Forest Hills, NY 11375.

#### PASSIVE/OBEDIENCE LI'er

GWM, 36, 5'10", blond, blue-eyes, 165, good build, seeks dominant person for fun, friendship and possible relationship on Long Island or Northeast Queens. Call evenings (718) 454-2354.

#### LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITY IN DEAR SIR

#### ACCOMPLISHED FIST-FUCKERS

wanted. Big hole seeks same. Both ways encounters and search for other arms. 35, 5'9", 160. Box 358, Cooper Station, NY 10003.

#### NORMAL GUY

Masc. handsome, HIV-neg., intelligent, WM 30 5'8", 165, seeks friendly bearded masc. top more into reading these ads than answering them. Beer belly, hairy a plus. Phone/photo a must. Box 6086 GCS NY NY 10163.

#### HORNY CHELSEA MAN

5'11", 175, 35, dark hair, blue eyes, beard, hairy, craves hot guys who like to fuck ass. Also into sucking, WS, deep kissing, rimming, and raunchy "anything-goes" sex. No phone J/O. 212-627-0685. Box 20099-LTS, NYC 10011.

#### NORTH CAROLINA

#### PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

#### COASTAL CAROLINAS

Crystal Coast to Grand Strand. White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top, Bottom, Experienced or novice, into Leather, Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff, if you're reading this I want to hear from you. Inland responses welcomed. Box 5979LF

#### OHIO

##### DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

##### LEATHER/MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure, 45, successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke, prefer monogamous relationship within a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phone gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati, OH 45241

##### DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

#### OREGON

##### PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

##### LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

##### ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

##### YOUNG BEAVERTON PISS PIG

Needs nasty top seriously into W/S, scat, ass fucking, photographing. Tony (503) 292-6133.

#### PENNSYLVANIA

##### BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/photo answered first. (LF4257)

#### SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottom-men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

#### RHODE ISLAND

##### FAT MEN

Over 250, any age. Let me lick your ass. Send photo. Box 6311

##### MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

#### TENNESSEE

##### YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490

##### MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br/br, professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF.

#### TEXAS

##### DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

##### AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

##### WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

##### BROWNNOSES

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

#### READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

#### LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

#### SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SIR

##### LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

#### TOILET SLAVE

late 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098

#### MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

##### HOT SPANKINGS

Masculine Dad, 5'10", 175 lbs., spanks bad boys 18-40, in San Antonio. You will be turned over my knee and given a firm bare-bottom spanking with hand or hair brush. Limits respected—spanking videos to see. Discretion needed and assured. Write with phone number Box 6456

#### HOUSTON ASS SNIFFERS

Arrogant well-hung stud, 6'165 lbs., uses and abuses brownnosing wimpy. Box 6504

##### NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES

Attractive W/M, B/B, 30s, 5'11", 175 lbs., HIV-neg., Moustache, cut, wants to meet W/M 20s-30s (no beards/cigars) for safe and hot ass-stretching sessions. Expand my colon or yours. In Dallas, but travel Texas/Oklahoma/Louisiana. Send photo/letter. Box 6547LF.

#### BONDAGE TOP

GWM, dominate, uninhibited, good looking, nice body, 32, 5'8", 140, 30" waist, brown/blue, mustache. Seeking hot, trim, submissive young male for safe sex. Send letter with fantasy, desires, limitations, photo and phone. Enjoy bondage, CBT, spanking, light S&M. Box 6517.

#### AUSTIN SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 34, 6'2", 190, bearded, into leather, CBT, bondage, WS, VA, bodypunching. Open-minded—crave the abuse described in "S&M Wrestling." Drummer #115. You: dominant, 20s to 40s, facial hair, kinky, honest, safe. Can you tie me up, work me over, make me beg for more? Sir, please write! Box 6515.

#### MORE, PLEASE SIR, DADDIE

I'm 26, 5'11", 174 lbs and very hot and horny. And I clearly understand that my duties as a slave/boy are to obey any command that is given to me, whether it be drinking piss, licking boots or licking off every last drop of hot man sweat from my Master/Daddie's body. My closet is stocked with leather, rubber, and many different toys that can be used any way you see fit. Please call, 817-860-6290.

#### MILITARY HAIRCUT VIDEOS

of young men getting shorn to the scalp. Info to Edward, Suite C132, 3724 Boca Chica Blvd., Brownsville, TX 78521.

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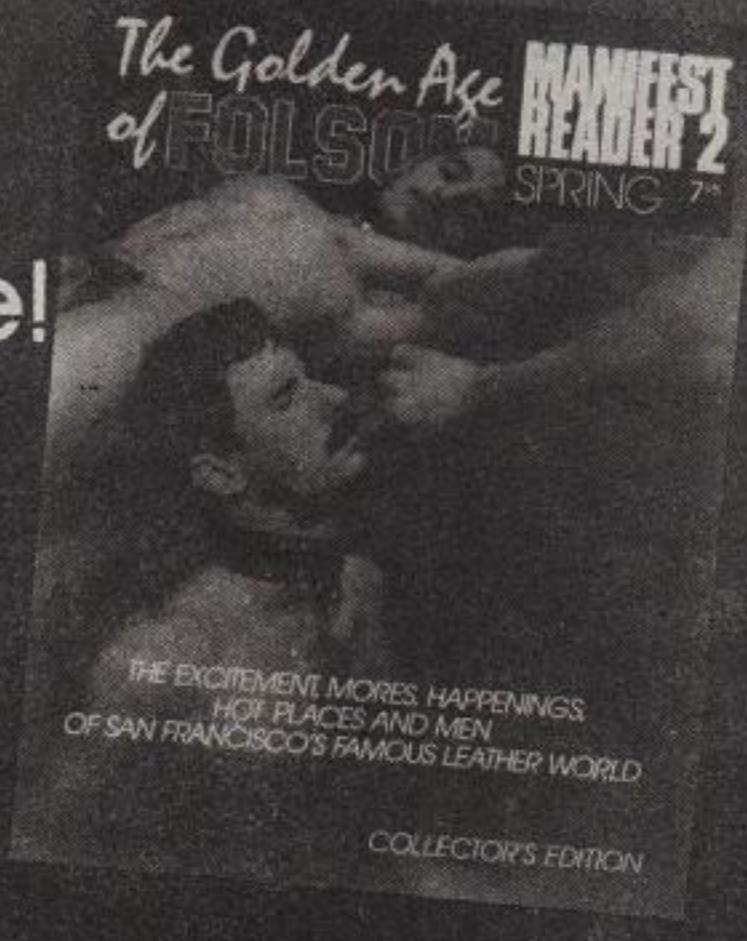
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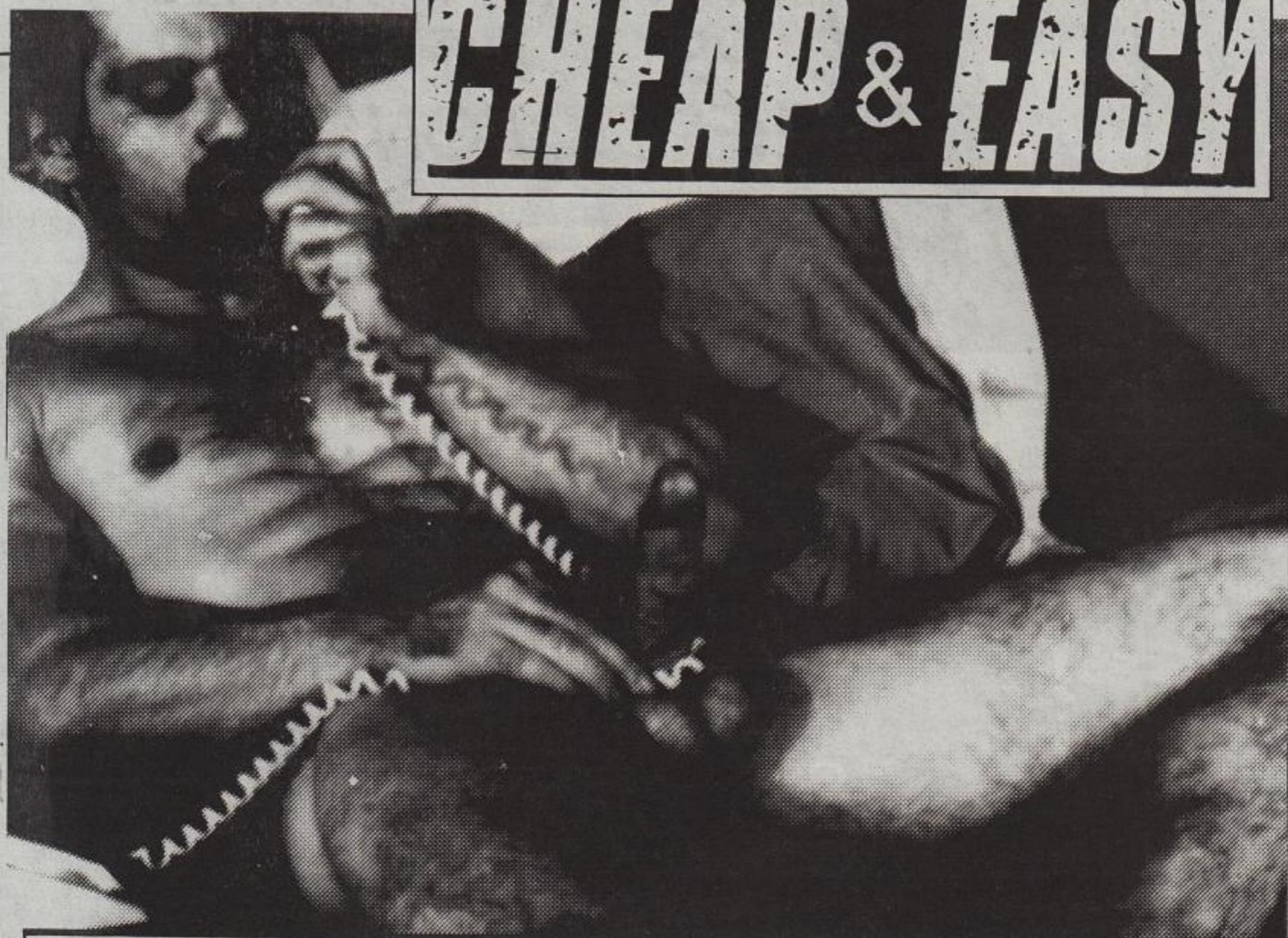
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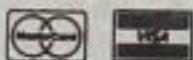
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# DRUMMER DADDIES

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### VIRGINIA

#### BB SLAVE

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs, 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike, Box 6206LF

#### 2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON

GWM, 33, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock . . . GWM, 30, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. Seek slave/son for training. Anything goes. We demand you provide. Photo, phone. David Miller, Box 530 Portsmouth, VA 23703.

#### BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

### WASHINGTON

#### EXPANSION WANTED

"One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

#### FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

with huge hands wanted by hot, bearded leatherman. Box 6535.

### INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

#### MASOCHIST SEEKS DESTINY

Experienced English masochist (37), great body, attractive, sincere, fit, healthy, mobile, seeks imaginative, strong-minded sadist/master/satanist for absolute mental and physical submission. Worships all S/M activity but now seeking real pain, utter depravity and exquisite pleasure through total slavery. And perhaps crucifixion. Available anytime, anywhere—quite genuine. 6299LF

#### ENGLISH SLAVE

36, seeks heavy Masters Europe or States. Whipping, SM, CBT, TT, dirty, FF, anything. Box 6537.

#### SEEKING LOVER/MASTER/MATE

Handsome, sensual, masculine, intelligent Australian, 29, 6'2", 76 kg, aesthetically hirsute, olive complexion, great face & arse, seeks his true master in the world: a tall, swarthy, very good-looking young man, possessed of a huge, magnificent, very thick, proud phallus and a powerful, perceptive mind with which to probe my considerable depths. I want to be hypnotically bound to my master to give him ultimate control over our length love-making sessions and the power to mould my mind and body. I will give unrestricted loyalty, devotion and true love and friendship to a constructive, responsible and considerate guy who I can trust. View to eventual relocation from Germany. Box 6510.

### ENGLAND

#### HOT LEATHER GUY

32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954. Box 6241LF.

#### RAPE

Bearded 35 Bottom, 6' needs roughfucking face and ass, by Cops, Uniforms, Bikers, Leather Guys, Rough Tops, Workmen, B.B.'s. One or a gang. Heavily into Bondage, S/M. Also need Hung Dominant Topman for regular Rope/Leather sessions. Not into play-acting, just getting used. Travelling U.S. Australia 1988/89. U.K. and Europe regularly. Like Socialising with Top also. Photos and details of action please. Box 6230LF

#### 32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF

#### SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

muscular, dark-haired, bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health (HTLV neg., reg. tested) wants to meet you—either at his place or on his frequent visits to USA and Canada—if you are 28-50, a willing kinky bottom, masculine, muscular, preferably hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay. FF, titwork, lots of raunchy action inc. W/S, scat and mainly long mutual rimming sessions. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/photo Boris Rahm Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland (LF 5048).

### CANADA

#### DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

#### B&D/S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me, B&D/S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in "fantasies" with total strangers, or with people who only relate to me from their "fantasy role." I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D/S&M scenes, and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or "boths"), experienced or not, who want to get to know each other as people first, and then expand into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs., considered goodlooking, Vancouver resident. Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger, Van/Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people who reply with a photo and a phone number. Box 6551LF.

#### QUEBEC

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois. Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C., Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

### ENGLAND

#### HOT LEATHER GUY

32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954. Box 6241LF.

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#### LIK MY BOOTS

Muscular 22 y.o. Italian, 5'10", 8". Bootlover seeks other bootworshippers, skinheads, body-builders, for dirty letter, photo, phone swap. Box 6530

#### BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pierced, 41-year-old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos, letters, calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

### FRANCE

#### DISCIPLINE IN PARIS

Dad spanks unruly boys. Box 6498

### ITALY

#### ITALIAN BIG TONGUE

48-170-72 Italian, earnest, youthful, seeks very tall masculine-muscular-hairy friends, from 21 to 45. I enjoy to be trodden, to sit on my face, stomach to lick feet, round asses, to feel my neck pressed. NO ANAL SEX. Welcome bodybuilders, photos appreciated. Box 6543.

### JAPAN

#### DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

### WEST GERMANY

#### K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, B&D. Top or bottom, can take what I dish out. All military, MPs, SPs, especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers write too, stateside or in Europe. (Often in U.S.) Here's your chance—sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6454LF

#### HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 195. Looking for other Tops who live leather, uniforms, rasslin' and BMW or Harleys. I'm the Man of your dreams and the Man of your nightmares. Macho Men with Moustaches a Must, all others save your stamps. Write "Major Mauler" Box 6410LF.

#### SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

SOUTHERN GERMANY Leathermaster seeks slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D, shaving, TT, CBT, humiliation, etc., as I see fit until you become the perfect boot-licking leather slave. Age not important. Application with photo and phone. Serious only! Box 6553LF.

#### GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S/M turn me on. German, 42, 6'4", 185 lbs., uncut, wants to get in touch with interested leathermen top/bottom. Into CB/T, TT, B/D, shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in USA Oct. 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF.

### DADDIES 1



### DADDIES 2



### DADDIES 3



### BERLIN/GERMANY

Leather turns me on! German leatherman, blond 43/6'2" 180 uncut, wants to meet hot leathermen for action in leather. Into CBT, WS and like to learn new things! Will be in USA Dec. 88. Letter with photo to: Hans-Georg Blahs, Stresemannstr. 74 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

### COMPUTERS

#### S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system kinky message base private male matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713 modem only. System password is DRUMMER.

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#### BOUND & GAGGED

That's the name of a new bimonthly magazine containing true-life adventures in erotic male bondage, collected by the founder of the New York Bondage Club. Write for subscription to The Outbound Press, Suite 729, Dept. D, 263A West 19 St., NYC 10011.

#### RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmet and gag shown in Drummer 64, page 12, and special helmet in 112 Drummer 86 pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remewear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

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X-hustler sells it over the phone. Italian, hung thick with lots of cheese, rank butt hole. On your knees and start dialing. MC/VISA. (212) 645-5043

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# Hallelujah! Slick is back!



With this issue of *Drummer* we welcome the return of slick paper for improved photo reproduction and for COLOR!

In the next eight pages you will find a few photos from recent *Fetish* and

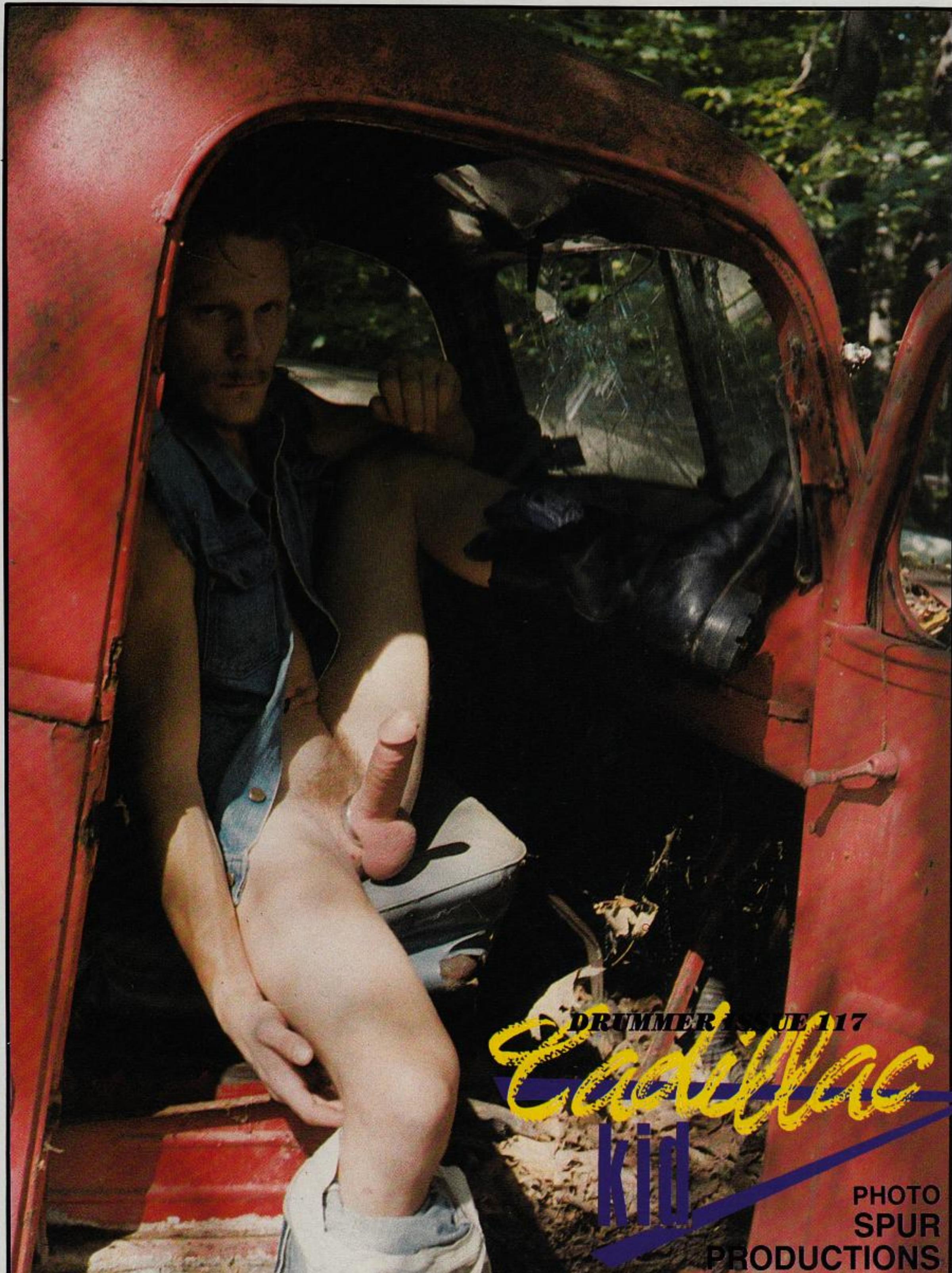
Photo features—Kind of our way of saying we're sorry we didn't do this sooner. Here's the way some of those photos would have looked—and a clue to how much improved things will be in future issues.

Fleiderman

**DRUMMER ISSUE 115**

**WRESTLING**  
**FETISH FEATURE**

**PHOTO BY**  
**BG WRESTLING**

A color photograph of a person in a red Cadillac car. The person is wearing a blue denim jacket and jeans, and is holding a baby in a car seat. The car is parked in a wooded area. The title 'Cadillac Kid' is overlaid on the bottom right of the image.

DRUMMER 117

*DRUMMER 117*  
**Cadillac**  
**kid**

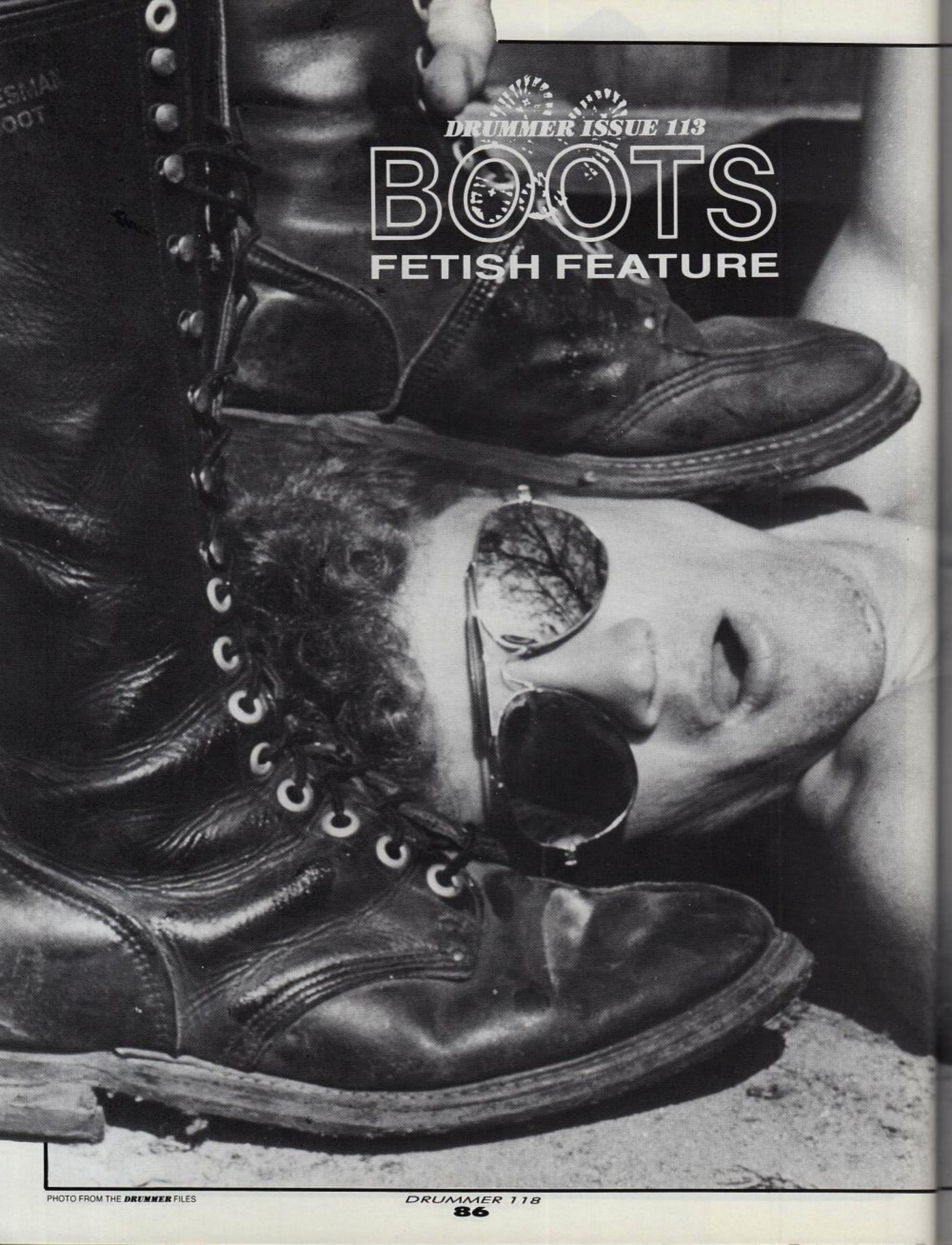
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**DRUMMER ISSUE 116**

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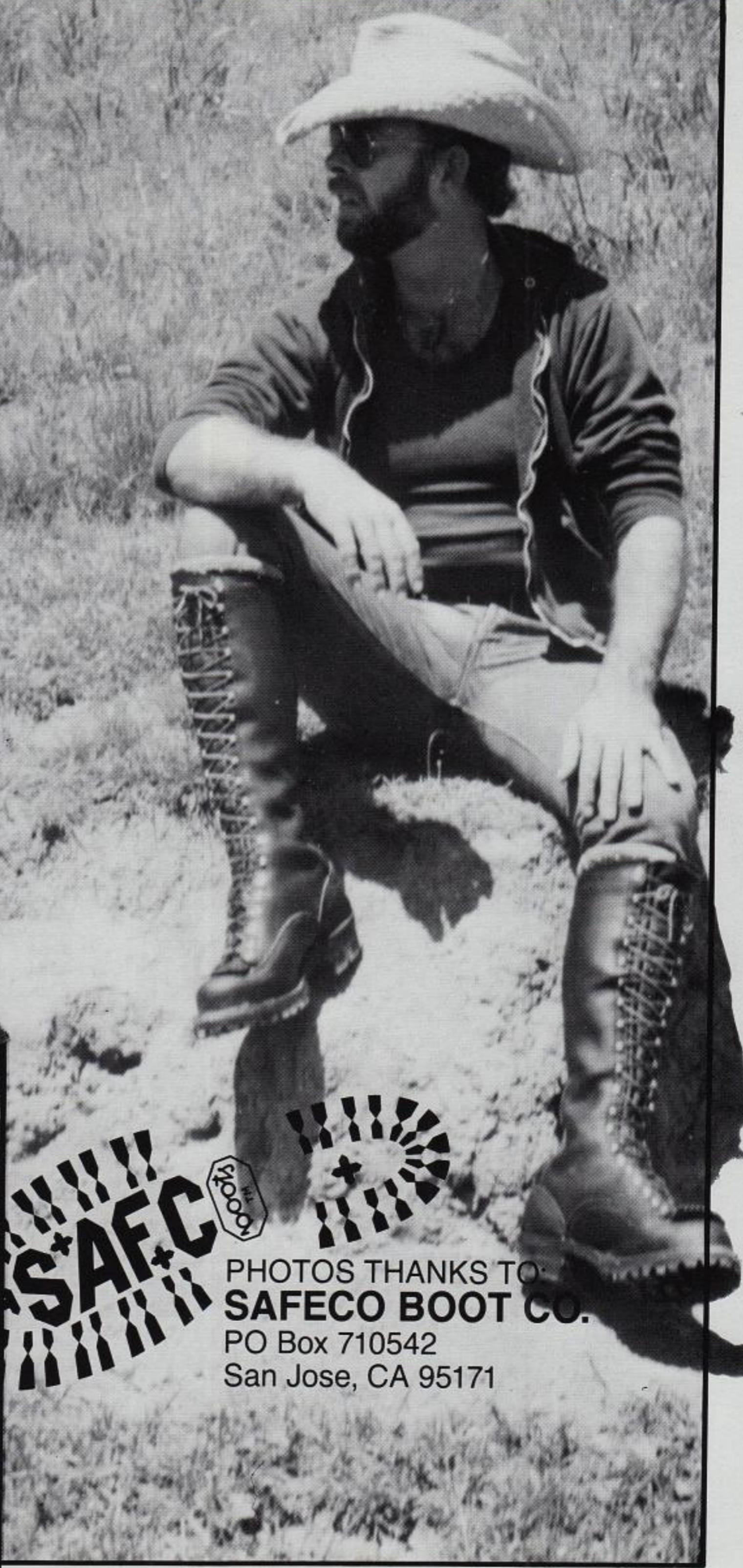
## **FETISH FEATURE**



DRUMMER ISSUE 113

# BOOTS

## FETISH FEATURE



SAFECO



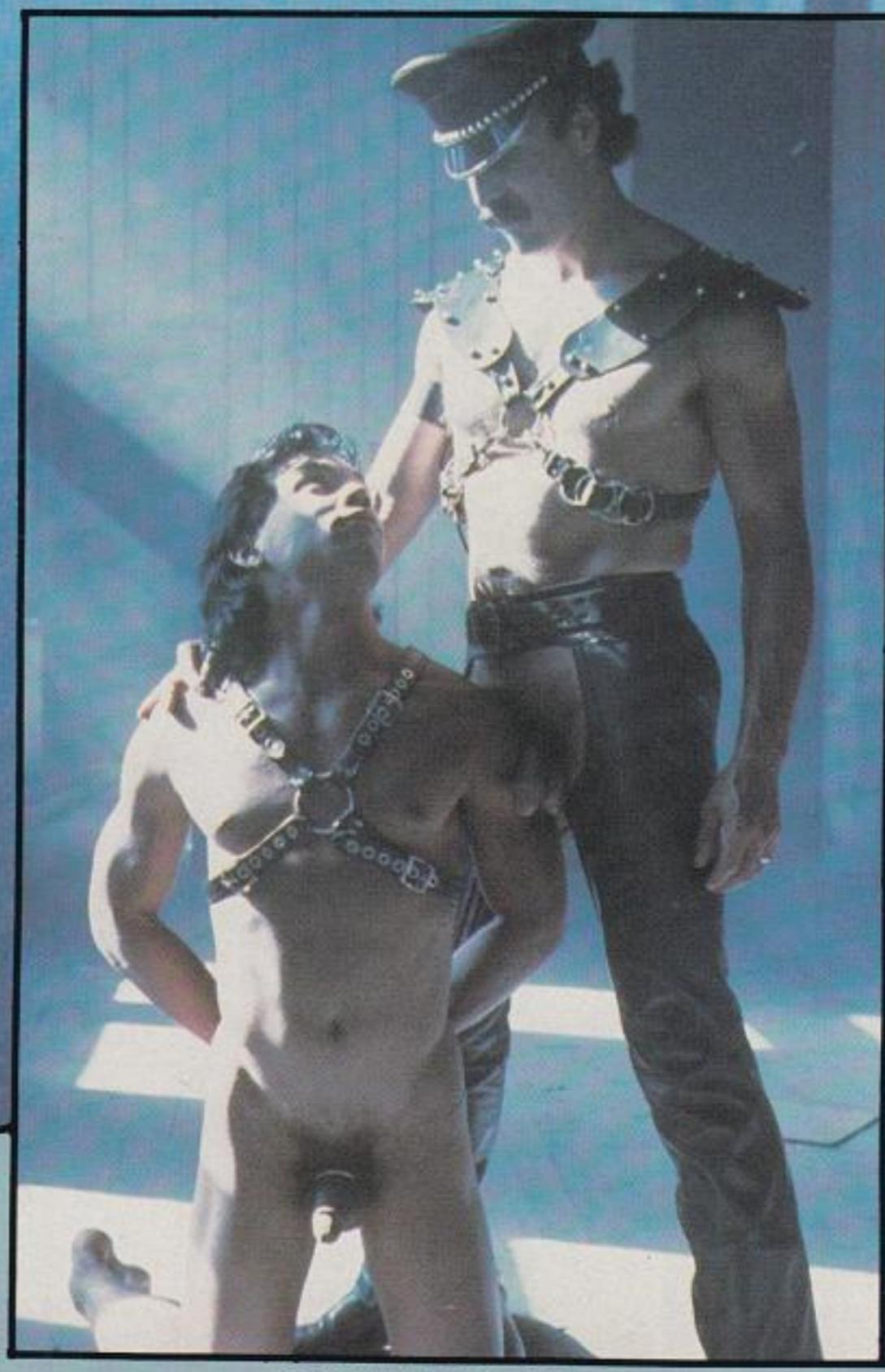
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**DRUMMER ISSUE 115**

# **PLAYING WITH LIGHT AND LEATHER**

**photos by Adam & Company**





DRUMMER 118



## HAIR & SHAVING

**FETISH FEATURE**  
**DRUMMER ISSUE 114**



PHOTOS BY  
OLD RELIABLE VIDEO

# R CROSS ADS



WHERE  
LEATHERMEN  
MEET

## CROSSROADS . . .

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business tells you that they welcome Leathermen. By accepting the ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too.

-Fiedermaus

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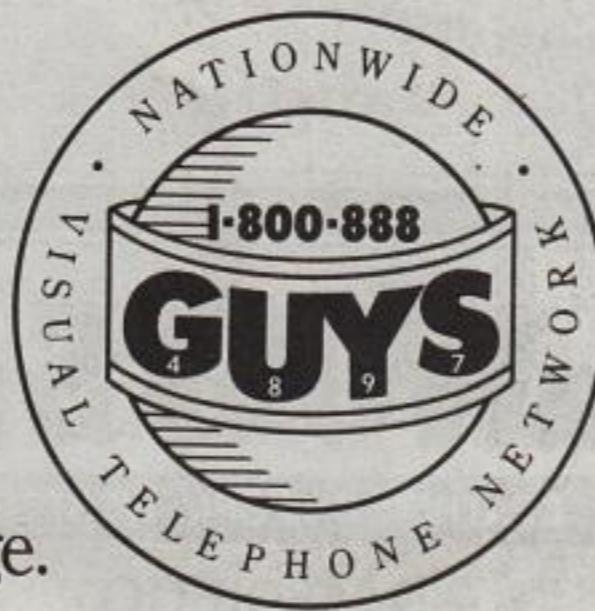
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Nationwide Conferences:

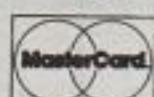
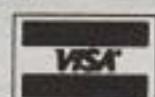
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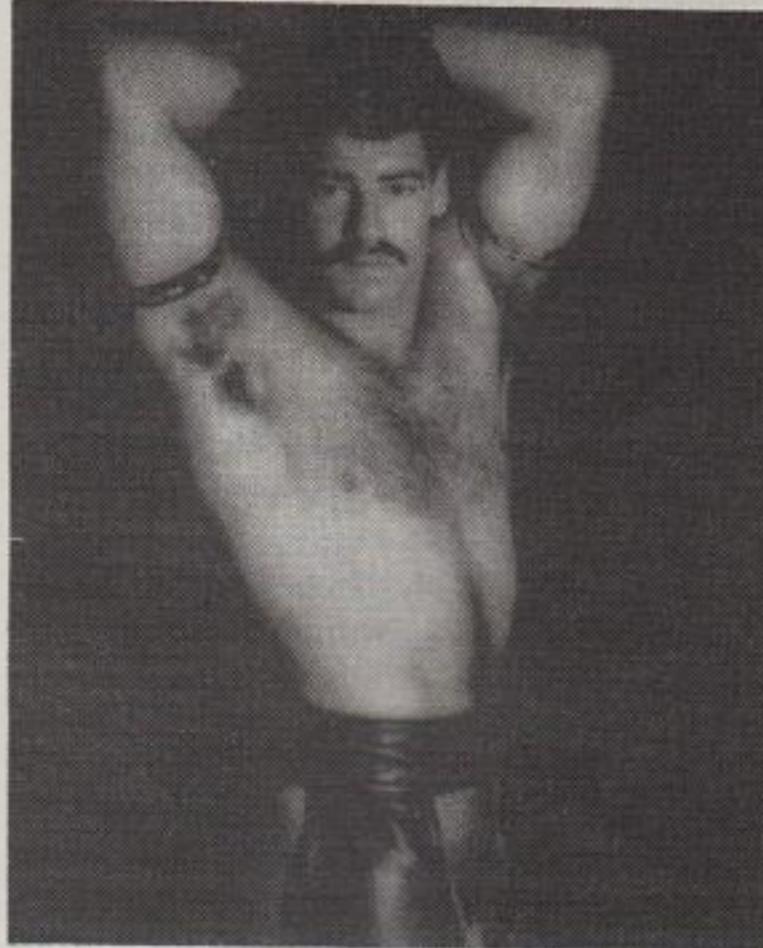


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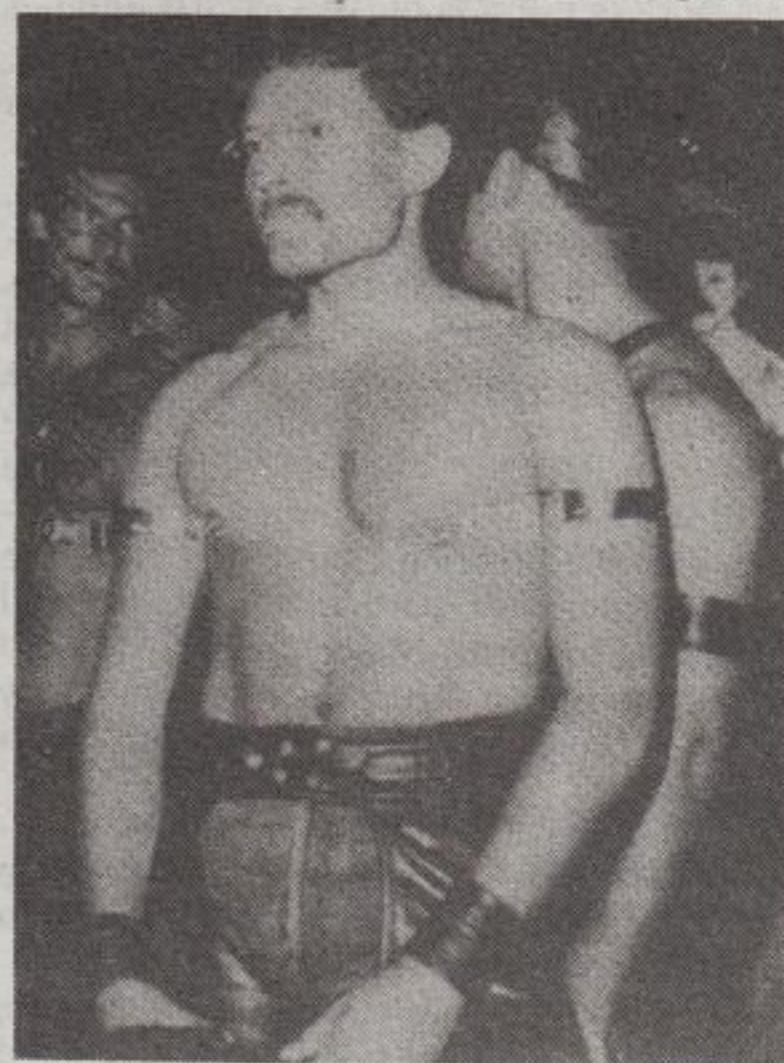
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# Mr. Drummer Contest Update

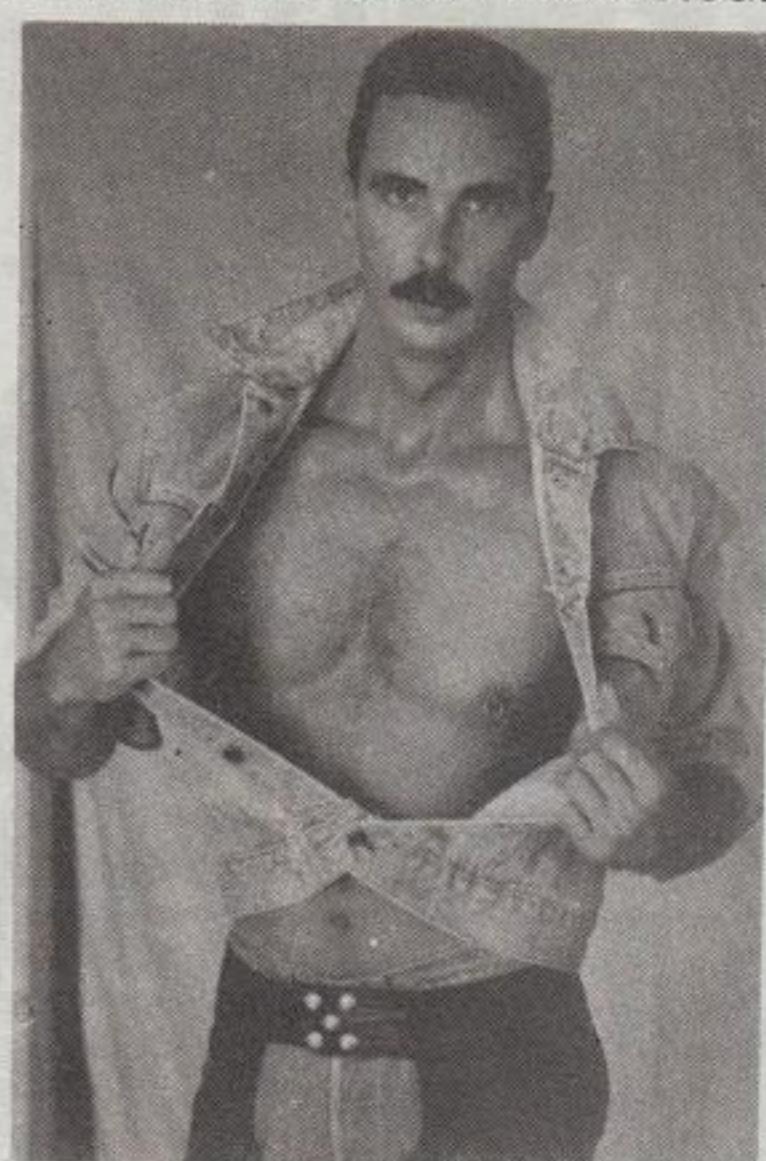
As we go to press, three of the 1988 Mr. Drummer regional finalists have been selected:



Tacky's, Ft. Lauderdale's Levi/leather bar, staged the Mr. Southeast Drummer contest for the sixth time in a two-day competition emceed by Mark Alexander, reigning Mr. Drummer. The winner is Marcos, a 24-year-old student who sponsored himself in this contest. He's 5'8" and weighs 170 tasty-looking lbs. Tacky's awarded Marcos a \$2500 cash prize and judging from his photo he seems worth every penny.



Both Mark Alexander and Mike Murray (Mr. Drummer 1986) were first victorious as Mr. Southern California Drummer in contests held at Probe in Los Angeles. This fall they'll be sending us Mark Klein, a bartender at Der Wolf in San Diego, which sponsored him in the regional contest. Mark is 30, 6'2" and 210 lbs.



The new Mr. Northern California Drummer is Jim Kahl, who won his title at the SF Eagle in an event sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. Jim stands 6'4", has pierced tits and a Ph.D. in Chemistry!

—KJL

## Mr. Drummer 1988

Contest Finals and Show  
September 24, 1988

Fifteen of the hunkiest leathermen in the world will enact their hottest fantasies for you on the stage of San Francisco's huge Galleria. The show is being produced by Up Your Alley Productions and proceeds will be split among several gay charities around the country. Reserved seating, great entertainment, and acres of black leather and male flesh! BE THERE!

### Leather Pride Weekend

The Mr. Drummer Finals form the apex of a full weekend of leather activity that will start with a party at the San Francisco Eagle on Wednesday Sept 21. On Thursday night Mr. S, Alan Selby, will host another of his infamous Fetish and Fantasy parties at the Powerhouse. In previous years virtually all of the S/m clubs in the Bay area, male and female, gay, straight and bisexual, have contributed segments to an entertaining and often riotous program for this fundraiser for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Up Your Alley is sponsoring a Leather Pride party in the Ballroom of the San Franciscan Hotel on Friday, Sept. 23. And on Sunday thousands of leather men and women will come to their street for the annual Folsom St. Fair. All in all, it's a great way to wind up the summer.

Come to San Francisco to cheer on your Mr. Drummer

regional winner and join in one of the biggest Leather parties going. For information on Mr. Drummer contest packages, with and without lodging, contact Up Your Alley Productions, 584 Castro St. #504, San Francisco, CA 94114 or phone Jerry Vallarie at 415-864-6435. □

As this issue goes to press the following contests are about to be held. We will publish the results in the next issue of Drummer:

Mr. Dixie Drummer	June 19	The Eagle, Atlanta, GA
Mr. Northeast Drummer	June 25	The Garage, NY, NY
Mr. Southwest Drummer	July 3	Chutes, Houston, TX
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer	July 3	Charlotte, NC
Mr. New England Drummer	July 24	Underground, Portland, ME
Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer	Aug. 6	Tracks, Denver, CO
Mr. Midwest Drummer	Aug. 14	The Dock, Cincinnati, OH
Mr. Great Lakes Drummer	Aug. 19	Detroit Eagle, Detroit, MI
Mr. Great Plains Drummer	Aug. 26-27	Windjammer, Kansas City, MO
Mr. Europe Drummer	Aug. 27	Eagle Bar, Amsterdam
Mr. Northwest Drummer	Sept. 4	Celebrities, Vancouver, BC
Mr. East Canada Drummer		MC Faucon, Montreal, PQ

# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



**THE 15 ASSOCIATION** continues its program of monthly play parties. One of the bonuses of being on their mailing list is the monthly illustration by LES that accompanies each party announcement! This one is for the June "Tit & Balls Nite".

## SSCA PROGRESS REPORT

Safe-Sane-Consensual Adults (SSCA), created at the Dallas Planning Conference last February, is an outgrowth of the SM/Leather Contingent to the October 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. The Dallas Planning Conference resulted in the creation of SSCA and election of a nine-person Interim Steering Committee charged with organizing responsibilities. Subsequently the steering committee was expanded to include regional representatives from the Pacific Northwest (Judy Tallwing McCarthy, Portland, OR), the Rocky Mountains area (Cooper Aaxton, Denver), and Metropolitan New York City (Barry Douglas, NYC).

"SSCA is an historic coalition in that its constituency is pan-sexual. It seeks the active participation of heterosexual, bisexual, lesbian and gay people," Stacy Dennen, ISC Co-chair, reminds us. The empowerment of the steering committee required that women and minorities occupy visible positions of leadership in the new coalition.

The Interim Steering Committee accomplished a lot of work during its meetings Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. They

refined the draft Statement of Purpose and a companion statement of Goals and Objectives. Three proposals for a voting structure were determined. Representation, including organizations with a strong provision for individuals, was determined based upon creation of ten geographic regions encompassing the United States and Canada.

An outline for Bylaws was established. Administration of SSCA was also considered by the committee. A consensus was established that a well populated Board should set policy for the organization. A smaller Steering Committee should be responsible for ongoing administrative functions. Standing committees responsible to the Steering Committee could be established for particular activities and special interests. Major decisions would be referred to the national constituency for a vote by the membership as a whole.

Membership, voting and a dues structure were crucial items of business. Three categories of organizational membership were proposed: Full member organizations (with full privileges and voting rights); Associate member organizations (limited participation, no voting rights) and Supporting members (Businesses, no voting rights). Dues or other financial obligations would be dependent upon membership classification.

SSCA's proposed Statement of Purpose mandates promoting the rights of adults to engage in all safe, sane and consensual erotic activities. Initial programs will serve to increase communication and cooperation between individuals, organizations and business within the community.

Los Angeles community activist, Sheree Rose, explains the importance of this national coalition, "SSCA is a national body that transcends your sexual preference. We are a family of kinky people, both heterosexual and homosexual." She continues, "We are all in this together. Our community is coming of age."

SSCA is writing a report of its progress thus far. It will be available by July 1st to interested organizations and individuals. To receive information about SSCA or to participate in its forthcoming comprehensive survey please write SSCA, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Donations are appreciated to cover mailing costs as well as to support the work of this coalition.

—John Ferrari, Co-Chair

## LEATHER MAY DAY CELEBRATION

The National Leather Association and the Seattle Dungeon Guild co-sponsored a well-attended May Day celebration in Seattle on April 29 through May 1, 1988. Play parties, workshops, bar nights, and a contest served as a successful microcosm of NLA's annual Living in Leather conference.

Friday night's mixed gender party com-

peted with Sunday's Mr. and Ms NLA contest as the highlight of the weekend. "The energy of Friday's party matched that of any male-only leather run I have attended," commented Jerry Crumpley. "Heteros, lesbians and gays indulged their pleasures next to one another with the greatest of ease and comfort."

Topics of Saturday's four educational workshops were Novices; Show and Tell (or My Favorite Toy); Piercing, both temporary and permanent; and Whipping.

Sunday night's contest culminated the weekend and continued May Day's pan-sexual theme. Four women and six men competed within the same contest for the titles of Ms and Mr. NLA. Winners Steve Maidhof and Cherie Matisse were chosen because of their commitment and acute sensitivity to representing both men and women in the leather community. Maidhof is a founder and former President of NLA. He keeps very busy producing various local events for Seattle's leather community. Matisse has over 20 years experience in political activities. She is coordinating the fashion presentation for Living in Leather III. The title holder will represent NLA at their respective International Mr./Ms Leather contests.

Participation of organizations from British Columbia and Seattle contributed to the weekend's success. The May Day celebration is an example of how the leather community can work and play together, overcoming the separatism our community has historically confronted.

—John Ferrari

## IRON CROSS 16th ANNIVERSARY

The 16th Anniversary celebration of the Iron Cross MC of Montreal was held May 27-29, 1988 at the clubhouse in Montreal. The man of the year award was presented to Mr. Fred Windholz of Monson, MA.

Iron Cross Club banners were presented to The Philadelphians of Philadelphia, PA; Felines Club of Montreal; and Men Of Dungeons of Dallas, TX. Five men were presented club crests as new full members of Iron Cross.

Attendance numbered 150, including members and guests who came from 12 states in the USA and 3 provinces in Canada. The banquet was at Holiday Inn in Montreal at which time the awards and club crests and prizes were presented, followed by an excellent entertainment program.

Upcoming events on the Iron Cross MC agenda include: Aug. 20-21, Corn Roast Program in Montreal; Sept. 17-18, Corn Roast Weekend in Monson, MA; and a Member's Christmas Party in December.

—Don Warden, Mystic, CT

## INTERNATIONAL MUD IS COMING!

Saturday, Aug. 27th is the date for the next Club Mud party on the Russian River. It will carry on till Sunday, and includes

BBQ and camping facilities. The party, entitled International Mud Day will include events such as Mud Pole Pillow-fights, Tug of War, Wet T-Shirt contest, T-Shirt Ripping contest, Mud Wrestling, Greased Human Pig contest, and a Shower with a Friend contest. All Club Mud members in foreign countries are urged to attend. All events are fully clothed. Discount prices apply until July 31st. For more information on the party, or how to become a member, write: Club Mud, Box 277, Rio Nido, CA 95471.

—Bro. Duke

**ED: Watch for a report on this and other Club Mud activities in Drummer #120 featuring Mud, Oil, Grease and Grunge!**

### LIVING IN LEATHER III

After our first two widely successful conferences, the National Leather Association is finalizing plans for Living in Leather III, the National Leather/SM conference, to be held October 7-10 at the Seattle Center in Seattle, Washington.

The National Leather Association, founded in August 1986, is a chartered non-profit organization dedicated to the support of the leather/SM/BD lifestyle and those individuals and organizations who practice it. Gays and Lesbians have been leaders in the fight for freedom of sexual preference and practice for adults in this country. They began the NLA to support these lifestyles and decided from the

beginning to open the organization to all responsible adults who support its goals knowing that unless we all join together to form organizations to fight for our rights, we will lose them.

But the NLA is not just a matter of so many members, so many organizations, etc. The NLA is people! A few of the people who make the NLA are:

A powerful lesbian organization in New York City . . .

A small group of male bikers and leathermen in Idaho . . .

A senior member of the gay community in Maine . . .

And an activist in Atlanta . . .

The NLA is a straight couple from Aberdeen, WA . . .

A transvestite in Guerneville . . .

Puppies in Los Angeles, and Louisiana, and . . .

A man dying of AIDS in San Francisco, and Seattle, and . . .

The NLA is Tops and bottoms, experienced folks and novices, getting along together. Most importantly, it is a group of individuals—you and me—all of us, in our splendid varieties.

"When we started the National Conference approach, we wanted to provide a forum of education, discussion and unity for all men and women who participate in the leather/SM lifestyle," said Jan Lyon, Chairperson LIL III. "I think that the growth of the NLA and the conferences of the last

two years have done an amazing amount of good toward maturity of those goals. I expect the attendees of LIL III will experience continuation of that growth and affiliation this October."

Registration for the 3-day conference is \$65 with discounts for members and couples that can make it as low as \$35 each. Housing is available beginning as low as \$28/night (double occupancy). For further information contact NLA-LIL III, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.

—NLA/Seattle

### MOD SIZZLE

M.O.D. (Men of Dungeons), a club for practitioners of the safe and sane art of S/M, held a sizzling "event" March 20. An outstanding feature was that everyone participated in the activities, which included play piercing, permanent piercing on a potential new member who has over twenty piercings, most in the shaft and head of his penis, flogging, whipping, bull whipping by Doc, tit torture, CB&T, bondage, suspension, a sensual demonstration by Stuart, shaving by slave philip and slave howard, and abrasion. Participants were from Dallas, Austin, and Irving, TX as well as from Chicago. Several remarked it was the most friendly, successful "event" they had ever attended. In July, participants are expected from Switzerland and Germany! MOD is really not a social club, but for the fulfillment of needs through

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NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
I AM ONLY 18 YEARS OF AGE SIGNATURE _____	

safe and sane S/M. To contact, please identify yourself as practitioners of S/M giving references and experiences. Write: MOD, PO Box 780242, Dallas TX 75378 and/or call 214/350-6164 in the evening. Phillip, secretary M.O.D.

## DOUBLE FEATURE AT THE DRIVE IN

The Barbary Coasters MC is proud to announce our 23rd Annual Gold Rush Run during the weekend of July 29-31. This year's run theme will be Double Feature at the Drive In (Elevator Girls in Bondage and Horror High!). The run will again be held on the banks of the Clavey River amidst the magnificent scenery of the Stanislaus National Forest in the Sierras. We have planned five scrumptious meals and a well stocked bar for your enjoyment. Please join us in the fresh mountain air for the fun, games, as well as entertainment under the stars in the wonderful outdoors.

Registration is \$85 until July 18 and \$95 until July 23. Contact Barbary Coasters M/C, PO Box 14251, San Francisco, CA 94114-0251.

—Vern Rowe, Road Captain

## SECOND CONFERENCE ON SEXUAL LIBERTY AND SOCIAL REPRESSION

The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties announces the second Conference on Sexual Liberty and Social

Repression for Saturday, September 24, 1988 at the SEIU Hall (240 Golden Gate). The purpose of the conference is to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas, to encourage coalitions and networking among individuals and groups; to educate; and to promote outreach. Panels will discuss topics relating to sexual and civil liberties, analyzing causes of oppression and suggesting ways to deal with the effects of that oppression. In addition, there will be a panel, tentatively scheduled for Friday, Sept. 23, to update issues dealt with at the last conference. The Committee has selected this particular weekend, which coincides with the Folsom Street Fair, to allow visitors to enjoy less structured activities as well. For further information contact the Committee at PO Box 1592, San Francisco, CA 94101-1592.

—Journal of Sexual Liberty

## THERE'S A PLACE FOR LEATHER IN GAY GAMES III

Please consider this brochure, which has been prepared especially for people who enjoy the leather lifestyle, as a personal invitation for you to become involved in Celebration '90: Gay Games III and Cultural Festival.

The Canadian committee planning these third international Gay Games has made two commitments that I personally hope the leather community makes positive use of:

"We are committed to the Games being inclusive of all members of the lesbian and gay communities who support our beliefs and philosophies. We hope these Games can unite the diverse groups of people within our gay world and bring an end to discrimination against ourselves."

"We are committed to raising the profile of the cultural festival as a statement to the world about our varied gay lifestyles. The festival will include everything from main stage entertainment to specific workshops and public information sessions. The leather community needs to be represented in this panorama!"

Whether you choose to join your local city's sports team, enter on your own or participate in the cultural festival, make sure leathermen are part of Celebration '90—we'll be incomplete without you!

—Barry G. McDell, Director  
1170 Bute St.

Vancouver, BC, V6E 1Z6, Canada  
(from a flyer distributed at IML '88)

### Club Lists: Overseas

*This issue should contain the overseas club listings. However, Beat Rudi of ECMC is undertaking a major revision of this list for us and it is not yet completed. The revised overseas list will appear in Issue #121. Part 1 of the US & Canada list will be in the next issue, #119.*

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# LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

## JULY

16-17 •Brunch & Run—Spartan MC; Washington,  
17 •Alferd Packer Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC;  
Denver.  
•Tanglewood Run—Thunderbolts MC; Water-  
bury, CT.  
20 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
•7th Birthday—SM Gays; London.  
•Rap Session—NY Bondage Club; NYC.  
21-26 •Northwoods Midsummer Faerie Gathering;  
St. Paul, MN.  
22-24 •Gopher 8—Atoms; Minneapolis.  
•Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.  
•Russian River Leather Weekend; Guerneville,  
•6th Birthday—East Mercia MSC; Leicester,

## AUGUST

1 •Gay & Lesbian Pride Parade—NLA: BC;  
Vancouver, BC.  
3 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
•Hellfire Univ.—CHC; Touche, Chicago.  
4-7 •Falcon Flight '88—Wasatch Leathermen MC;  
Uinta Mts. of Utah.  
5-7 •Finlandization 1988—MSC Finland;  
Helsinki.  
•ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.  
6 •**Mr. Rocky Mt. Drummer Contest**; Galerie  
Leon, Denver, CO.  
•Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.  
•Meeting—Dreizehn; Cambridge, CA.  
11-14 •San Cristobal Run—City Bikers; Denver.  
12-14 •Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg;  
•Bay Area Rodeo; Hayward, CA.  
13 •**Mr. BC Drummer Contest**—VASM; Vancou-  
ver, BC.  
•M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.  
•Inferno Night Party—CHC; Chicago.  
•Show Night—MSC London.  
•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.  
•Molly Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC;  
14 •**Mr. Midwest Drummer Contest**—The Dock;  
Cincinnati, OH.  
23 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.  
•Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.  
•Shorts Night—MSC London.  
23-31 •CAMP '88; Berne, Switzerland.  
24 •**Mr. New England Drummer Contest**; The  
Underground, Portland, ME.  
25 •**Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest**; Tracks,  
New York City.  
•Spaghetti Eating Contest—Bournemouth  
Leather.  
27 •Exploratorium: S/M Walk-Through—Avatar;  
LA.  
29 •Swiss Night—RMC London.  
•Bondage Party—CHC; Chicago.  
29-31 •Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.  
•Copperstate Jamboree—Copperstate Leather-  
men; Phoenix, AZ.  
•Bier Stein 4—Beer Town Badgers; Milwaukee,  
•Gold Rush #23, Double Feature at the Drive-  
In—Barbary Coasters MC of San Francisco;  
30 •Mr. & Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—  
NLA:BC; Vancouver.

17 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.  
19 •Ride: New England Air Museum—Thunder-  
bolts MC; Windsor Locks, CT.  
•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
•**Mr. Great Lakes Drummer Contest**; The  
Detroit Eagle, Detroit.  
19-21 •Grillparty—Black Angels Koln; Cologne, West  
Germany.  
•Summer Campus '88—NLC Franken; Nurem-  
berg, West Germany.  
20 •Torture Party—The 15; SF.  
•Sleeball V—Copperstate Leathermen; Bum  
Steer, Phoenix.  
•Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.  
•2nd Cologne Rubber Night—MS Panther &  
RMC Freunden  
20-26 •New England Tour—Spartan MC;  
Washington, DC.  
26 •Bondage Party—CHC; Chicago.  
26-27 •**Mr. Great Plains Drummer Contest**—  
Windjammer; Kansas City.  
26-28 •Tri/Ram '88—Utica Tri's MC & Rochester Rams;  
Rochester, NY.  
•Migration '88—MC Faucon; Montreal.  
•Grill Party am Rhein—Black Angels Koln;  
Cologne.  
27 •**Mr. Europe Drummer Contest**—Eagle Bar;  
Amsterdam.  
•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.  
•International Mud—Club Mud; Rio Nido,  
CA.

## SEPTEMBER

1-5 •Ft. Waldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen;  
Phoenix, AZ.  
2-5 •10th A.M.G./Summerfest—M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.  
•20th Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders;  
Buzzards Peak.  
•Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire—  
Vikings MC; Boston.  
•Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.  
•Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.  
•**Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest**—Mack's  
Leathers; Vancouver, BC.  
3 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
4 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.  
8-11 •INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club;  
Douglas, MI.  
10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.  
16-18 •Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.  
•18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam;  
Amsterdam.  
17 •Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.  
21-25 •Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.  
•IFMA Internationale Fahrrad und Motorrad—  
MS Panther; Koln, West Germany.  
22 •Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The  
Powerhouse, SF.  
23 •Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Produc-  
tions; San Francisco.  
23-24 •2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social  
Repression—Committee to Prevere our  
Sexual & Civil Liberties; San Francisco.  
23-26 •Oktoberfeststreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.  
24 •**Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals**; The Galleria,  
SF.  
25 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.  
•Folsom Street Fair; SF.  
•19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers  
MC; Denver.

# International Mr. Leather 1988

The first decade of International Mr. Leather contests was achieved on May 29 when a record number of contestants and other leather men and women assembled in Chicago to celebrate what has become one of Leatherdom's biggest events.

The show itself was excellent and in many ways the new location was even better than Park West. Lynn Lavner and Al Parker were co-MC's. I'm certain that all *Drummer* readers are thoroughly familiar with Al Parker's attributes. Lynn Lavner is a "short, left-handed, Jewish lesbian from New York" who wears black leather while she plays the piano, sings, and makes you laugh. She was superb, you'll be seeing more about her albums in a *Drummer* Media column soon. The other entertainers were Dena Kaye, a country music singer, and Village People, celebrating their 11th year. As David Hodo said, "you can see that little has changed." Some of their physiques have, but their music is the same, in fact identical to what they did 10 years ago.



Great memories, but some growth on the part of the group to keep up with the growth in our community would have been nice too. Party time is fun to remember, but life is different now.

However, the REAL stars of the evening were the contestants. Competing this year were 42 men from 19 states, the District of Columbia, two Canadian provinces and from Europe. Mr. Europe Leather '88, Vincente Jimenez from Barcelona, Spain won the title previously held by IML '87, Tom Karasch, this past year in the annual contest in Hamburg, Germany. The contestants varied considerably from 5'7", 135-lb. Tom Coker from Seattle, Washington, to 6'5", 230-lb. Mitch Davis from Boston, Mass. and from 21-year-old Carl Oliver from Madison, Wisconsin, to 44-year-old Jerry Werkheiser from Honolulu, Hawaii.

The judges were Dom Orejudos, who is the artist Etienne and, along with Chuck Renslow, one of the founders of IML; Mr. Marcus Hernandez, leather scene columnist of San Francisco's *Bay Area Reporter*; Lou Thomas, formerly owner of Target Studios and now Editor of *Manscape 2* and other magazines; Tom Karasch, International Mr. Leather 1987; Andrew Day from Mr. Chaps Leatherworks in Hamburg, Germany, sponsor of the Mr. Europe Leather Contest; J.D. Evans, owner of two leather bars, Texas Drilling Company and The Eagle, both in Atlanta, Georgia; and yours truly, returning for my third year as a judge of IML. As in previous years, the judging was a difficult task.

There have been times in the past when the contest was referred to as "International Mr. Naugahyde" or "International Mr. Borrowed Leather." But if it was true then that most of the contestants were pretty boys who dressed up in leather for the weekend, it is certainly no longer true. Each

year the "costume" element of the contest is less and less conspicuous. Sure, there are still a lot of special new pieces the contestants get for the event, but now most of them look and behave as though the leather is REAL to them, not just a costume. The accessories they carry and wear are not just props, they are tools, implements, extensions of their personas.

Each year I have been struck by the higher and higher percentage of contestants who could have made a great IML. This year there were many contestants that I think could have done well as International Mr. Leather 1988. Many of the contestants combined the ability to articulate their thoughts well, an intelligence and sincerity that gave those thoughts substance, and a solid leather image that manages to capture attention and respect. Most of these men are already excellent spokesmen for their leather communities.

But we did have to judge and select. I didn't fall deeply



into lust with anyone this year as I did with two or three last year, probably because things were moving so quickly with this number of contestants that I didn't get a chance to. Or maybe it was because there were just too many desirable ones to choose from. Had I been a buyer at a slave auction, instead of a judge at a contest, there are many I would have bid upon . . . so many broad backs that would look good with whip welts, so many juicy tits just begging to be squeezed and bitten, so many well-filled pouches waiting for my fingers to circle and pull and squeeze and massage and . . . But, I'm getting sidetracked. I'd like to describe each of them to you, and write a fantasy centered on each; but no time or space now . . . but check out *Drummer* 120 for color photos of several of them exposing parts of their anatomy that were not displayed to the judges! (Dammit!)

When the judges' votes were counted, there was a clean sweep for southern California. Second runner-up was Brian Dawson, a 40-year-old architect from Long Beach who was sponsored by Floyd's. First runner-up was Peter Morrison, a 31-year-old school teacher from Los Angeles sponsored by Gauntlet II. Peter is the lover of the current Mr. Drummer, Mark Alexander, and they recently appeared together on the cover of *Drummer* #115. International Mr. Leather 1988 is Michael Pereyra, a 29-year-old landscape nurseryman from San Diego sponsored by Hard Labor and San Diego Leathermen. Michael was an audience favorite right from the start and there was little difficulty seeing why (see his photo on the back cover). The looks are fantastic and the personality that comes through is every bit as beautiful.

Best wishes to all of the winners, and to all of the contestants. I can guarantee that you will be seeing much more of several of them in *Drummer*!

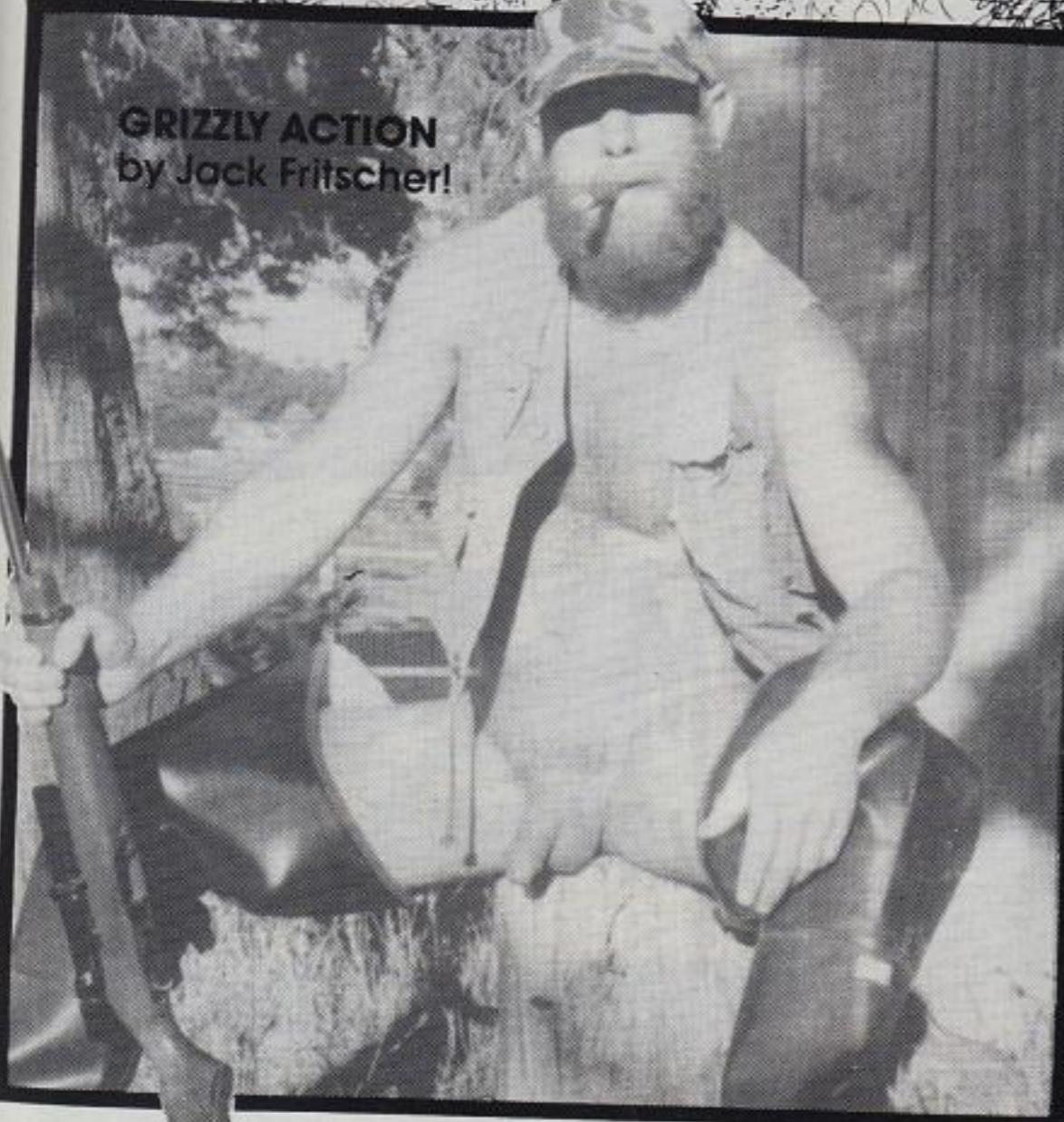
Tony DeBlase

# Cumming Up **Drummer 119**

BEARS AND MOUNTAIN MEN . . .



GRIZZLY FICTION  
by Furr . . .

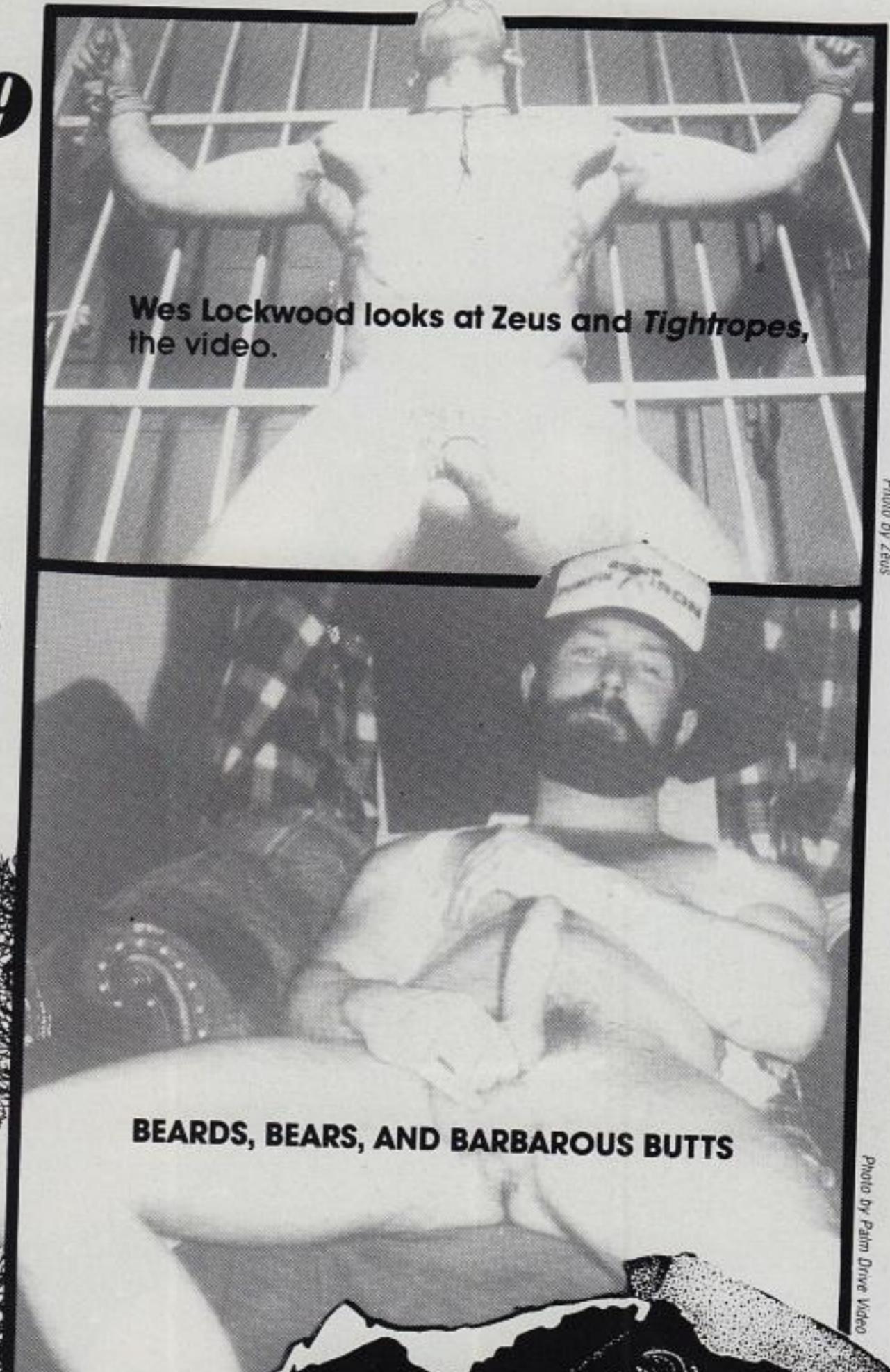


GRIZZLY ACTION  
by Jack Fritscher!

NEWTON '88

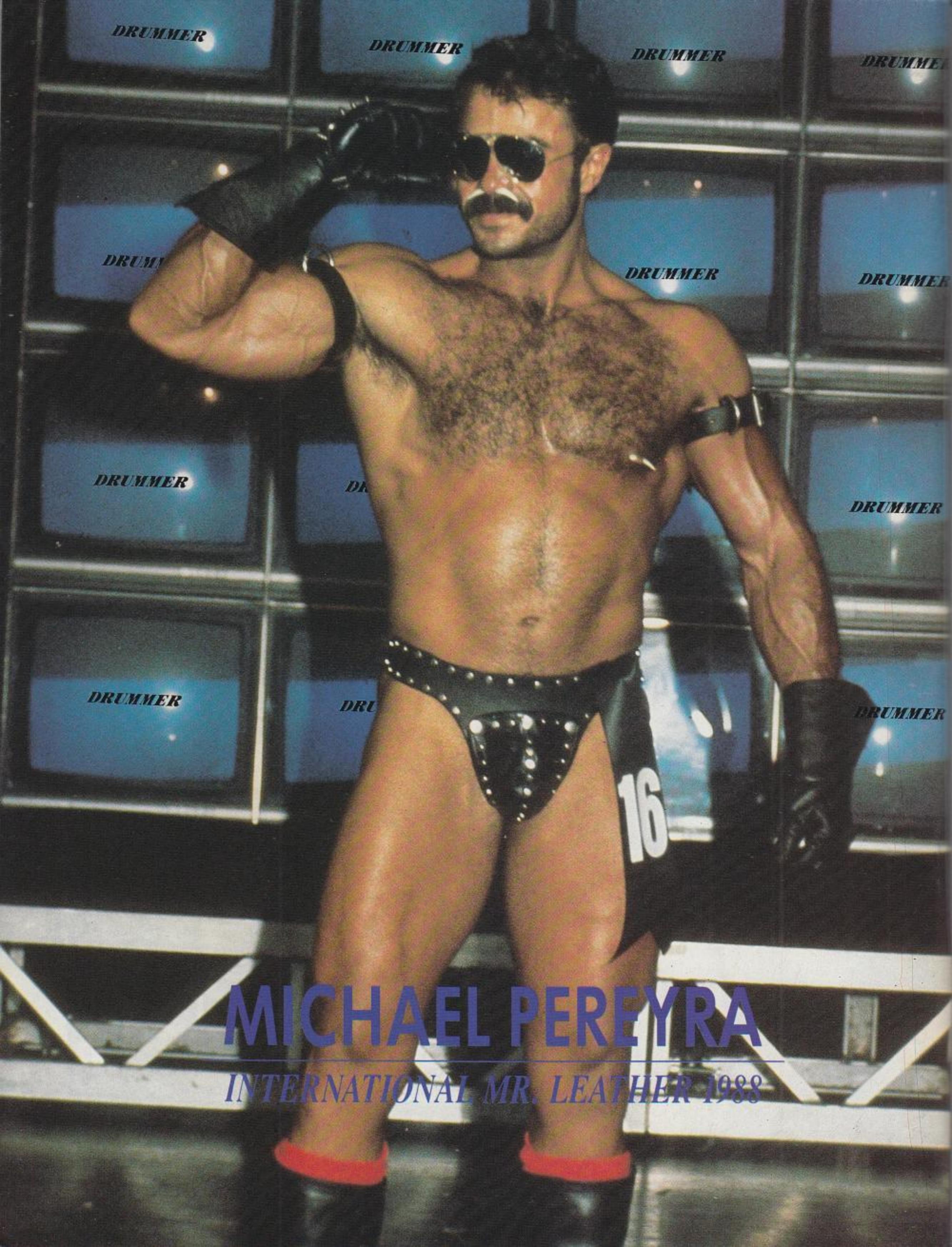
Photo by Zeus

Wes Lockwood looks at Zeus and Tightropes, the video.



BEARDS, BEARS, AND BARBAROUS BUTTS





**MICHAEL PEREYRA**  
INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1988